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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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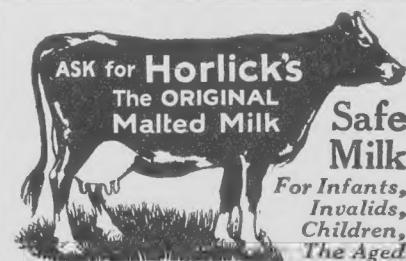
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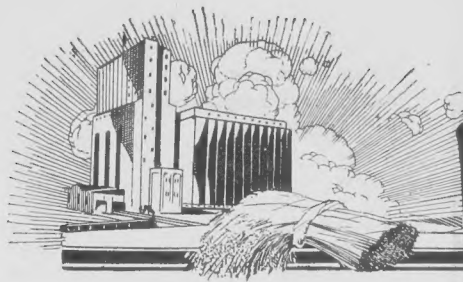
A Physician at 65 Wins A Gruelling Contest

Have you ever ridden ten miles, straight away, on a bicycle? Then you knew it was a real effort. But what would you think of riding 1,300 miles in 19 days, in the cold month of May, 1924, sleeping out, almost always wet to the skin? Such is the accomplishment of Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., of Toronto, who achieved this remarkable feat at 65 in contest with C. J. Gregory, 35, a life long bicyclist and an ex-bicycle racer.

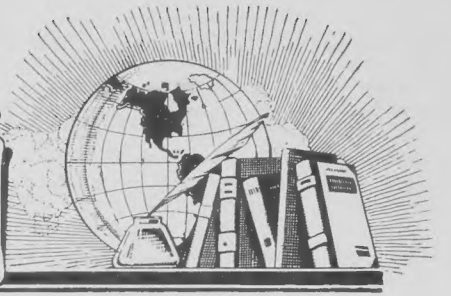
Mr. Gregory is the red-headed, grey-eyed, lithe, hard-muscled, sinewy, tireless type. He lived upon meat, white bread, etc., the usual diet of civilization. Dr. Jackson lived largely upon Roman Meal and milk. He did not taste meat. Although 30 years older and 30 pounds heavier, Dr. Jackson ran away from his contestant. But mark, at 55 Dr. Jackson was a physical wreck, when he invented Roman Meal for rebuilding his bodily vigor and health. So effective was it that he could now tire out nine or ten men of any age. It is a wonderful food. Try it and find out the deliciousness and the great health and strength value of Roman Meal. It prevents indigestion and positively relieves constipation. At all grocers.



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EDITORIAL



The Chicago Trial

AS might have been expected, everybody seems to join in reviling Judge Caverly because he failed to impose the death penalty upon those two unChristianized and heartless young fiends who committed the brutal murder of young Franks. Nevertheless, there are two sides to the matter. Something is to be said in favor of the decision.

It is probably true enough that never again in Illinois can the death penalty be imposed for murder, for all the perpetrator of the deed will have to do is to plead guilty. Then the ruling in this case will serve as a precedent. There will never be a case that is more revolting than this, never a case in which the full penalty could be more rightly imposed.

But may it not be that the world has outlived the custom of putting malefactors to death? May it not be that there is a better way of dealing with crime? One hundred years ago there were some hundreds of offences punishable by death, but to-day, in England, there are only two or three, and yet crime is not so common as it was then. The best remedy for wrong-doing, even when it takes the extreme form of murder, has not been proven to be the death of the criminal. Probably only the Almighty should decide when the years of a man should be brought to a close. It may be that Judge Caverly, was among those who felt that life-sentence was a more natural and more awful punishment than execution. Under the law of the State he had full power to exercise his right of judgment.

The other side of the case is quite plain. People the world over have an impression that a criminal in the United States, especially if he has wealth, is sure to escape punishment. A trial is extended by postponements and objections and appeals, until the case is almost forgotten. Or, the whole thing is fought out in the press and settled, before the courts have begun to reach a decision. In other words, it is felt that the American people have a semi-contempt for law and law-administration. They appear to take more interest in crime as a spectacle or as gossip than they take in their own moral standing, their loyalty to justice and constituted authority.

Recently three brutal murders took place in England. The only reference in the press was the printing of short paragraphs giving a summary of the trials. In the Chicago case every paper in the country featured the trial. The boys, their parents, their girl friends, the judges and the attorneys received more attention than the candidates for the Presidency. Such a condition is more deplorable than the crime that was committed for the whole nation has been brutalized by reading the details of the tragedy as published from day to day. Recently this city in common with all cities in the United States was satisfying its appetite for the brutal, by listening to the broad-cast description of a prize-fight. Have we not gone crazy?

One of the things that made the judgment in Chicago so unpopular was the fact that these two young murderers are sons of wealthy parents. Just as during the French Revolution the people cried for the blood of the nobility just because they were the nobility, so all over this continent there is a cry for punishment of the wealthy just because they are wealthy. It may be that the wealthy deserve punishment because they have gathered to themselves more than they justly earned, but surely that is no reason why in the courts of justice they should receive for crimes of another kind, more severe punishment than would be meted out to the poor. The attorney for the defence was probably not wrong when he said that if the two youths had been from humble homes the public would gladly have welcomed such a decision as that which was rendered in this case.

The weakness seems to be that a life-sentence in the United States will not in all probability mean a life-sentence. The haunting fear is that despite all the precautions of the judge the sentence will never be carried out, and that in a few short years the self-confessed criminals will be free. In other words, the courts are not supreme. It is the political machine that is feared and perhaps the Americans, like ourselves, have all good reason for fearing the machine.

So we have no wish to commend or condemn the decision of Judge Caverly, but were we in a position to give advice and were it courteous to extend it, we should say to the American people, "Curb your press, respect your courts, cleanse your family life, give up the worship of the dollar, Christianize your sons and daughters through the force of example." For these are the very things we say to the people of Canada.

Women in Politics

DOWN in Texas, a lady by the name of Mrs. Ferguson has been doing things. She has secured the nomination for Governor of the State and that is as good in Texas as Election. It all came about in this way. Her husband had been Governor, but was accused of incompetence or wrong-doing, it does not signify which, and he was no longer acceptable to the people. His wife, however, had a clearer head than her husband, a political wisdom that far exceeded his, and a courage possessed by few. Above everything else, she disliked that great secret organization, the K. K. K., and said so in no uncertain terms. When her name was suggested for nomination and she was prevailed to accept, she entered upon her campaign in a way all her own, with the result that she carried her convention by storm. The old-time politicians stood aghast at her methods and her honest audacity, but she was regarded by the common people as honest and trustworthy, and so she received their endorsement.

This, of course, has little meaning for us in Canada, except that it shows woman is coming into her own on this continent. Mrs. Ferguson was no suffragist, she did not battle against the other sex. She won on her merits as a citizen, and not because she was a woman. She admits that she must at every point consult with men, but she is not going to be directed by her husband nor by any member of the old machine simply because they belonged to the machine. That is what is coming in Canada too. We need brains, we need honesty, we need courage in civic affairs, and a woman of the right type has just as much ability as a man. In our provincial legislatures and in our school boards the women who have accepted office have given as good a record of themselves as the men who were associated with them. Probably Mrs. Ferguson, as first Woman Governor of a State of the Union will do quite as good work as any other governor in America.

There are a few things that women see clearly where men are blind. They have regard for moral issues and they have regard for childhood. They value human life and are not completely dominated by the thought of industrial success. But there are some women who should never enter politics. These are the women who seek the office, not women like Mrs. Ferguson who had to be persuaded as a national duty to accept leadership. May Canada get more women into public office, and may they be of the right type.

The Right to Vote

ONE of the difficulties in a democracy is in regulating the franchise. "One man, one vote," puts manhood above wealth, scholarship and every other consideration, and yet it often places power in the hands of the riff-raff, the unintelligent, the immoral. All over the land there is a feeling that illiteracy should debar one from voting. The State of New York has devised a scheme for testing its citizens that is both novel and thorough. The Department of Education has written out a list of 4,000 words that every citizen should be able to use in speech and to read, and write. The test covers ability to make intelligent use of this list. Naturally, the foreign-born cannot qualify in a hurry but it is an open question whether a foreign born citizen is able to make judgments of value in a new country in political questions. In Western Canada it would probably be wise to debar from the right of the franchise all who have been here less than three years, or who are out of sympathy with Canadian aims and ignorant of Canadian traditions and history. At the same time it would be a boon if some one could devise a way of denying power to vote to all those who are morally unworthy, whether foreign-born or not. Particularly is it desirable to deny all power to some of those who are now most powerful—professional politicians who are in the game for profit. One would rather trust the most recent settler from Central Europe to vote honestly, than some of the senators and party leaders who are now running at large. The illiteracy test is all right as far as it goes, but it does not get to the root of things. There are a few men in Canada whose names will suggest themselves to the reader, that have done more to ruin us nationally than all the new-comers that have entered our gates in the last ten years. Nevertheless, there are some new-comers, devoid of national spirit who should on no account be given the privilege of casting a vote. It is not an easy matter to say just how they should be dealt with.

The Eight-Hour Day

LAST August, Ebert H. Gary, the well-known Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, announced that the twelve hour day in the steel industry would be eliminated, and that the eight hour day would take its place. A year has passed and Miss Rose Feld has summed up the opinion of workers, managers and public. Her conclusions are beyond question, but they will not be pleasing to everybody.

"Would you go back to the twelve-hour day?" I asked that question of every worker I met—blowers, hot blast men, lademen, tappers, tablemen, cage men, rollers, helpers at the furnaces, and then, again, of foremen, superintendents, heads of departments, managers. The 'Noes' had it, and with a percentage, I should say, of over 95.

There was a vast amount of talk about self-improvement when the eight-hour day was discussed. My observation has been that the men are not going in for that. Right now they act like a lot of children released from school whose only interest is to play. You see this in their conversation, in their plans. Formerly a group of men would get together and talk about their jobs, whose job was harder, whose more skilled, which job paid better. To-day it is whose car went furthest, what recreation place is best, who made the best running record? It's not a bad thing, this, and we encourage it. The men have their athletic fields to which they go after their turn of work. Often they'll play a game of ball before they go home.

"Your wife, does she like the change?" That question was asked scores of times.

"Again the answer, with few exceptions, was an enthusiastic affirmative. Most of the men go home and share their recreation time with their wives. A minority, and this is especially true of unskilled labor, which is almost always 'foreign labor,' use their time in making home brew and getting drunk. Their wives lament the passing of the twelve-hour day.

"Never in the history of industry has there been so much opportunity for the man in the ranks, yet what is he doing with it? Nothing. Industry is growing, expanding all the time; men in executive positions are continually required. Never was there a time when men were watched so judiciously with an eye to promotion, yet there are very few to meet the requirements. I thought the young boys would go to classes when the eight-hour day was inaugurated. They don't. They do foolish things instead. They go to pleasure resorts, they dance, they drink, they speed. Maybe it will change in three or four years. I hope so.

"I believe that the elimination of the twelve-hour day is a good thing for the industry irrespective of production. We have got around to the leisure idea, which is a good idea. Every man should have an opportunity to play or improve himself according to his own individual liking. I know the men are not doing things to improve themselves mentally. But how many men in other industries go about with books under their arms? They are improving themselves physically. The roads are full of automobiles of men with their families; our swimming pools are in great demand, the athletic fields always have men playing in them. They're not going to school. That's true. But they may go once the novelty of this freedom wears off. At any rate some will go. No, it's a good thing, I say."

Our Crop Yield

THE people of the Canadian West have much reason to be thankful for the bountiful crop that the rich soil of their country will yield for this season. It again proves that there is no better country to live and toil in. It speaks volumes for the recuperative powers of our soil and climate. Wheat, the staple cereal, has proved that it can stand adverse conditions and while unfavorable weather throughout the period of growth may have some effect on grading, it remains evident that there will be a fair percentage of the very highest quality. Viewed from all angles there is much in the crop situation, and it is now well in hand, to stimulate business and encourage agricultural development. In other words, there is much to revive courage and hope and convince all of the untold possibilities of their Western heritage.

Illustrated By
George A. Faul

ON Hands and knees Haney crawled painfully from under the pile of railroad ties out of which he had fashioned a rude shelter for the night. His teeth chattered clicking acknowledgment of the cold as he groped about for his battered little valise of imitation leather; with trembling fingers he buttoned his ragged coat tighter and scrambled up the embankment to the track.

Across the river lay the town, a confused jumble of mysterious sounds, an indistinct pattern of saffron smudges; the scattered arc lights of the outskirts were but yellow blurs in the fog and from somewhere off in the darkness came the eerie crowing of cocks. For an instant Haney paused, shivering, to peer into the heavy mist above the river, then with sudden resolve turned his back on the town beyond. The cinders crunched beneath his broken boots.

He had known dimly all the time that at the last he would back down; he had been a fool to think he would have the courage to enter the old town after he did get there. At dusk he had plodded down the final stretch of track and caught the glimmer of the white brick hospital buildings, perched high above the river just as they had always been, and his throat had ached strangely. For a long time he had sat in the gathering darkness and watched the lights twinkle out on the streets and glow in the windows of homes—as he had watched them twinkle out on a thousand other streets and in the windows of ten thousand other homes. But now he was turning away, just as he had secretly known he would. He grunted with self contempt.

It had been such a remarkably foolish notion, this of coming back for a look at the place of his boyhood; nonetheless the longing had been irresistible. Haney was homesick—homesick with no home to go to and none to welcome him. Haney was a tramp. There were times when he forgot that he had ever been anything else; just now though, it was a poignant realization of what he had been, might have been that was driving him away. He could not walk into the old town, knowing what he was, because of his pride. Fancy meeting any of the old crowd in a dirty, ragged coat—two coats of rags, to be explicit, yellowed by the hot sun and worn one on top of the other as the easiest way of carrying them! Wouldn't the fellows laugh and jeer at him, though—him, Haney, one-time minister's son who used to live at the big rectory where the wide lawns were well kept and the tall lilac hedge in front was the admiration of passers by!—Haney of the spic-and-span clothes the clever young man with the golden prospects! He could imagine it all—the supercilious snubs and worse condescensions, the jokes, the pointing fingers, even a jeering chorus:

"Hark! Hark! the dogs do bark!
The beggars are coming to town!"

"Me f'r the velvet gown when I go up against that bunch," muttered Haney. He quickened his pace as if he hoped in that way to shake off the thoughts which nagged him. Whatever had possessed him to come back to this place of memories! Dinky little towns like this never forgot, never made allowances, never forgave. It would be remembered what his opportunities had been, how he had used them, how he had quarrelled with his father, how he had fled that night—

HE swung along with an oath of irritation. Here he was harking back to that miserable night. Was he never to get away from it? He stopped short to feel in his pocket for a fragment of plug and bit the tobacco viciously.

"Y'darn fool!" he apostrophized, "quit it, can't yuh! Beat it!"

Already there was a gray streak above the bushland to the east and the mist was slowly losing some of its opaqueness; after a little he could even recognize the encampment of silent Indian warriors on the left as a corn-field full of stooks. He would have to walk quickly if he did not want to be seen in the neighborhood of the town. There was a fast-warming shaft of crimson and amber eastward that was warning enough



Yellow Leaves

BY HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

and, as he trudged along, a perceptible wave of light came presently creeping over the landscape; a moment more and it had wiped away the fog from the hill-tops, leaving rivers and ponds of it between the knolls.

Haney halted. He was opposite the place where the old spring used to be, where he and the boys used to stop for a drink on their way to the woods of a Saturday. Yes sir, the same old spring! It was with an odd mixture of feeling that Haney scrambled down the path now, crawled under the "bob-wire" fence and quenched his thirst.

The years seemed to drop away from him. It was just about a year since the trouble which had unmoored him; back of that the boyhood time which stretched unblemished. He could almost imagine that it was Saturday, that he had cut the lawn the previous night after school and was now off to the woods for the day. Why, he even had a lunch in his pocket—stale tea biscuits really, hard as rocks—but he had always been long on imagination and he could pretend it was brown bread-and-butter sandwiches with bits of pickle inside, the same as his mother (of hallowed memory) used to put up for him. Pickles! Haney's mouth watered with the old longing and he laughed at himself for several kinds of a fool.

Nevertheless he went on down the familiar track eagerly, picking out the old landmarks, identifying certain spots of nearly-forgotten incident. Here was where he had seen a garter-snake lying paralyzed with a young frog half way down its throat; over there "Diggie" MacPherson had shot a partridge with a catapult and a marble; yonder was the swamp where "Pussy" Angles had captured two blacksnakes which he carried to school after taking out their stingers; just ahead here was the old red gate where they had all cut their initials; while across the pasture loomed the steep hill beyond which lay the big woods.

It was all here, same as ever. Half laughing to himself, Haney ran down from the track, vaulted the fence and struck over to the hill. He had a vision of himself doing what he was doing now, on just such another October morning as this, ages ago it seemed—struggling up this identical wet slope to face the crimson and golden grandeur in the east. That was the time he came out here to see the sun rise so that he could write a composition on "An Indian Summer Day."

He sat down on a rotting log, staring moodily with unseeing eyes.

And panting up to the higher level now, he saw the same wide area of hushland, the same fairy aisles beckoning away into vistas of voluptuous beauty. Again the long bright rays of the rising sun were awakening the woodland to a confusion of scarlet and yellow, orange and gold and bronze, every tree a canopy of leaves glittering with the sheen of the dew; ferns, grass, shrubbery white with delicate frost tracings even now dissolving to glistening wet. No, nothing was changed. Haney feasted his eyes and knew that it was all very beautiful. He remembered whimsically that he had ended that old school composition with the sentence: "The world is very beautiful and God is good." Nothing changed? He laughed harshly.

YET he had ability, Haney. As a boy he had been revered for many accomplishments; as a young man he had attained good averages at school and had been looked upon as a rising light by such worthy people as the principal of the high school and the wardens of his father's church. He had been the only boy in town who was double-jointed in thumbs and eight fingers, who could play the mouth organ and guitar at one and the same time, dive off the top of the bank at Stony Point, do a double somersault in the air, and walk a slack-wire—this last acquired after much engrossing practice on his mother's clothes line. He had been the star pitcher of the baseball team and the only young man whose compositions were regularly read out to the other classes at the high school; the principal once had even detained him to ask if he had ever submitted anything to the papers and had advised him to "keep at it." He could also sing very well; he could thrum tunes on the piano after he had heard them once; he could carry off leading parts in amateur theatricals with credit; he could sketch faces "dead image," a knack fostered in the back pew at church on Sunday evenings. His averages, at play and school, were good.

So it wasn't that Haney lacked ability, but the averages. He could do lots of things well or fairly well that others could not do; but in all the list of his accomplishments was not one thing that commanded all his resources, energy, enthusiasm. What he had lacked was specific desire. His opportunities had been wasted in playing with a lot of little achievements and the mistake had left him stranded on the wide flat plain of averages while others, less gifted, had climbed far above him.

That was the way it appeared now. There was a time, when the chances lay even and the future undeveloped, that the outlook had been golden—had been flushed with nebulous possibilities. Relatives and friends had made for him a wonderful dream and set it floating in a nimbus that reflected the rose-tints of greatness while he had idled, supine, and listened to the murmur of their talk.

Through a mass of red alders, Haney caught the glint of water and flung towards it impatiently. A startled rabbit scuttled away suddenly from beneath his feet; but he took no notice. That was what had defeated him—his conceit; he knew it now. They thought he was a genius and he had become so accustomed to the idea that he had worn his hair long—and loaded. There was little consolation in the thought that many another jackass had been led to mistake hoofs for paws and a bray for a roar. He had thought he was the thing called "IT" for whose coming the world was praying every night when it said its "Now-I-lay-me's!"

Well, he had learned different—that the world had only hard knocks, the merry ha-ha and big swift kicks for "geniuses" of his ilk; that it hadn't much use for a genius who couldn't make good. It had taken him just a year to discover that what had been mistaken for indications of genius were but incipient qualifications for becoming a first-class "bum!" that the Royal Road was nothing but a cowpath which wandered away into the tall timbers! The School of Bumps and Bald Facts had taught him that spades were trumps in this life, the slogan "Dig!"; the penalty for not digging—hunger and degradation; that a man couldn't amount to much without something definite ahead, someone to work for, homefolks who cared.

A sob caught in Haney's throat. His weak chin quivered as he nibbled at the ragged edges of his moustache and two big tears of self pity welled from his eyes and slowly dribbled into the coarse stubble of his beard.

He pushed through the underbrush to the edge of the pond and sat down on a rotting log. A pair of blue-jays flew off with discordant cries; a solitary woodpecker on a dead stub near by perked his head suspiciously, then went on pounding for breakfast; away on the other side a party of crows were squabbling noisily over their morning meal; the mist was wreathing up off the water and the air was filled with the fresh, sweet smell of wood-wold. But to the young man, staring moodily with unseeing eyes, all these things were subconscious.

He had joined a circus after he ran away and he was thinking of those heart-killing weeks as canvasman. He had tried to qualify for the show in the big tent; but they had only laughed at him when he said he could walk a slack-wire and it took four clean somersaults to get over the backs of the elephants. So he had quit. Then came the patent-medicine outfit with its rickety rigs unhitched in a countless succession of vacant lots; he had earned a precarious living, playing the guitar and mouthorgan and singing coon-songs as part of the "Free Show" under a flaring gasoline light. When he left the "Professor" he had got a job in an architect's office for a while as draughtsman and "on the side" had "done" some cartoons for the local newspapers. Then he had tried the reporting end of the game and left that to go as chairman for a surveying gang up into the black-fly country where it was impossible to get drunk. From there he had drifted West, becoming a stevedore in 'Frisco. Thence he had wandered across the border to the Slocan country and for a very little while had run a roulette wheel in a gambling-joint. Revulsion had put a shovel into his hands and set him to sweating with Swedes and Dagoes as a sectionman, in which capacity he had slowly worked his way east again. At Winnipeg he had cleaned streets; at Toronto he had joined a sideshow at the fair and after that got work, picking fruit, on the Niagara Peninsula. Professional baseball in the South had capped everything and for three months—ever since that spree—he had been hoboing it with great success—a common tramp, a "Weary Willie," a "Dusty Roads," just as they were pictured in the funny papers.

Career? Oh decidedly he had had a career! He had done his stunt on the gallop with one hand tied behind his back, it was that easy to do it. Only now the grandstand was seeing him through the wrong end of the lenses and he and the world were hopelessly out of focus for all time to come!

HANEY felt in his pocket and drew out his bag of biscuits. He tapped one of them with a grimy finger-nail and croaked with grim levity at its hardness. He munched at it tentatively; but the dry food stuck in his throat and he flung the lunch into the pond and wandered off down the cow-path. When he came to a mossy hollow, filled with fallen leaves, he threw himself down and stretched out lazily.

An hour went by. Slowly the sun crept towards the zenith, shrouded in the magic Indian Summer haze, and all through the warm, dreamy morning the golden leaves fluttered down, glinting and wobbling in the sunshine; the nuts dropped one by one on the woodland carpet and the little squirrels chattered sharply as they rustled about their frolicsome business.

Haney dozed. After a while he fell asleep.

ADRY stick snapped somewhere. He awoke as had become his habit—senses alert, without movement to betray reclaimed faculties, eyes opening cautiously. They widened quickly to a stare, then closed again impatiently. If it hadn't been such an impossible thing he would have sworn that a man was crouching directly opposite, grinning at him with the face of "Diggie" MacPherson. He opened his eyes once more, prepared to laugh at the idea.

But Haney didn't laugh. He propped himself quickly on elbow with a grunt of unalloyed amazement; it seemed as if his eyes must pop out of his head altogether. For squatting in front of him was MacPherson with "Pussy" Angles on his left, Lennie Clarkson on his right; next them again sat "Tex" Musson and his brother, Bert; Tuck and the two Rickley boys completed the circle.

Haney's face yellowed miserably under its tan. Something seemed to shrivel up and shrink to a lump within him. His throat was dry and thick. In all the homesick longing that had urged his return had been no thought of meeting any of his old friends.

"How—How'n—?" he stammered in bewilderment. He wet his lips and stared on, mutely astounded.

But not one of them was looking at him; they kept their eyes on the ground, their faces stolid, the while they rocked back and forth to the rhythm of a wierd Indian chant. Haney watched them stupidly, lost in the flutter of his emotion—heard the chant swell to a pitch that lifted the whole bunch of tom-fools to their feet—saw "Diggie" MacPherson lead off in a wild scalp-dance, round and round, to an accompaniment of blood-curdling whoops that would not have lost self-possession at a frontier massacre.

It was in the middle of this performance that Haney recovered his wits and tried to bolt, immediately to find the whole circle on top of him with a yell of mock ferocity. Sixteen hands fastened relentlessly upon his person and in spite of his struggles he was hoisted like a log to eight shoulders and carried off in triumph, his protestations drowned in the old gang yell:

"Rick-a-Rack-a! Fire-a-Crack-a!
Zip! Boom! Bah!
SQUEEDUNK! SQUEEDUNK!
'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!'"



Haney's lower jaw sagged in utter amazement and disbelief as he listened.

SO they came to the place where the lady members of St. Mark's Church Literary Society were setting out the contents of the picnic baskets upon a snowy cloth, spread upon the ground. Chic Clarkson and Billy Rowat, who had gone after a pail of water, spilled most of it into their boots at sight of the procession marching upon them through the woods; Lil Wheatley stood stock still and stared, an olive bottle in one hand, a fork poised in the other; so did Clara Rowat with both hands hugged tight to her breast; Frankie Cullen forgot that she had angel-cake icing on her fingers and stood wiping them absently on her newest skirt; Nan Brownlee gasped "Oh!" and started to giggle; Mary McCorcoran, Jessie Stanton, Luella Musson, Jennie O'Grady, Mrs. Bender, Mrs. Jim Percival—astonishment supreme blossomed on each and every one of the familiar faces.

The sight of the girls lent panic strength to Haney's struggles; but eight to one with reinforcements to the eight is poor odds and he writhed in vain. He implored them to let him go, gnashed his teeth in frenzied helplessness; given the opportunity, he could have strangled any one of these idiots with the keenest of relish. Seven times around the table-cloth they marched with great noise, and wound up with an ornithological chorus: "W-E-L-C-O-M-E—H-O-M-E—WELCOME HOME!"

With the termination of the nonsense the walls of the universe came tumbling about Haney's ears. They

squeezed his hands numb; they pumped the arms off him; they slapped him on the back till he choked and slapped him some more till he stopped; they shouted with laughter at his rag-tag-and-bob-tail appearance telling each other that it was just like such an original son-of-a-gun to come back this way and wagging their heads in appreciation of their own cleverness at uncovering the joke; the girls smothered him with excited congratulations till Haney in despair gave up all attempts to fathom their lunacy, grinned till his face ached, agreed to everything, went crazy like the rest of them without knowing anything except that everybody was glad to see him. Enlightenment came when MacPherson drew him to one side after things had quieted down somewhat and the eatables were beginning to divert attention.

Haney's lower jaw sagged in utter amazement and disbelief as he listened to the whispered news; for it appeared that a story entitled "Upside Down" had captured the \$5,000 prize in the great short-story contest inaugurated by the *Universal Magazine* twelve months ago, that the awards had been made public just three weeks previous and the first-prize story had made an instantaneous hit, that in short the critics were hailing one Alexander Haney as the humorist of a decade.

THERE are times when the mind staggers in its attempts to adjust itself to the unexpected. Haney remembered writing the story, of course; it belonged to the Days Before. It was a funny story which had made him laugh while he wrote; a week later he could not have written it because that was—after and nothing was funny. He had shown it only to his father and his father had—laughed, too; so he had sent it in to the Prize Contest. Things since then had been so constantly upside down in reality that the story had almost entirely lost place in his thoughts.

"Don't stand there gaping like a ninny!" MacPherson finished hurriedly. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "They don't know—the truth." Haney started. "You're supposed to've been writing to me regularly—and your father. You've been expected back daily, y'understand. You were commissioned by some magazine to search out story material, weren't you?—disguised as a tramp? You catch on—disguised as a tramp? Or maybe somebody stole your clothes? Talk! Lie! Lie to beat the band! See you after we eat."

Haney was hungry; he ate a lot; everything tasted the same. He seemed to have wandered out of himself somehow; he could look back and see himself sitting on the ground, eating his way along a wedge of pie, calmly, from point to crust, laughing, chatting, saying: "Yes, thank you" and "No thank you, Mrs. Bender, I've had plenty"—setting everybody about him laughing by the most commonplace remarks. He heard himself responding to a lemonade toast at the last, telling them of strange fictitious adventures—lying—lying "to beat the band."

MACPHERSON glanced over his shoulder and slackened his pace. "I told them you were tired and naturally anxious to get home and cleaned up," he volunteered, "that I'd see you as far as the railroad track and rejoin them over in the hickory grove if somebody hadn't been there already and got most of the nuts." He blew a breath of relief. "Well, you carried that off in fine shape, Al. I confess I was nervous for a bit."

Haney gripped him by the arm. "Look here, Diggie," he expostulated, "I want to know what's what. How much of all this about a \$5,000 cheque on is the level?"

"All of it. We thought you'd see the announcement in the magazine or the newspapers and come home. When I found you asleep I might not have recognized you otherwise. We were kind of expecting you."

"We?"

"Your father and myself."

"My fa— But— Oh Lord, am I awake or dreaming?"

"Let us hope it is awake, Al," ventured MacPherson with meaning.

Haney rounded on him angrily. "What do you mean by that? MacPherson, you're not acting square with me. You talk in riddles. You're holding something back. This cheque—Where is it?" he demanded.

The other's eyebrows lifted. "Where but at the rectory—in your father's keeping," he said slowly.

"Well, I want it. Diggie, old man, will you go in and get it for me? Will you?" His eagerness was unmistakable.

"What will you do with it?"

Continued on page 62

An Old Maid's Dream

By Mable D. Balfour

TOMORROW is Saturday," said Sara Braden as she stirred the stew over the gas plate in her room.

"I always wanted one of my own, but I'll never get it, I know," and as the stew was heated sufficiently she sat down to eat her lonely meal. There was silence in the little room for several minutes, then, "Well that's finished, thank goodness," she said. "You've done good service, Stew," she went on as she jabbed a fork into a stray piece of meat that lay on her plate. "Let's see, I had you last night for supper, reheated you this morning for breakfast, and now finish you for supper tonight. Yes you have been faithful and I can't complain," she said humorously as she washed the few dishes.

It wasn't that Sara Braden was poor that she lived in one room in a somewhat dilapidated, albeit respectable establishment whose "Housekeeping rooms" sign flapped in the spring breeze and almost exasperated her every time she entered the front door. There was a reason for her parsimony. Ever since earliest childhood she had had it drilled into her ears to save, save, save against that awful day when old age should engulf her. Why the very last words Aunt Becky had breathed were "Save... saved" and then the one who had not been thrifty in life passed out and Sara was at a loss to ever know whether it was a command to her to save or that the old lady was merely muttering that she was "saved."

"When does one get old anyway, and how much must one save against that time?" had been questions she had often asked herself, and to which she could find no answer. So she had saved, saved, saved as she had been bidden, until now she fairly hated the sight of the word.

UP until she was twenty-five Sara Braden had thought that some day a knight in glittering armour would come prancing toward her on a fiery steed and without a word, carry her away. You see Sara was rather old-fashioned. But after her twenty-fifth birthday had come and gone, it dawned upon her very suddenly that knights don't come prancing after ladies, in fact they don't even exist, and from a little bit of observation she saw—and was somewhat shocked at the sight—that it was the ladies who did the prancing, so being old-fashioned she gave up the idea and went on saving.

She allowed herself only one diversion. She was the only one who knew about it. Every Saturday afternoon she went to see it, and now she had decided to see it for the last time, as the parting was so sad.

As she stood before her mirror preparing for bed, she exclaimed in horror.

"It's come! Oh, it's come! O-o-h!" and for a moment the mirrored reflection was dimmed.

"I'm forty," she said huskily, "I'm old—old! For twenty years I've skimped and saved and what have I gained by it? Nothing but this," and she swept her thin hand about the room.

"The only real happiness I've ever known was on Saturdays when I went to see it—and that cost me nothing—nothing except heartache and more loneliness when I left." Her head sank forward on her breast.

"I've sacrificed everything to save against this day, and now it's come and I haven't been able to save enough." A deep sigh, and then she went on. "True, Mrs. Atherton's boy improved after the operation, but who could have stood by and have him suffer when his life hung on the cost of an operation?"

"That put me back quite a bit, but what's two hundred dollars more or less?" she said, cheery again.

When Sara had been approached from this one and that one for donations or subscriptions to some fund she had always been willing and glad to give, old age had seemed so far away then. But now it was upon her, and what was she to do?

She had been told, but would never believe it, that one was aged before one knew it. It crept along quietly and insidiously and lo, you were in its clutches before you realized it. True to form, it had travelled toward her, and now, now—she was old.

AS she brushed her hair her nervous hand slipped and in an effort to catch the brush before it crashed to the floor, her fingers caught in one of the thick locks, and pulled it loosely over her forehead. But the brush, true to its nature, had fallen to the floor. When she straightened up after retrieving it, she glanced into the mirror, then holding her hand in mid-air cried, "Why, why, what a change!"

"I'm not old after all." And so saying she gave the misplaced strand a gentle pat and continued with her preparations.

Somehow that little accident raised her spirits and she commenced talking to herself again.

"I will! I will!" she said in determination. "I'll be real reckless tomorrow. I'll stay in town and have lunch—spend a whole dollar for it, and then I'll go

Her heart felt like lead in her breast as through the thin partition that separated her office from the rest of the staff she heard the words that were half-whispered but clearly audible through the thin wall.

"I hear they're thinking of letting her go." It was Mary Grant's voice.

"Who?" asked Clara Carter.

"The old bird—Sara Braden," was the reply. "She's been here twenty years, and they say she wasn't as young as she might be when she started here."

"You don't say so?" asked Clara disinterestedly, and the click of the typewriters drowned any further conversation, but Sara had heard enough.

The old bird! So that's what they called her. She was old then. She had deceived herself only.

Old. Withered. Ready for the scrap heap. And this was to have been such a happy day, but now—

THE long morning dragged itself to a close and she wended her way to a little tea-room in a side street where she sat dejectedly before a table waiting for her order, but she was unable to eat the stale sandwiches or drink the strong coffee that was set before her, so arose and handing the cashier twenty cents left the place.

"I'll go across to see it, once more" she said as she stumbled out into the street which seemed to have suddenly grown dark.

The elevator carried her quickly to the top floor of Spence & Woods' big departmental store and when she alighted she looked about furtively before entering the model bungalow which was kept there, fully furnished, so that prospective customers could get an idea how their new home would appear if furnished according to the ideas and suggestions of Spence & Woods. She opened the screen door leading into the kitchen and stood before the gleaming gas stove then tiptoed over to a shelf from where she took several shiny aluminum pots and placed them on the stove, then with a look of expectancy on her face, she peered out of the door, and after a few minutes entered the dining room where she sat before the walnut table and poured imaginary cups of tea and handed them to a shadowy someone at the opposite end, and when this visionary supper was finished she walked to the living room with the one who had sat opposite her, then sank into a roomy chair by the fireplace. In her dreams someone sat in that winged chair on the other side of the grate.

She had wanted a home of her own for twenty years and this was the nearest she would ever get to it, but today she was heartsore. Those cruel words at the office had sunk deep and as she sat in the beloved chair an expression of utter hopelessness crossed her face, and her head went down on a table and great sobs shook her.

"I've dreamed of it so long," she sobbed, "and now it'll never be. I'm old—old, and no one will ever love me now."

"I've waited for someone to put his head in at the kitchen door and in a cheery voice call, 'supper ready?' but the door has never opened—never will open. I've wanted to sit by the table and hand cups of tea—"

"Do you feel like that, too?" A voice—a masculine voice which came from the confines of that winged chair, startled her.

Sara raised her head in embarrassment.

"I thought—I—you see—I thought I was alone," she stammered.

"But you haven't been alone—ever. I've been here all the time—waiting for you," he said wearily.

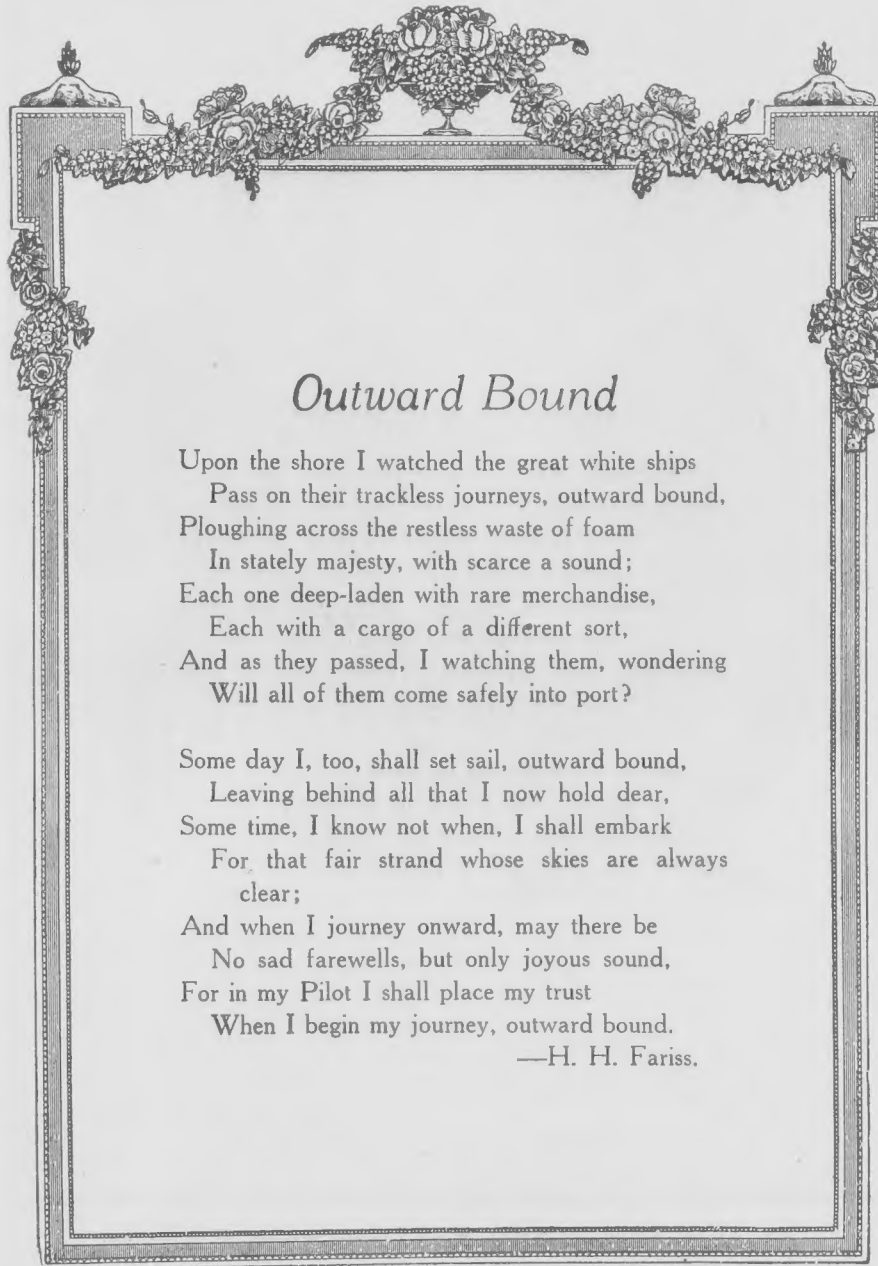
"Waiting for me? What do you mean?"

"I come here very often, nearly every day. You see a club is no home for a man, and this—this, is just the kind of a home I've always wanted. I sit here in front of this imitation fireplace and dream. Oh, the dreams I have!" He laughed, but there was a sad little catch in his voice as he continued, "You see I've always wanted a home of my own, but there's been no one to—share it—with—me."

Why, why he felt the same as she! Could it be possible?

"I come here often too—"

Continued on page 63



Outward Bound

Upon the shore I watched the great white ships
Pass on their trackless journeys, outward bound,
Ploughing across the restless waste of foam
In stately majesty, with scarce a sound;
Each one deep-laden with rare merchandise,
Each with a cargo of a different sort,
And as they passed, I watching them, wondering
Will all of them come safely into port?

Some day I, too, shall set sail, outward bound,
Leaving behind all that I now hold dear,
Some time, I know not when, I shall embark
For that fair strand whose skies are always
clear;
And when I journey onward, may there be
No sad farewells, but only joyous sound,
For in my Pilot I shall place my trust
When I begin my journey, outward bound.

—H. H. Fariss.

to see it, and after that—. Well I won't plan any further than that," and for all her forty years she gave a hop and landed in the middle of the bed where she slept more comfortably than she had for many months.

For twenty years she had carried two sandwiches and an apple in a brown paper parcel and so lunch in town was a real treat to Sara, and to spend a whole dollar for it—well that was reckless indeed.

THE bright April sunshine awakened her early the next morning and she lay for a few moments in that delightful half-waking half-sleeping stupor and whispered to herself, "I feel as though a great load were lifted. It must be the spring sunshine that makes me feel like this." Then with a start she jumped out of bed. "No. This is the day I'm to have the dollar lunch and then—" her face saddened, "The day I'm to see it for the last time."

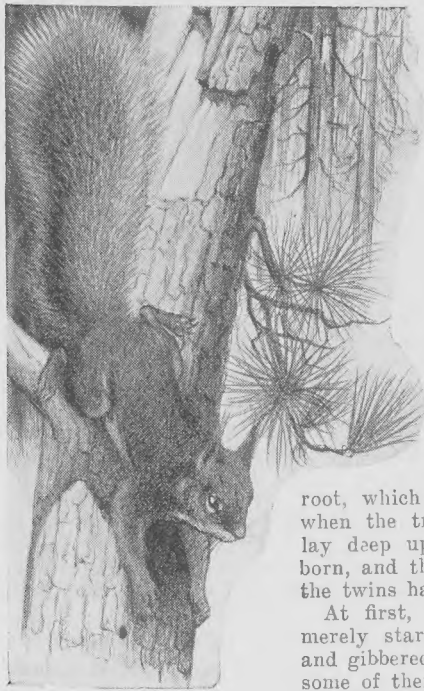
She hurried through her breakfast and adjusting her plain hat at a jaunty angle on her soft hair which had been carefully arranged in the newly-discovered becoming style, stepped merrily out to the street.

All morning she hummed about her work. She was happy. She was not old. Could she not believe her mirror? Perhaps—after all there might be a—

Chipawaka

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustrated by E. Gordon Smith



ALL that spring the three black bears had proved a source of amusement to Chipawaka. They lived at the edge of the little circle of forest which was Chipawaka's home range, and when he happened to be there he never failed to notify them of the fact. Their den was under the root of a prostrate tamarack, shielded by the crooked, octopus arms of the root, which still carried the surface soil torn up when the tree capitulated. There, when the snow lay deep upon the woods, the two cubs had been born, and though it was now June, the mother and the twins had not yet forsaken the friendly spot.

At first, when the cubs were very small, they merely stared at Chipawaka when he came down and gibbered at them, but of late they had acquired some of their mother's dislike of interference, which for Chipawaka merely added point to the sport.

Very quietly he would steal along the prostrate trunk, and reaching the upturned root, he would look down into the den where usually they lay in a huddled heap, so that one could not tell heads from tails, each cub sucking a forepaw, the big mother with the tip of her tongue protruding between her lips. Sometimes they were so motionless that Chipawaka would leap down on top of the fur-clad bundle, tapping it and rebounding with a startling screech, then, having gained a vertical trunk, he would hang there, hurling string after string of gibberish at the bundle, which would slowly evolve itself into three woolly heads and six bright eyes. And with each fresh outburst Chip would jerk his splendid black tail as though to attract attention to it.

This never failed to annoy the mother bear. It was the kind of irony she could not stand, for, be it clearly understood, the black bear has no tail to speak of. That is the sore point; that is why a black bear always sits down when he or she meets a stranger, for the bears are ashamed of their taillessness.

BUT Mooween's growls merely served to excite Chipawaka, and as with more tail jerking and gibbering he egged her on, her growls would turn to vicious coughs, accompanied by a slashing of yellow fangs, till the silent forest shook. So the blue jays would arrive with their din and their mockery, then other squirrels and the chipmunks of the undergrowth, till the whole place was a chaos; and Chipawaka, having achieved his end, would sneak away to leave the bears to the noisy publicity he had given them for nix. And, believe me, for all their size and strength, there is nothing the bears appreciate less than publicity.

One day, however, Chipawaka's impudent boldness all but cost him his life. The cubs were now big enough to play by themselves and were busy nosing for roots some yards from the den. As Chip approached he saw the mother bear lie down in her usual place, but he did not know that she had seen him coming. He peered down at her, a shade suspicious, because the eye nearer him was half open. He called her names, showering down the dust and stamping, but she did not stir. Chipawaka stared. Either she was dead or sleeping—dead, from the look of things.

Then Chipawaka's characteristic curiosity got him down. Very cautiously he scrambled to the earth and scuttled round. He shrieked at her from a foot away, but still the mountain of fur did not twitch a lid.

Dead, surely! He climbed up to her woolly thigh, and looked into her face from that unique point of vantage. Another squirrel appeared, and Chipawaka shrieked angrily that this was his bear, anyway. I believe he firmly believed that he had slain Mooween, and certainly he had lost sight of the fact that she might yet return to life.

A few seconds later Chipawaka was actually seated on the great moist muzzle, and then it was that things happened. They happened so quickly that he never knew just what *did* happen, except that the hillock on which he sat opened, earthquake fashion, and two gigantic paws slashed the air in a way that sent him spinning.

Luckily for Chip the she-bear was too eager, too certain of her prize. She tried for him both with jaws and her paws, and between two stools Chip fell to the ground. He escaped unscathed, then he went quietly home with never a word to anyone, and never again did he take any liberties with "sleeping" bears.

CHIPAWAKA'S home range was bounded on one side by the river, and being a creature of sunlight he loved this best, for the river let the sunshine into the forest, and no matter how dull things were elsewhere, there was always something doing along the water front. There Chipawaka knew other folk, and other folk knew him. There were, for example, the beavers, with whom he was on friendly terms, and he would even scuttle along their dam. Once he gave them the warning when a green-eyed Indian Devil tried to stalk their sentry, and the Indian Devil crept back into the undergrowth, rumbling thunder with a dash of earthquakes and lightning, while a storm of blue jays whirled about her face. And once, when Chipawaka was drinking at the mirror edge, he was startled by a beaver striking the water a terrific smack with its tail, and instantly he shot into the branches; and as he shot, a long, lithe mink descended from nowhere and struck its wicked claws into the earth just where Chipawaka had sat.

There were, too, the fairy-like herds of white-tail deer which came to drink when the first shafts of morning shot through the dewy tamaracks, and there was Mawakee, the otter, who loved the beavers and who dwelt at peace with all, though Chipawaka could never bring himself to trust her.

As summer advanced the bears often left their dens for several days together, for the cubs were learning the art of woodcraft, and during one of these spells of absence, two strange creatures, whom Chipawaka did not know, came down the river. They came in a birch-bark canoe, which drifted like a russet leaf, the one kneeling in the bow, the other kneeling astern, and between them in the waist of the canoe was a great round bundle, covered with a waterproof sheet. Reaching the beaver dam they climbed out to make the portage, whereupon Chipawaka gibbered at them because they were strangers, jerking his bushy tail, for they too were tail-less.

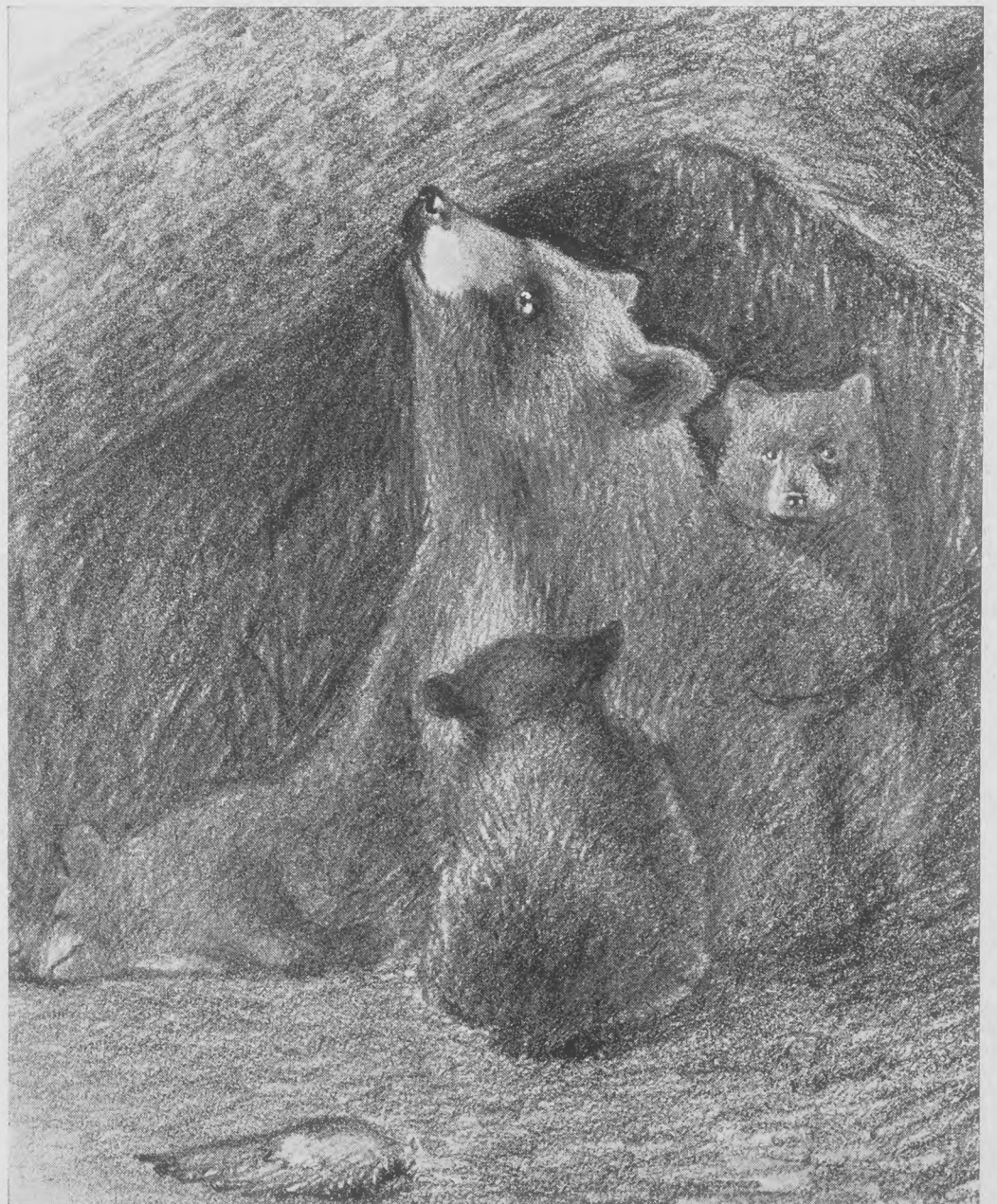
Then the one whose face was covered with dark hair, paused in the act of re-launching the canoe, and he lifted from it something which shone in the sunlight, and pointed it at Chipawaka. There was a sound like the breaking of a great tree in a gale, and the branch on which Chip sat was sheared from under him. As he fell he clung to other branches, and so saved himself a wetting, if nothing worse, and it occurred to Chipawaka that this was not a healthy place. Later in the day two other canoes passed, and in one of them were three men, who plied their paddles with rhythmic strokes, but this time Chip did not gibber abuse.

WHEN three days later the bears returned and went down to the old accustomed place to drink, the mother seemed uneasy, for repeatedly while she drank, she paused to sniff the air. Then she ascended to the den, and the cubs, being tired, curled themselves up to sleep. But the mother did not sleep, because for some reason there was no peace at her soul. So after awhile she rose, and having licked her cubs, she set off cautiously through the woods, as though to relieve her restlessness, and Chipawaka saw her go.

Soon the twilight began to deepen, and across the valley the flickers were calling and answering, that sad, flute-like note which haunts the mind after the silence of night has settled. It was a long lingering twilight, and because of that strange unrest in the air, Chipawaka did not settle off so early as usual. When eventually he did fall asleep, hanging head downwards to the vertical trunk, he was roused by a tremendous crashing far below, and looking out he saw the mother black bear coming through the bush towards her cubs. Of course he shrieked at her for making such a fuss, but she did not hear him, so he jumped from branch to branch in order to watch her, for though it was after midnight it had grown no darker since sunset.

Chipawaka saw Mooween go to her cubs, and he thought at first that she was very angry, for she mouthed them over as though she would swallow them, while they whimpered and sniffed at her neck, where there was a black patch and the

Continued on page 60



.....having gained a vertical tree trunk, he would hang there, hurling string after string of gibberish at the bundle

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Why? The real naptha in Fels-Naptha not only loosens surface dirt easily—it goes deep down through every thread and unlocks the grip of ground-in dirt completely. The soapy water flushes it away and the clothes are thoroughly clean and sweet and wholesome.

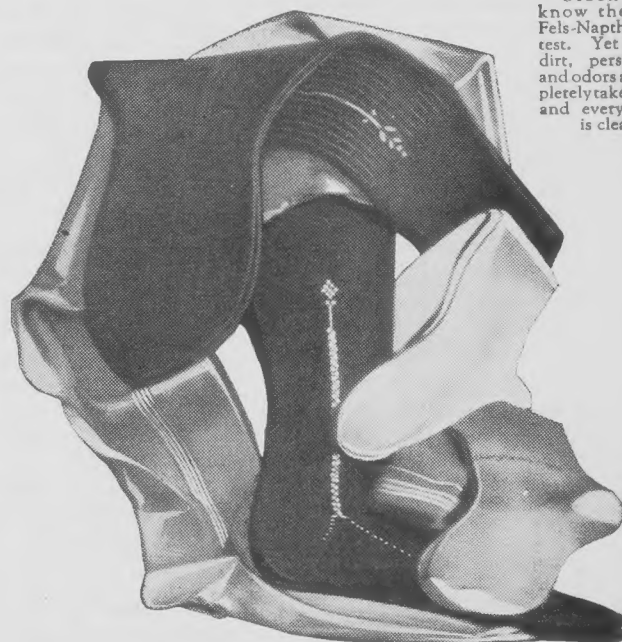
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There has never been anything like this unusual combination of real naptha and splendid soap for safely making clothes clean and healthful. It is the exclusive blending of these two great safe cleaners that gives Fels-Naptha its double cleansing value. Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today, and treat your clothes to *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness!*



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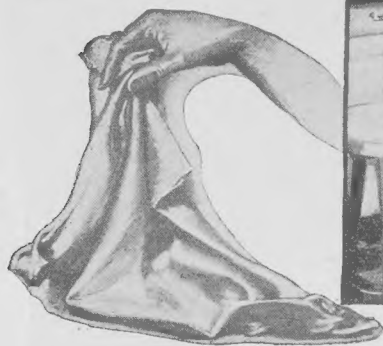
The original and genuine naptha soap,
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it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

FELS-NAPTHA

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9,000,000 germs on one cleaning cloth

Microscopic examination of a brand new cloth, used for only one week in the usual cleaning work around a house, revealed 9,000,000 germs or bacteria—even after the cloth had been thoroughly washed with soap and water.



Thousands of housewives now disinfect as they clean

SURFACES and corners on which soap and water have been used may look clean—but the microscope tells a different story! You would be amazed at the mass of germ life that the microscope would reveal on your cleaning cloths and brushes. The sanitary, healthful home must be kept free from these germs at all times.

This does not require any extra work or trouble. Simply put a little "Lysol" Disinfectant into the water *every time and everywhere you clean*. Dip your cloth or mop or broom into this solution.

Acquire the habit of doing this regularly. Continue to disinfect frequently, as undoubtedly you now do, the special danger spots where germs thrive most readily—the toilet bowl, the drain pipes, the garbage pail. Then you will be keeping every part of your home safe and healthful.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is completely soluble in water. It forms a clear solution which is 100 per cent effective in destroying harmful germ life. And because of its soapy nature, it helps to clean as it disinfects. It is economical to use. Two teaspoonfuls in one quart of water make a thoroughly effective germ-killing solution.

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For household and personal use

What the Dog Derby Stands For

BY G. V. RONALDS

IN the Northland the husky is the freight horse, the racing steed, and in the case of most white men, the sympathetic companion of his master. In view of the growing importance of the new Northwest and the new Northern Ontario in the public eye, the treatment of the husky may be properly said to have become a national issue, and with it the history and influence of the dog derby, now an institution which has become continent wide in interest.

The dog derby was first instituted in Alaska, and Walter Goyne, who later moved to The Pas, Manitoba, was among the pioneers of the movement. The success of the dog derby may be largely credited to Goyne and his school of thought. It was at The Pas his efforts toward the amelioration of the life of the husky made themselves felt. In a general way The Pas represents the husky's home ground at its truest, and the influence of the dog derby at its best. This influence may be summed up in the words of Shorty Russick, winner of this year's derby at The Pas, "Be a sport, treat the husky as a friend, not as a beast of burden, and use the whip very sparingly."

The writer spent a few days at The Pas this year during the dog derby, watched the proceedings very carefully, interviewed the men behind the movement and considered the atmosphere of the occasion from the standpoint of sportsmanship and utility. He arrived at The Pas prejudiced against the movement, but resolved to look facts in the face, and discover if possible the value of the derby. He left The Pas convinced that the movement assisted in giving the public a finer appreciation of the values of the husky, in drawing attention to the breeding combinations requisite to obtain the proper type of dog, and to instill into the thoughtless musher a more reasonable attitude toward the dogs.

THERE are at least forty teams of huskies and single-harness freight teams at The Pas, many owned by Indians, many, too, owned by white men. Perhaps in the district more than a hundred teams could be counted if a census was taken of all sorts and conditions of conveyances. There is a Cree Indian reserve across the river (The Saskatchewan) not two miles away from the Hudson Bay Bridge. During the derby the streets of The Pas are massed with people of many nations, but particularly with these Cree Indians, some of them approximating the century mark in age. A matter of twenty-five years ago when the Indian alone was master of the husky the life of the dog was difficult to describe. As late as 1906, Indians, and occasionally whites were summoned before the authorities to explain gross cruelties. In one instance dogs belonging to a musher were discovered tied close to fenceposts with no chance of foraging for themselves. It developed they had had little to eat or drink for several days, and were in a very parlous state. This is an example rather out of the common. Nevertheless brutalities which leaders of the dog derby claim are being minimized every year were practiced as a matter of ordinary routine, not from inherent desire to hurt, but from a lack of sympathy and thought. Some of these cruelties were impossible of belief. Huskies were not only lashed again and again with the snake whip, a long curling bit of leather with deadly power when applied by the expert hand, but they were often enough clubbed with any piece of log or lumber lying handy. In a word, the life of the husky was unbelievably hard, and induced a temperament in the animals which was as brutalized as the treatment they received. They gained a name from which they are recovering only by slow degrees.

Cruelty to huskies, therefore to dogs in the northland, is not wiped out yet. It can be witnessed on the streets on occasion, and it is apparent that mushers with the exception of those who know the rules of the game have still much to learn in the problem of training the husky and making him a friend as well as freight carrier. This was remarked by the writer on more than one occasion. As for instance when a lad of seventeen

not only applied the snake whip, but kicked his dog in the face, or on another occasion when the driver applied the snake whip to such a degree that the husky turned round at him and howled in long drawn gasps. This was a black dog, which had the reputation for both obedience and intelligence, and, according to repute, had been sold to the driver for three hundred dollars. Under the new regime his usefulness was a minus quality. The writer saw teams which were so well conditioned that when a stranger approached they would either remain quiet and indifferent or would attempt to throw themselves upon him in boisterous affection, and would have a special penchant for affectionate greetings with their masters. The writer saw teams which were sullen and shivered as they lay in the gutter at the roadside. He watched three of the winning teams of the big race come past the post on their return trip with tails held up to the sky and little worse for their two hundred mile trip. This was specially the case with those teams driven by Shorty Russick and Allan McDonald. And, one of the remarkable facts noted was that the feet which have proved a bone of contention among debaters upon the subject of dog derbys were affected in only one or two instances, and in these cases the drivers had carried the husky on the sled in accordance with the rules of the game as applied by the Dog Derby Association. The writer had heard much about the weak condition of dogs arriving at the post at the end of long marathons in the snow, and had paid particular attention to their condition on the occasion of the 1924 derby at The Pas. In no instance did he see any husky unnecessarily fatigued or panting for breath.

THE instances of cruel treatment of huskies remarked by the writer were among the ordinary freighters. He was unable to see the teams which arrived much later in the day than the four winners, and gained only second hand information as to the condition of the huskies. It was to the effect that in one or two instances teams of dogs filed past the post fagged out, with their tails well between the legs. The reader may put his own construction upon this alleged fact.

It was ten years ago that a small group of men at The Pas who both knew and loved the husky well decided that something must be done to change the condition and treatment of the "dog-horse" of the northland. These were representative business men such as A. L. Mattes of The Pas Lumber Co., Dr. Orok, William Burt, and latterly R. H. MacNeill. The Pas Dog Derby was the result.

The aim of the dog derby was threefold: First, to make the hundreds of mushers realise that their dogs were not mere machines; second, to induce the musher to breed the proper type of husky for the needs of the community; and, third, to get the musher, especially the Indian, to consider the sportsmanship of the game, a game in which the usefulness of the husky was put to a gruelling test times without number. One of the notable rules of the derby is that the driver (musher) who abuses or ill-treats his husky shall be debarred from gaining a prize at any event and from entering any events following such misdemeanor. The slogan of the association is, "Be Fair and Square." In a word, cruelty disqualifies the musher at the derby, and disqualifies him in the eyes of the community generally. This is the psychology of the derby—its influence upon public opinion. And, what holds good for The Pas holds good equally for Timmins, Ontario; Big River, Saskatchewan; Ashton, Idaho; Quebec, P.Q.

THE name of Walter Goyne, formerly of Alaska, and closely associated with the institution of the Dog Derby, is revered both by man and beast at The Pas. Before he came down into Manitoba the mushers believed that they had reached the limit of practical knowledge respecting the husky. He came down from Fairbanks, Alaska

It was in Alaska that the dog derby really had its beginning, although the ideal which characterises it to-day was not given particular attention in those early days despite the fact that in Alaska the treatment of dogs was very fair, mostly because the majority of mushers were white men. It was he who introduced the Alaskan hitch which harnessed dogs side by side in couples instead of in single file as was the case with the tandem hitch.

William Burt told the writer that Walter Goynes was a great white father to his dogs and to all huskies. He related a remarkable tribute paid by huskies to the remains of this man as they were being carried from the river-side to their last resting place following an accident in which he lost his life in 1920. Walter Goynes believed that dogs and horses had souls, and that their hearts responded to his. Perhaps the best examples of similar sentiments to-day are Shorty Russick, Allan McDonald and Bill Grayson, more especially Shorty Russick, whose influence with the husky is remarkable.

It was in December, 1919, that Walter Goynes was drowned on the Saskatchewan River, 85 miles east by north of The Pas. He was driving his team across the ice. The ice had reformed following a rather milk spell, and the entire stretch of the river basin was mantled in snow. Suddenly both team and driver fell through an ice hole which had been lightly skimmed

undoubtedly result of the efforts of the association to change conditions generally for these animals." He said: "Despite what critics may say, the dog derby, now a continent-wide institution, has induced greater public interest in the freight dog, has provided means for higher type breeding, and has changed the viewpoint of the Indian towards the husky to a large degree. It would be incorrect to say that the dogs go their way free from the cruelties of abuse. But, compared with the condition of the dogs in the northland fifteen years ago, his treatment to-day is all that could be desired. And, it is to Walter Goynes that much of this change is to be attributed. He taught us up here how to limber the animals up, how to feed them, how to care for them."

Dr. Orok, who was president of the dog derby Association at the time of the derby, bore out the opinion of Mr. Burt respecting its value. He referred specifically to the problem of breeding the right type of animal. He emphasized the several qualities needed to make the required type of "freight-dog." "The husky," he said, "must have untiring energies, a fund of endurance, swiftness of foot, and the intelligence which will give him the faculty of divining his master's need or intention of the moment. Added to this he must have feet which will stand the wear and tear of footing it on rough, uneven ground. The blend of the malmute, the Russian wolfhound



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A Typical Husky

by a new ice coating, this again hidden by treacherous snow. Later on the body was recovered, and brought in for interment at The Pas. Now, The Pas is the home of all sorts and conditions of dogs, more especially the husky. He may be seen at every street corner, and practically every street will witness a team of huskies either driving like wildfire or taking its ease. Whenever any party arrives from up or down the river the disengaged huskies (and of these there were many on the streets when the writer was in town) will foot it over to the scene and bark themselves hoarse with all manners of rude inquire and wails of envy. William Burt, Past President of The Pas Dog Derby Association, is sponsor for this intriguing tale of the "man about town" husky. On the occasion of the return of the party with the body of Walter Goynes, these "loafers" went down to the little gathering at the river's edge at a gallop intent upon the usual inquiries. But, as soon as they arrived they gathered around the conveyance, and remained silent. A few minutes later when the remains were being taken up town they surrounded the party and officiated as an unofficial escort in silence.

"I HAVE been here twelve years, and take it from me, during that time the treatment of the husky has undergone a marked change." These were the words of William Burt when he related the vicissitudes of the dogs in the north country to the writer. "This is the

and the collie gives him these qualities. The malmute has a thick neck, sturdy body, a sullen, determined temper, good endurance, but no speed. The wolfhound has the speed and the rubber feet able to stand the hard, uneven ground of the northland wastes. The collie provides him with both intelligence and sympathy."

The writer will conclude with a narrative which will speak for itself. During the month of February-March, an important company official had occasion to make a 500 mile trip into the rocky wilderness of the far north. Part of his journey was made by horse teams, part, the most part, by dog teams. He had two different drivers going and coming. Both were half-breeds. One of these invariably spoke in quiet, even tones to his dogs, and rarely took his whip from the sled. He was rewarded by clear sailing and rapid, even movement. The other man was of a nervous, jerky temperament, and not a lover of dogs. He would yell at them, and in turn they would howl at him. Often he took out his long snake-whip, and, striding up to an offending husky, applied the leather unmercifully at close quarters. Those who know snake-whips realise what this means. He had the huskies so nervous that one or the other would look around all the time to see if he was rushing up from behind with the whip. This served to create confusion, to make the journey unnecessarily slow, and to unfit those huskies for mushers who might have to use them later.



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Poor Old Mother!

BY FRANCES M. GIBBON

I WAS sitting in a shady corner of one of London's Public Gardens, enjoying the warmth of a lovely day in Spring. I had imagined that the seat I had chosen was not likely to be selected by others, as it was a good distance away from the "beaten paths," and I myself had only come upon it quite accidentally.

I was therefore disappointed when after a time a party appeared consisting of an elderly woman—evidently a nurse—and three very pretty little girls.

The nurse seated herself at the other end of my garden bench, and after a low-toned conversation with her—whom they called "Nana"—the little girls ran off to play. They came back at intervals, and after a time, being myself a lover of children, I remarked upon their beauty, saying I supposed that she was their nurse—whereupon the following strange story was told to me.

The little old woman was unmistakably Irish, but I am not going to try to represent her brogue, but to tell her story as well as I can otherwise.

She told me that the children were the daughters of a well-known doctor whose wife I had often heard spoken of in the musical world. "Lady dear, do you know Dr. Gordon?"

"Only by name," I said.

"Well, something makes me want to tell you my story, Lady dear, if you will promise not to tell it to anyone else. I don't believe you will ever get me into trouble for telling it to you, and sometimes my heart feels like breaking with the sorrow of it."

I assured her that no act of mine would ever add weight to any sorrow of her own.

"Well, Lady dear, long years ago my husband died far away in Ireland, leaving me a little farm all my own, and one child—my Eileen. We did not want for anything, for the people up at the big house took all the butter, eggs and poultry I could spare, and I had enough to keep us both.

"My Eileen was very beautiful, and I sent her to school, and she made a fine scholar. She had a grand singing voice, and the ladies up at the big house used to get her in sometimes when she went up with the butter and things, and make her sing to them, but she was a good girl always, and they never spoilt her.

"One summer, when Eileen was just sixteen, a grand party came to stay at the House, and amongst them a young doctor, very rich and very clever, and a great musician. I suppose he and Eileen got acquainted, but I never rightly knew about that, and one day he came to me and he told me how he had met her and heard her sing and how he loved her.

"He asked me would I let him have her and send her to a school for two years, and then let him marry her. He showed me, Lady dear, that he was a good, true man, and I could not stand in my Eileen's way. So one of the ladies took care of her, and she went away to school, and she stayed there for two years, and then one day again the doctor came to me and he said he was ready to marry her, and I went to the town near by and saw her married, though she never saw me, only he said I should be there to see it was all right.

"She was a grand young lady, and not my daughter then of course and all the ladies stood round her and she was so beautiful I would not dare to go near her.

"Doctor Gordon made me promise that I would never tell anybody that I was her mother, and of course Lady dear, I

promised for my Eileen's sake. He wanted me to take money from him, but I would not have it; I would not sell my Eileen.

"I was very lonely after that for two years, and then one day the doctor came again. He said that my Eileen was going to have a child, and that her heart had turned with longing to see me and have me near. He said that he had told her that I might go to her if I would go as her nurse, and promise never to let anyone know that I was her mother. Lady dear, I was grateful to the dear God to let me go to her in any way, and I promised him all he wanted.

"So I sold my little farm and all my things, and I went away with the doctor and came to my Eileen. She was a great singer, and when she got well she left the baby to me, and afterwards the other two, and I am all the mother that they ever really knew, for she has to go out most evenings. I have been so happy, Lady dear. I have my own rooms and all the care of my darlings, and now, today, she tells me that they have grown too big for the nursery any longer, and they must go to school. I shall see them at night and morning, she says, but I must get ready for some day when they will have to go away altogether to school."

Here the poor little old woman began to cry.

I tried my best to comfort her and to advise her not to meet the trouble before it actually came, and just then, seeing the little girls returning, and as I was myself obliged to go home, I bent and kissed the patient little face and assured her that her story was safe in my keeping. I was very glad afterwards to remember that I had acted thus.

Some months passed, and I was busy preparing for my departure from England for Canada, when business took me once more into the same neighborhood, and I was reminded of my little friend by finding myself outside the home of Doctor Gordon. The front entrance was down a side street, and standing at the door I saw a single hearse, and one carriage—I think the doctor's own. Just then the coffin was carried out, with several handsome wreaths upon it, and was almost immediately followed by a tall, very stately lady, and three little girls, two of whom were crying very bitterly.

Not far away there was a dairy, and I went in, and asking for a glass of milk, inquired of the woman who served me, if she knew whose funeral it was that had just left Doctor Gordon's house.

"Oh yes, Madam" she replied, "it is that of the children's old nurse. The little girls had fever and she would not let anyone attend to them but herself, and they were very ill, one of them nearly died. In the end she took the fever herself, and she was so weak and tired they say that she had no chance from the first, and she died soon after she was taken ill."

I thanked the woman, and turning into the Public Gardens, went to the garden bench where we had sat, and where she had told me her story. I could not help shedding some tears myself to her memory, but I felt glad at the same time to know that she was at rest, and where neglect and misunderstanding could no longer hurt the loving faithful heart.

Since then, circumstances and the distance from the surroundings of my story have released me from my vow to my little friend, and I hope that if she can know of any earthly affairs, she is able to understand this also.

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Telkwa

By H. Glynn-Ward

GOING east along the line of the railway into Central British Columbia, I came out of the wild coast range, left the grim Babine Mountains behind me to the north and came at last to the valley of the Bulkeley where the country widens out into stretches of peaceful farming land with quiet cows grazing in the fields by the river. Contrast enough to the great grey mountains I had come through.

And here on the banks of the river I found Telkwa, a village of vine-covered houses and log-cabins set each in their own garden, with a church and a baby post-office whose door you can scarcely find for creepers.

Across the road from the river, just at the spot where the green snow-waters

TELKWA is out of the beaten track for tourists so you need not fear disturbance in your fishing. There are so many streams and lakes to choose from, besides the Bulkeley River itself where the Cohoes begin to leap in July, and you must consult the residents as to the best bait to use for Dolly Varden or the black-speckled Cutthroat, for char or salmon.

When I went fishing I took an old-timer along with me to beguile the hour. They are leisurely people in that sunny little village, and he was nothing loth to leave a possible job at the smithy and come with me.

And he showed me an overgrown foot-path that passed through the backs of the gardens on the slope behind the village and went meandering up into the



Telkwa, Central B.C.

Photos by Glynn-Ward



The Bulkeley River, Central B.C.

of the Telkwa come bubbling and hurrying to join the grey waters of the dignified Bulkeley, stands the Inn where you stay.

Now as the train passes through Telkwa both from east and west at unearthly hours of the night when all God-fearing folk are sound asleep in their beds, it is well to let them know at the Inn that you are coming. But if you come without warning, walk right in at the door and there on the counter is the book where you sign your name and hard by is a piece of paper.

On this you will find directions: "Nos. one, five and six empty. Help yourself. Don't make a noise." And acting on this you tip-toe upstairs and creep into one of the empty numbers wherein you will find that sparkling cleanliness that all the luxury of towns cannot produce.

You wake up to the sound of the bubbling river, with the sun streaming in at your window and the breeze blowing back the white dimity curtains. Someone outside is calling to someone else, "A bright and shining morning, Tom, and the grilse are leppin' like mad!"

Down you go to breakfast and if you are in luck you have trout, Rainbow trout, fresh from the river and crackling crisp.

hills beyond. It was the "Trail of '98." Through his eyes I saw again the pack-trains winding their way along the Trail and heard the shouts of the packers as they galloped hither and thither keeping their horses and mules in line. This also was the original Yukon Telegraph Trail and it was along here that supplies were carried by pack-train from Ashcroft away to the south of the Cariboo right up to Dawson in the Yukon.

I HEARD tell how they hold a Barbecue in Telkwa every year and have buck-jumping and a rounding up of steers and Indian races; how they build a great oven in the ground and line it with rocks and herein they roast three or four hind-quarters of beef and carve it up for the merry-makers. That is the time they give away loaves of bread by the hundred to fix Labour Day in people's minds. And when darkness falls they repair to the dance hall and foot it merrily right into the next morning, ceasing only when it is time to go home and milk the cows.

Altogether I came away with a most pleasing memory of Telkwa and next year I shall go back to see if that big Dolly Varden that got away from me is still there, basking in the eddies of the Bulkeley, just where the river bends north by Simon's ranch.



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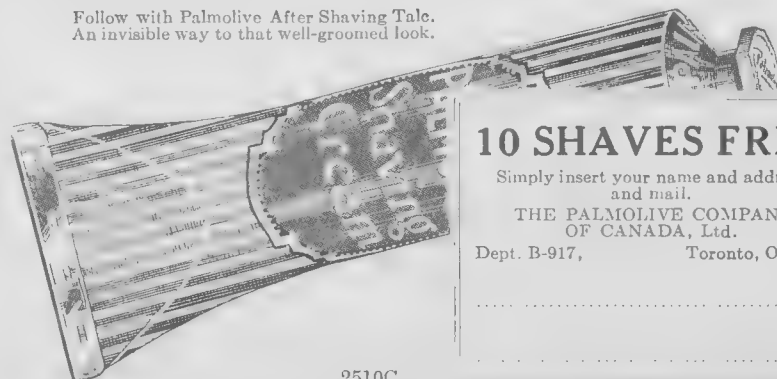
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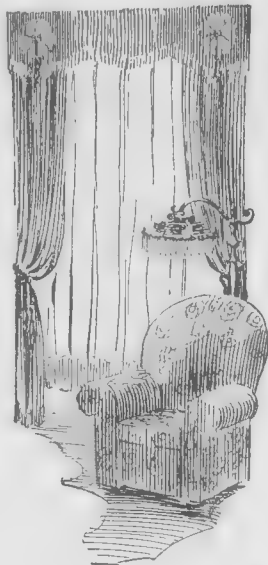
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Patsy Preserves

By JESSIE LEITH RAWLINSON

"JERRY, dear!"

"Yes, Patsy darling?"

Obviously they were honeymooning. Lazily reclining on the sand of Silver Beach, they were enjoying life.

"Jerry, I'm just crazy to get back and keep house. I just want to start canning fruit."

If Jerry had any thought of approaching trouble, he did not betray it. Being newly wed, he allowed nothing to worry him.

"Of course, dear," he replied, "but why think about that now? Let's go in for another swim."

After the honeymoon came two glorious weeks of housekeeping. True it is that Patsy proved to be rather an amateur in matters domestic. Therefore Jerry decided that she must not work too hard, and insisted that they take at least one meal daily at the hotel. But for all that these two weeks were a triumph.

Then one afternoon Jerry came home from the office to find Patsy surrounded by crates of berries. She was studying a little book.

"Hello Jerry," she welcomed, after the usual rapturous ceremony, "I'm all ready to start canning."

"Yes," said Jerry doubtfully, knowing Patsy's culinary limitations, "but how are you going to do it?"

"This book will tell me how, dear," smiled Patsy, "it's called 'Hints for Housewives,' and it gives everything. Just everything."

"All right," said Jerry, "and when do we start?"

"Well, you can hull the strawberries, while I sterilize the sealers."

Jerry removed his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and tackled the work.

"You're a darling," said Patsy, "You do help quite a lot. Now we'll just do up oodles of things and save a lot. Anyway, home-made things are much nicer than the stuff one buys."

"Y—yes," agreed Jerry, rather doubtfully, remembering his experience with Patsy's cookies the day before, and her lemon pie the day before that, "but I'm afraid you're working too hard."

Patsy called him a dear, they embraced, and then resumed.

"Now let's see," began Patsy, poring over the book with wrinkled brows, "fill the sealers with firm, ripe fruit."

"All right," said Jerry, "that means I eat all the soft ones."

"Be quiet," commanded Patsy, "I'm thinking. 'Six cups of sugar,'" she quoted. "Six cups of sugar. How much sugar have we, Jerry?"

He went to the cabinet and discovered half a pound.

"I'm afraid," decreed Patsy, "that half a pound won't be enough. You'll have to rush down to the store and get some. Don't stop to put on your coat. Just run down as you are."

Jerry rushed. In five minutes he returned.

Patsy met him at the door.

"I'm so sorry, dear," she said, "but the book calls for water and we haven't got any. Please run down to the town pump and get two pails. And while you're downtown get me a copper boiler, and—just a minute dear," as Jerry prepared to rush away again, "get me two packages of sealer rings and a dozen Crown jars, and two cakes of preserving wax, and—"

But Jerry was gone.

Ten minutes absence and he returned, staggering under his burdens.

"I couldn't get all the stuff because I couldn't carry it," he said, "but the store boy is coming with the rest."

"You're a dear," said Patsy, and commenced to make the syrup.

"The book says," began Patsy again, "that the sealers should be filled. There must be some mistake there. If we fill the jars, how can we get all the syrup in? I'll tell you, we'll half fill the sealers, and then we'll have twice as many."

"You're a wonder," said Jerry warmly, "You really don't need that book at all."

"Oh, well," his wife conceded, "it's better to have a book, you know, even if it isn't needed. Let's see. 'Place the sealers in warm water, on a board, or false bottom.' Jerry, get a board (Jerry obliged) and allow the water to come to the boil." Well, that's easy. Jerry put the tops on and put them in the boiler."

This was done, and the boiling continued for fifteen minutes.

"Now, Jerry, help me lift the boiler down and we'll take them out."

"Let me take them out," commanded Jerry, "You mustn't spoil your hands in that steam. Hand me the cloth. O-ow-ow-ow!"

The cloth was too thin, and Jerry dropped the jar back into the boiling water. Unluckily, at that moment the store boy appeared at the back door with a load of sealers. Jerry staggered back against the door just as the boy was entering. There was a crash and a yell.

Jerry swore, thereby enlightening Patsy as to the wealth of his vocabulary, and causing the boy to run down the street with great precipitation.

"Jerry, I think you're just too horrid, to swear like that. We've only been married four weeks and you g-go and s-s-swear-ooooh!" And Patsy burst into tears.

JERRY forgot his hurts. He petted, cajoled, begged and promised. After fifteen minutes the atmosphere was restored to normal. Meanwhile, the jars had remained in the hot water.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Patsy, drying her eyes, "We forgot all about our fruit. I guess the jars won't burn your hands now, Jerry."

It was found that the berries had shrunk. The sealers were only half full.

"Ah! I know," suggested Patsy, "I'll just fill up the jars with the juice that's left over."

This was done, and Jerry screwed the tops on. They surveyed the results of their work with satisfaction.

"I'll bet they're just goody-goody!" exclaimed Patsy, "I feel so proud of them. Don't you, honey?"

"Yes," agreed Jerry, "but I feel lots prouder of my wife."

Patsy duly showed her appreciation.

"And now," she said, "there's the raspberries and apricots and loganberries. Shall we do them up?"

"Oh, not tonight," begged Jerry, "We don't want to work too hard, dear, and I want you to keep those rosy cheeks."

Jerry won his point.

The next afternoon, Patsy met her husband at the door with tears in her eyes.

"Jerry, dear," she said, "the rest of the berries are all soft and squashy and horrid. I'm afraid they won't be any good."

"Never mind," said Jerry, not without relief, "take them across to Aunt Jane and have her make jam out of them, and I'll buy another lot."

This was done, to Jerry's satisfaction.

A week later, he came home to find Patsy waiting for him, with the kitchen table laden with crates of peaches. Jerry with many sighs, prepared to assist.

"Do you know, Jerry, Mrs. Sharp came over today and she says she puts the peaches in a preserving kettle with the skins on, and they rise to the top and she skins them off. I'm not going to bother about the old book any more. I'm just going to do them Mrs. Sharp's way."

This was welcome news to Jerry. They tried it. The difficulty was, however, that the skins did not float to the top. Patsy was on the verge of tears.

"Never mind, dear," counselled Jerry, "Just pop them into the jars, and we can fix them up as we eat them. The skins will be soft, anyway, after soaking for a month or so."

Patsy was satisfied.

Some weeks later, Patsy opened a jar of strawberries as a pleasant surprise for Jerry.

"They look beautiful," said hubby, gallantly.

Then he took a spoonful.

"How do you like them?" queried Patsy, anxiously.

"Fine," lied Jerry bravely, endeavouring to eat with relish, "Try some yourself."

Patsy did. Her mouth drooped. Then her lips quivered.

"Oh, Jerry, they're fermented."

She started to cry. He consoled her. Several jars were tried with the same result. It was a serious matter to Patsy. She worried over her failure.

At last the climax came. Jerry awakened one night to find Patsy's head

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The Acid Test

By HAROLD RINGER HARVEY

IT was late Saturday afternoon and the San Francisco Public Market was in that dormant state just prior to metamorphosis from a busy mart of trade into a vacant square of empty stalls. A scattering of belated purchasers hurried from booth to booth but, in the main, the ordinarily crowded rows were deserted.

In the gathering twilight, a dwarfed little newsy stood, feet apart, eyeing with peculiar intensity a fragrant and colorful flower stall. To see him at that moment with an almost wistful expression on his wizened countenance, you would never have guessed that "the poor little kid" was "Toughie" MacCracken, the hardest little rough-neck that ever defied a truant officer.

However, we may be unduly slandering Toughie by attributing to him a wistful expression when that tinge of emotion might have been nothing more than a facial spasm at memory of his regrettable quarrel with Gert; or, a surprised contraction of the features at seeing the occupant of the stall.

The occupant was a boy, but what a boy! By his face, not a day older than Toughie, which is to say, eleven or twelve but, his body would have made half a dozen of the little newsy's. Dressed in faded, baggy overalls, blue checked shirt, and old straw hat, with his puggy-cheeked face devoid of any expression whatsoever, he made such a picture of rustic doltery as is seldom seen in this enlightened age.

Toughie edged closer and, after viewing the verdant specimen at close range, exclaimed, "Well, I'll be damned." This was delivered, not in an expletive sense, but rather as a solemn judgment.

"Ha-ha-hullo," stuttered the fat boy, looking down at the diminutive Toughie.

"How much d'ya weigh, Fat?" asked Toughie without further preliminaries.

"Ta-ta-to-uble la-lot," answered Fat, without apparent offence at either the question or the name accorded him.

"Pa-pounds or ta-ta-tons?" mimicked Toughie.

"I ga-got this way a ta-ta-tendin' to other pa-peoples business," returned the fat boy in a slow, impassive drawl.

Toughie curled his lip, "Yer old man evidently didn't learn ya to be perlitte to cust'mers."

"Ca-cust'mers, yes," came back the dispassionate monotone.

"T'ink I'm a bullin' ya, do ya? Don't t'ink I got da jack?"

"P'raps," was the laconic rejoinder.

A CRAFTY gleam came into Toughie's roving eyes. He cast a furtive glance at the hulking figure in the faded blue denim. Here was a chance to

"slick" someone and at the same time make up his quarrel with Gert.

"I could buy yer whole stinkin' stand!" He delved deep into his baggy pants pocket, and pulled forth an old greasy chamois sack. Opening it, he inserted one small, claw-like hand and pulled out a shining brass bar. It was unmistakably of that almost extinct species known as the "gold brick."

Holding it at arms length on high, Toughie displayed it under the very nose of Fat and exclaimed, "A nugget!" pronouncing the word with a long U. "It's de pure quill," he added, thus further perjuring his soul.

The fat boy's flabby mouth fell open as he gazed at the fabulous treasure.

"T'ought I was a piker, did ya? Me! Dat's de kind of a gink I am!"

The fat boy was still speechless.

"Hey, Fat, how many of dese potted vegetables ya give me fer it?" asked Toughie speculatively.

Fat seemed to come to life with a start, and began to blink his beady eyes like an owl suddenly confronted with light.

"How about dis row?" asked Toughie by way of a tentative proposition.

The fat boy looked more stupid than usual for a moment, but managed to stutter out "Th-th-they're all sold."

"Den dese," suggested Toughie, motioning toward another group of flowers.

"C-ca-can't," Fat managed. Then with a show of ponderous caution, he peered about in all directions, and finally beckoned Toughie to come closer.

"Da-did ya ever ha-hear of aw-aw-orchids?" he whispered in the mystified Toughie's ear.

"Or-chids?" repeated Toughie, giving full value to the *ch* sound.

"Yes, fl-fla-flowers."

"A' course," said Toughie, "De's what de great ladies wear fer corset bowkays."

THE fat boy cautiously looked about again, then oozed his great bulk beneath the counter. After a considerable lapse of time, he appeared again, bearing in one chubby hand a large bunch of flowers, wrapped in wrinkled green tissue.

"Tha-tha-them's orchids," he pronounced, and heightened the dramatic effect with a flourish of his free hand.

It was Toughie's turn to look astonished. "Dem's or-chids? Yo sure? Le'me smell'um!"

Fat guarded his treasure and explained, "Th-the highest pra-priced ones da-don't have no sm-smell, an' tha-tha-these is tha-that kind." He carefully unwrapped the bouquet, however, and showed the

Continued on page 65

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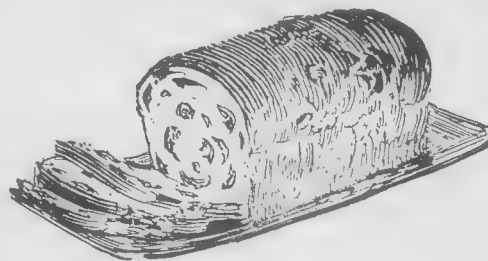
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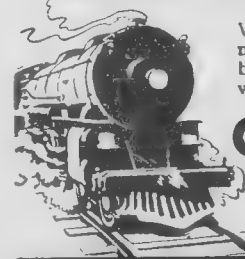
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President and Mrs. Coolidge with their only son, John, show the President's father, Col. John Coolidge, of Plymouth, Vermont, about the White House grounds. Colonel Coolidge is visiting the White House for the first time since his son became President.



The great French drawing room in Casa Loma, Sir Henry Pellatt's castle in Toronto, contained many art treasures which were sold at auction this season. This alcove shows several sections of the fine panelling which was a feature of the room. It is interesting to note that the curtains, which brought \$10,000 at the auction, are Royal Aubusson, dated 1770. The coverings on the gilded mahogany furniture are also Aubusson and many of the valuable pieces of Sevres, are shown in the picture.

New Ideas in House Furnishing

As Shown in the Exhibit of Furnished Rooms at Canada's National Exhibition

By Sylvia Sims

AUTUMN is the season when our household gods clamour most insistently—and most appealingly. We are in a responsive mood. We know that the long indoor season is ahead of us. The time is past when we use our houses merely as places in which to eat and sleep. So we look at them critically—and usually we want to begin promptly a whole series of changes and renovations.

Perhaps it is the first touch of that feeling that causes the women—and the men too, in just as great numbers—to crowd around the furnished rooms that are an annual attraction at Canada's greatest fair. (Isn't it pleasant to hear that even with the enormous Empire Exhibition in progress at Wembley, many people are calling Canada's National Exhibition the *world's* greatest fair?)

I usually manage to spend some time at the big national exhibition in the East, and this year the very first place I visited was the Manufacturers' Building, which houses the suites of rooms furnished by the leading stores. In every case, each time I returned to this exhibit, I had to patiently work my way to the rail, for not only were the crowds eager to see these rooms, but everyone who reached a good position stayed a long time, studying, approving and disapproving even the minor details of the furniture, colour schemes, decorations and arrangements. And so, I must confess, did I, when I had finally won my way in.

Very different lines were followed in the treatment of each room, and I have not yet decided which was the more interesting—the exhibits themselves or their effect upon the people who looked at them. The remarks I overheard certainly indicated a widely varying taste.

There was, for instance, a bedroom that was furnished in a very colourful and luxurious key—a quantity of light satinwood furniture and a colour scheme in which rose and mauve in rich fabrics were generously used, with a note of blue in a small easy chair and a footstool that stood before it, the two extending much the same invitation to repose that characterizes the *chaise longue*.

The walls were pale grey, panelled with wood moulding. One sees more and more wood moulding used in this way, to make panels upon a plain ground; it offers a much less expensive method of achieving the panelled walls that are so fashionable, than the application of even a plain plaster moulding,

and can be put on by practically any painstaking amateur or workman of moderate skill.

These panels, of many sizes to suit the various wall spaces, were nicely placed—narrow ones on either side of the windows, two well proportioned ones on the longer stretch of unbroken wall. The photograph on this page shows some very beautiful panelling from Casa Loma—the castle built in Toronto by Sir Henry Pellatt. Here, a panel within a panel is used; the inner panels and decorations being handsomely carved and then framed, as it were, by the plain mouldings, in somewhat narrower width than would be used were only the plain moulding employed. The proportions of the various panels in the picture are worth careful study; they show very nicely how the panel is adjusted to the space, in all cases.

The mouldings in our grey-walled bedroom were painted practically the same tone as the walls, with all the rest of the wood trim to match.

The carpet was a large plain broadloom, in a very soft violet tone—a violet with a taupe cast to it. The same colour was used for the gauze glass-curtains—one of the storm centres in the criticisms I was so interested in overhearing. On the whole, more people decided against the coloured glass-curtain than were in favor of it. Gauze is much used in distinctive decorating, and is most universally liked when it keeps to the gold and oyster shades; when it enters the field of general colours, however, there are many people to disapprove. I must say that it is a very rare room indeed, that has seemed to me to demand other than the ivory, ecru, oyster or, at most, gold, tones against the glass—the last-named when it has been very necessary to create the illusion of sunshine, in perhaps a bleak room that never knows the warming influence of direct sunlight.

Those were the only large masses of violet used, although the colour was repeated in small areas in the finishing touches.

THE furniture was interesting. In the first place, whilst there were important pieces that matched one another, in delicate satin wood, with inlaid borders, they did not include the principle pieces. The dressing table was quite delightful—not a formal

one of polished wood, but a kidney-shaped table, draped with crisp taffeta in quaint fashion, with a mirror hung above it. The beds, again, provided much matter for controversy amongst the onlookers. They were finished in grey enamel. The head- and foot-boards were solid, with a curved top line, and the inside of each of them was upholstered; just one large smooth expanse of upholstery inset, as it were, like a panel with a border of the enamelled wood. The material used was neither the violet or the rose but a tapestry with a ground of light grey and delicate patterning in soft, harmonious colours—a sort of needlepoint design. I personally liked those beds so much that I promptly decided that I would use the idea on a great mahogany canopy bed that has puzzled me for some time; as I gaze down at the tall foot-board from the vantage point of my pillow, I am always conscious of something incomplete about it. There is a deeply-sunk panel, with a broad border of polished mahogany which is beautifully polished, while the centre part is practically innocent of finish of any kind. I shall try the upholstered panel, and pass on the suggestion that the idea might be adapted to several types of bed.

To return to the room under discussion—the light tapestry of the bed panels was used for the side drapes, made to draw cozily on winter nights. The elaborate spreads for the beds were made of the rose taffeta used to drape the dressing table and were made in matching fashion—the flounces along each side being shirred to generous fullness and trimmed with three little ruffles at the bottom. I liked the way the spreads were finished at the top; they were made to turn back to nicely cover the pillows a second time, and the side that was then uppermost had the same three ruffles along its edges.

There was one other rose-draped piece—a stool for the dressing table. It wore a becoming full-gathered skirt of the taffeta, triple ruffled at the bottom and shirred to the edge of the trimly fitted cushion.

An elaborate room, this rosy-violet confection; the sort of room that would make a fitting background for the most luxurious of toilet rites, for trailing garments a-froth with lace, for the deft ministrations of the Frenchest of French maids; but it was interesting—and in a day when everyone is taking keen thought on the subject of house furnishing, and has the initiative to adapt all kinds of interesting ideas

Continued on page 52

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On the Top of Canada

HAD I known what was in store for me, I would undoubtedly have moved, seconded and carried, a most hearty vote of thanks to The Chief when he instructed me to join the Alpine Club of Canada at their Berg Lake camp, and write news stories about members of that organization. However, I made up for it by expressing that vote of thanks, personally, when next I saw him, for that assignment brought me into a new mountain playground of which I had previously heard much but actually knew nothing. Picture a land of towering mountain peaks, and great glaciers; of Alpine meadows and pleasant valleys, of lake and mountain stream and you have a vision of Mount Robson district. From Mount Robson station, where we left the Continental Limited, to Berg Lake where our home was to be for the next week or ten days, the journey was a constant revelation of new beauties, and Berg Lake itself was an iridescent jewel in a lovely setting.

Unquestioned Monarch of the Canadian Rockies, her peak rising 13,068 feet above sea-level, Mount Robson, which is just inside the border of British Columbia, has stood through the years, a challenge to the hardy Alpinist—his supreme goal in the Canadian Rockies. Because this peak had previously rebuffed many climbers who sought to place the imprint of their climbing shoes on its summit, there was honor and glory among Alpinists for the man or woman who could attain the heights, and this, combined with the fact that the Robson amphitheatre offered some of the finest climbing and hiking territory to be found in the whole of Canada, decided the Alpine Club of Canada to hold its 1924 camp at Berg Lake. The result was an annual camp more successful than any since pre-war days.

To reach the camp was an adventure in itself for the man or woman unaccustomed to the mountain trails. Berg Lake lies 19 miles from Mount Robson station, which is on the transcontinental line of the Canadian National Railways, and since automobiles are out of the question in this territory, there are but two modes of travel. One may either make the journey afoot, crossing the mountain streams on improvised bridges which had been laid down for the convenience of the Alpinists, or take the more comfortable (?) method which consists of straddling a saddle pony and following the mountain trails on horseback. One advantage of the latter method is that it is only in the deeper streams which one must ford that wet feet are inevitable. We chose the latter means of travel from the station to the camp, and leaving Mount Robson station in the evening, journeyed to Kinney Lake camp, the half-way house, on the first night. There we slept amid spruce woods at the very foot of Mount Robson and somewhat to our surprise found comfortable shelter in a log cabin, erected by the Hargreaves Brothers, outfitters, for the convenience of such parties as ours. The Alpine Club themselves had a camp here, where the foot-sore travellers spent the night under canvas, but even in July we found the warmth of a wood stove cheering in that altitude, and would not have exchanged places with any of the members of the club at their camp-fire.

FROM Mount Robson station to Kinney Lake, the trail was a succession of windings; first to the point where we crossed the Fraser River as it tumbled out to the Pacific Ocean, and later when we came to the Grand Forks, rushing out to join the Fraser. A new trail had been cut this summer for the convenience of tourists coming in to Berg Lake, so with the exception of the fact that we were compelled to sit tight at times while our ponies stepped—or slid—over roots and rocks, the going was comparatively easy. Mountain streams we forded, keeping our eyes on the guide ahead, and for the most part, trusting to luck and the good sense of our horses to see us through. Through huge trees, which seemed hundreds of feet in height, and in some instances were almost thirty feet in girth,



At the Crest of Mount Robson.

—Photo by H. Pollard



A Succession of Beautiful Falls on the Grand Rapids River

By
ALAN LONGSTAFF

we travelled on up the Grand Forks Valley, at one point crossing a snow slide—in July—which had come down from the peak during the previous winter, but which showed no sign of melting despite the heat of the noon-day sun pouring right down upon it. This was explained by the fact that during the nights the weather was so cool that the thawing which occurred during the day was offset.

Never did a camp seem so welcome as Kinney Lake camp, on that night when we arrived, for neither my companion nor myself had done a great amount of riding during recent years, and our saddles had developed all sorts of unexpected corners to dig into our tender limbs. But our arrival there meant a welcome rest. First the guide turned out the horses while we investigated the camp for eats; we had enjoyed a hearty meal at six o'clock that evening and were at Kinney before ten, but little things like that did not trouble us. And we found that the Hargreaves Bros. had prepared for tired hungry visitors. Comfortable beds and plenty of food, even to fresh eggs and canned milk, were waiting for us, and the pack-sack from the guide's horse provided bread and butter. Canned fruits, meats and vegetables were plentiful and we ate another meal fully as heavy as that of four hours before, and then we turned in for the night. We awoke to find Kinney Lake a picture. Lying at the foot of surrounding peaks, with the Grand Forks River tumbling in from the north, and mirroring the surrounding snowcaps, the lake has a charm of its own, and it was not without many a backward glance that we climbed the switch-back trail, after fording numerous streams of the Grand Forks, and made our way from the Kinney flats into the Valley of a Thousand Falls.

HERE a new charm of scenery awaited us, as we journeyed along beside the tumbling, brawling Grand Forks River. On our right was Robson, rising to what seemed immense heights as we gazed at it from the valley, while on our left, from an almost sheer cliff, waterfalls—literally hundreds of them, tumbled down to the valley below. Far above our heads we could see the glaciers and ice fields on mountains such as Whitehorn and Phillips, each with its great icefields, from which the streams trickled down to the valley. An hour's journey through such surroundings as this brought us to the foot of the Flying Trestle and our climb of almost 2,000 feet to Emperor Falls.

Here we found a succession of falls, in the course of which the Grand Forks River, with its source in Berg Lake and the main Robson Glacier, tumbled and rushed down some 2,000 feet to the comparative quiet of the valley below. From our last fording of the Grand Forks in the valley, Emperor Falls seemed unattainable, at least with horses, but by means of switchbacks cut up and along the side of the mountain, we not only attained that height but came out far above the Falls, getting a little taste of their spray as we passed. The Flying Trestle, built out on the side of the mountain by the guides, brought us at a steep incline to the higher level, and here, for the first time, we found it wise and expedient to get off and walk, leading our horses. And by the time we had reached the top of that climb, we looked down on the valley below and voted the exertion worth while.

Here on the level with Berg Lake, and almost up to the summit of the Robson Pass, the Monarch of the Rockies took on a different aspect. A wreath of clouds hid the summit, but an occasional break in them allowed the sun to light up the ice pinnacles on the glaciers, making them glint like diamonds. Pack trains from the camp, coming in for supplies, met us and passed with a great shouting at horses, as one after another of the packhorses sought to turn round and return to camp with us, and then—Berg Lake and the camp, and lunch.

On approaching Berg Lake we heard our first avalanche, a dull sullen roar

Continued on page 42



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The Child Who Is Impertinent

By EMMA GARY WALLACE

MANY a child is not nearly as much to blame for being impertinent as its parents, and yet when this habit is established, it is a very difficult one to break.

More than that, impertinence or a disposition to answer back in an impatient or saucy manner, has a far-reaching influence upon the child. It is very likely to kill that sensitiveness and fineness which means so much in an agreeable child or grown-up.

It is quite natural that parents should love and pet a sweet and appealing baby,—but there is no reason why the parents should be so selfish as to spoil the little one through weak and needless indulgence. The little tot who called her grandfather "Jimmy", and who would put her hands behind her back and say stoutly, "I won't do it," was amusing. Many a time her conduct called forth amused laughter, and then her parents could not understand why she grew up to be a saucy, impertinent, and forward little minx.

This may be an exaggerated case, and yet many times, parents permit conduct in little children which strikes them as cunning, but which is very disagreeable in a short time, when the child grows older. The only safe policy is to start as one wishes to continue, and to hold steadfastly to that course of action.

Quite the kindest thing for parents to do is to be fair and firm, and not to permit the beginning of habits which will make the child obnoxious in a short time. Children invariably have a great deal more respect for parents who train them right, than for those who permit impertinences and disrespect. In such a case, the child is distinctly injured, and the parents have no one but themselves to blame for the mortification which is sure to be theirs. The child who can be disrespectful at home is rather certain to take the same attitude away from home, and sooner or later to meet unpleasant experiences in consequence.

A young chap who was entirely spoiled in his own home thought to run roughshod over anyone else with whom he

came in contact. It was the surprise of his life to find that other people looked upon him as "impossible," and almost a boor. It was not until he had sacrificed many friends and some fine business opportunities, that he learned the lesson of treating other people with courtesy and consideration. However, his producing years, to lay up a competence for old age, were cut right into. The parents might have foreseen this situation, if they had thought about it in the child's youth.

Just how to insure obedience and respect is not an easy matter, for children are of many and different temperaments,—but it is safe to say, that the earlier the training is begun, the better. There should be a firm, kind hand, and no exceptions to established rules.

The beginning of obedience is when the child is regularly fed, and bathed, and given its hours of sleep. Regularity and routine establish respect for law and order. The parent who is wise will not keep the little child constantly stirred up and excited. The quieter and more serene the atmosphere, the better. The parent who loses his own temper, and raises his voice, must expect the same conduct in his child.

Perhaps the only rule that can be laid down for the child is, "Know what is right and eminently desirable, and then work towards that end." The parents must be sympathetic and understanding. They must appreciate that the little child has much to learn, and is an individual with ideas and desires. They must remember to be very clear in their directions, and wherever possible to encourage cheerful co-operation rather than to court friction and head-on collisions.

The warning, "Parents, provoke not your children to wrath," is one of sound commonsense. At the same time, parents should stand for principle and a square deal for both the child and themselves. In order to do this, the parents must be wise and self-controlled, and keep the control entirely in their own hands, until the children are mature enough to direct their own conduct.

God's Greatest Gift

By WINNIFRED N. WHITLOCK

WHEN God asked Solomon what he wanted most he asked for the gift of an understanding heart. Knowledge is power, and, therefore, much desired of mankind, but if a woman were asked what she most wished for and spoke the truth, nearly every one would say a child, for motherhood is the greatest of all God's gifts to woman.

Parenthood brings out all that is best in us. Mothers, God bless them, are never selfish. They give up pleasures to stay at home with their babies, they give untiringly of time, sleep and care for the little life dependent on their love. And they receive blessing in return for love begets love; even the most hardened criminal bears in his heart some love for the mother who bore him.

What is wealth or fame compared to the love and trust of a little child? A woman who had won success and money admitted to us once that she would willingly relinquish it all to have a child of her own. We cannot take wealth with us when we die and even the most successful man or woman is soon forgotten, but the good father or mother is remembered long after they have been laid to rest.

"To live in the hearts of those we love is not to die."

But maternity is denied to some women and others lose their babies by death. God meant every woman to be a mother, for God is love, and the work of love is to create.

There are many childless homes in

Canada and there are many homeless children. If some of those homes could be thrown open to the little ones needing them it would mean happiness to both. No life can be happy that has no objective and a child gives that objective. Parents plan for their children's future and live again in their children's lives. Childhood comes back to them as they watch their little ones at play. Love comes back to them as they see romance coming into the life of their son or daughter, they share their joy in the preparation of a new home, in their marriage and the birth of their babies and even death loses its bitterness when they leave descendants behind them.

"We would adopt a baby," a woman said to us once, "but you never know how adopted children are going to turn out." Do we know how our own children are going to turn out? Many a police record shows that the delinquent was born of respectable parents. Is not the giver of charity just as much blessed if the recipient turns out unworthy of his bounty? It is more blessed to give than to receive.

"I couldn't love an adopted child," we heard a woman say once. Did she ever try? We grow fond of animals that we care for and miss them if they die. Is there a woman living who wouldn't grow fond of a little child who looked to her for food and clothing, and, best of all, for love?

A woman we know whose only child died at the age of eight, kept all her

Continued on page 21

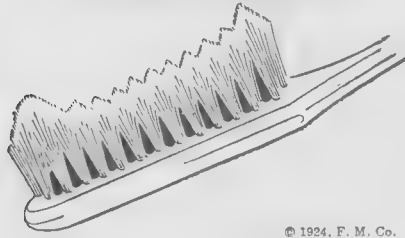
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God's Greatest Gift

Continued from page 20

clothes and toys. We asked her one day why she didn't adopt a child and she said she couldn't bear to think of anyone else having her little daughter's things. So she lives a lonely life and saves her money; she herself does not know to whom she will leave it for she is not on friendly terms with her only sister.

In striking contrast to this woman is another we know who lost her baby at birth and with it the hope of ever again becoming a mother. She asked her husband to let her adopt a child. He demurred at first, but finally yielded to his wife's wish. They took a little baby into their home taking out papers of adoption after an interview with the child's parents who were known to the Society through whom they obtained the child. The baby has grown into a lovely little girl and her adopted father adores her and her mother's pride in her equals that of any real mother. And is she not her real mother in God's eyes? She cared for her as a helpless babe, trained and taught her, and she and her husband are providing for her future, in which they both take the greatest interest.

"A mother is a mother still

The holiest thing alive,"

and is not the woman who deliberately takes on the responsibilities of motherhood as blessed as the woman who through poverty or other circumstances gave up that responsibility?

"I SHOULDN'T like to take an illegitimate child," a woman said to us once. Doctors tell us that illegitimate children are among the finest mentally and physically, and when we come to consider the subject, is it to be wondered at? Illegitimate children are nearly always the fruit of love while the children born in wedlock are too often the offspring of unions of convenience, ambition or of propinquity. And if the child is handicapped and you remove that handicap by giving it your name and protection, are

you not doing a nobler act than taking a child that is not so handicapped?

A writer said once that there are no illegitimate children; there are only illegitimate parents. Is a child to blame for the fact that his parents were not married? Perhaps, too, only one party was to blame, for many times a woman has believed she was legally married and found out too late that the father of her child was a married man.

Many faults may be due to heredity but many more are due to environment. If a child has a good home it is more likely to turn out well than the child brought up in a bad home.

We pity any man or woman who has never loved. To be loved may be happiness but to love is greater happiness, especially to a woman.

We knew a woman who kept a number of cats much to the annoyance of her neighbor, into whose garden they climbed. She asked her why she kept so many and the reply she got was: "You must have something to love."

Animals and flowers are nice to care for but do they compare with a loving heart? There is something missing in a childless home and the number of these is increasing, more's the pity, every day. The number of little lives thrown on the mercy of a hard world is increasing every day too. A great many people think that adopted children are only for the rich but many women who are not at all well off have taken a child and thanked God that they did so. Their lives have become richer, their characters ennobled and their old age comforted because in their earlier years they have remembered Christ's admonition: "Forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these my little ones, ye have done it unto me."

What does a child mean? Something to live for, something to work for, something to love. What can any woman want more than that?

Your Children Need Vegetables

By MARILLA R. WHITMORE

"I NEVER bother canning vegetables because we do not care much for them," coolly remarked my neighbor while I was working away in my hot kitchen to lay in a good winter's supply.

"Dick won't eat any vegetable except corn and Mary only eats stringed beans, so I seldom fuss with any," says another friend, "but it doesn't pay for they are so expensive anyway."

Not many housewives feel their responsibility enough when it comes to selecting diet lists for their families. It is not only to prepare the food but to teach the children the right food habits that falls to the mother's lot.

Fruits and vegetables are regarded nowadays as necessities rather than luxuries for a well balanced diet. Usually children do not have to be coaxed to eat fruit but a great many of them have to be taught to eat vegetables.

When my little boy of eighteen months absolutely refused to eat vegetables I talked to my doctor about it and he said, "You must teach your children to eat vegetables. Don't give up with one or two trials but keep at it." I went home resolved to accomplish what I wished taking some new ideas given me by the doctor.

A new rule was made. The children were not told that they must eat a vegetable but were required to eat their serving of potatoes and one other vegetable before they received their dessert. Now as all children are fond of dessert this method usually works. Another rule is that there are no sweets between meals. Otherwise the child may come to the table with no feeling of hunger.

I discourage any grown member of the family who begins to say he does not like this or that. I really believe that over one half of children's likes and dislikes are in imitation of others.

My boys now eat all kinds of vegetables cheerfully. It is very seldom that a protest is entered for they expect to eat their vegetables because they have been doing it so long. It is very nearly as easy to teach children good food habits as to let them drift into bad ones.

One mother who protests that Willie

who is undernourished "won't eat enough to keep him alive" usually lets Willie eat anything he wishes. If the young gentleman wishes to start his dinner with a huge slab of pie he does so and you can imagine how much dinner he eats afterwards.

It is usually the same mother who gives Willie a large piece of rich cake generously frosted for a mid-morning lunch, which is not only very bad for his teeth but takes away his appetite so he will not like simple things when mealtime comes.

Three to five glasses of milk to drink a day, plenty of cereal well cooked, vegetables and fruits, very little meat, some eggs and fish, and a reward in the form of a simple sweet, is the diet which gives me three healthy boys.

Every day I feel convinced that correct eating is the means of keeping us not only well but good natured. Not a mother of us but would gladly leave our children a fortune in money. We can leave them something far more precious—right eating habits.

The Haunt of the Lilies

Where, silent in the little pool,

The dimpled water drifts away—

Mirroring back the quiet stars,

Mirroring back the light of day;

There, white and still and fragrant, hide

The lily-gems of Summertime.

For at the break of day she came,

Slender and young, with shining eyes,

Beneath her feet the rushes long,

And overhead the empty skies.

Kneeling to part the water-grass

Upon the margin clear and cool,

She took the lilies from her hair

And laid them, laughing, in the pool.

There all day long like fairy cups

Fashioned of dew and pearls and snow,

They hide amid the arrowy sedge

Or float in slumber to and fro—

Waiting until, when leaflets fall

And Autumn skies are chill and grey,

Summer shall cross the hill at last

And come to take her flowers away!

—Audrey A. Brown



Three Ways to Tint Gray Hair

There are three and only three possible ways of coloring gray, faded or streaked hair.

You can use a quick, powerful dye such as furriers use to dye pelts, but which contains poison and is often harmful.

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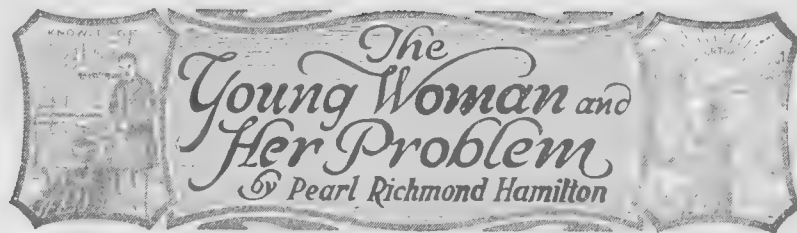
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A Thousand Miles of Daily Bread

HERE comes to this department a correspondence that expresses appreciation of poetry. I receive many requests for more poems on this page. Our readers evidently value the cleansing power of the poet mind—for truly poetry shreds the flesh from the spirit.

This month a letter from R. Manly Orr of Vancouver, informs us that in a nation-wide ballot of The Canadian Club for the "Ten greatest men in Canada," Bliss Carman was second from the top.

This is surely a fine tribute to our great poet. That such prominent citizens of Canada should so value the services of a poet is worthy of congratulations.

Mr. Orr sends us two of his own poems that we very much appreciate for publication. Our readers no doubt are familiar with the poems of R. Manly Orr, as they are published in well-known journals. A recent poem "The Forest Firs," composed by Mr. Orr, is published and illustrated in The Canadian Forestry Magazine. The title "A Thousand Miles of Daily Bread" is a slogan that might well be heralded across Canada until it is heard around the world.

A Thousand Miles of Bread

R. Manly Orr

"Give us this day our daily bread,"

God taught mankind to pray,
But long before man learned the word.
Love planned the giving way,
And eastward from the Rockies flung
A thousand miles of sod;
Dynamic with the charity
And plentitude of God.

"Give us this day our daily bread,"

Lo! plains awaiting there
The touch of seed-time's work of faith,
To fructify the prayer,
From Calgary to Winnipeg,
Three sister gardens spread
On Canada's great festive board,
A thousand miles of bread.

The potent kiss of sun and rain

Upon the treasured sod,
"Some twenty, thirty, forty fold,"
Brings back to man from God;
Yea! bread to eat and bread to spare,
E'en bread for millions more:
Provision for a brother's need,
Demanding ample store.

The smallest town that dots the steel,
Sends towering to the sky
Its groups of square-built granaries,
To catch the traveler's eye:
The treasured prairie-pyramids
Proclaim a Golden-West.
And from their bins of "daily bread"
The ports of earth are blest.

The Signature of God

R. Manly Orr

Far out, in the spaces where the stars
are suns

Of sizes too great to guess;
Where man in his efforts to measure
might
His impotence must confess,
I found me a Sun of superior power;
The Sun of all Righteousness.

At hand, in my garden where floral bloom
Of glories too rare to name,
Expresses the beauty of purity
To sinner and saint the same,
I found me a Flower; 'twas beauty's
best,
The Lily of Valley fame.

Nearby, in the pastures where the feed-
ing flocks
Enjoy the fruits of the sod.
And blessings of service in freedom flow
To honor the shepherd's rod
I found me a Lamb of the highest gifts;
The innocent Lamb of God.

In life, 'mid the crosses of sacrifice

Erected for you and me;
Where sorrow of one is another's gain
And love sets the pris'ner free,
I found me a Man of a love divine;
The Man of Sorrows, is He.

So plain has He written His holy names,
That even this erring clod
Is reading them daily in letters sure,
While roaming the earth abroad;
And finding them versions of one great
Name
Infinitely spelling God.

And so it is that wherever I look

I see His Radiant Face;
If I listen I hear His voice proclaim
Its message of Truth and Grace;
If deep in the waters I grasp for aid
I thrill at His arm's embrace.

Human Interest Stories

MANY readers of this page have had unusual experiences during the summer vacation. Young women have travelled and new scenery, interesting people, natural history specimens, thrilling adventures, and numerous incidents have broadened their minds.

Others have worked on farms and have learned new lessons about Canada's coveted industry.

Students have taken positions for experience as well as for funds to carry on.

Girl Guides and C.G.I.T. groups have camped and tramped on hikes—fine team work that broadens the character and mind of girlhood.

May we have a page of vacation adventures? If our readers respond to this request we shall have the most interesting page in the history of our department.

Is there one young woman who would not enjoy a story of another's experience in vacation days? Vacation does not mean rest—it is a change of activity. There is a fund of practical help to be gained in stories from the pens of others. Will everyone who reads this page add her part to the creation of a department for young women that shall be the supreme magazine feature in Canada?

A Girl's Social Life

A GROUP of girls at a summer resort were discussing friendships. One young woman said she preferred to have one girl friend and go with her most of the time. Another of the party said she liked better to associate with a group of girls and did not care for a girl chum.

"But you must have someone in whom you may confide your secrets," urged the first.

"No, my dear girl, that is just where so many girls pave their way to disappointments. It is not well for any girl to tell her secrets to another. One may suffer more at the time when she does not share her secrets with another, but it is good training of the will, and besides the telling of a secret may mean tragedy some day.

"I know an unmarried woman of nearly sixty who in her girlhood told her chum all about her love affairs and confided that she did not care for the young man.

"Today the young woman in whom she confided the affairs of her heart, is the wife of that man. Too late the first young woman realized that she did care for her sweetheart."

Every girl needs the friction of the contact with many minds. A girl who gives herself to only one friend becomes very narrow—because she confines herself to the views of only one other mind; on the other hand the girl who associates with many girls becomes broader intellectually and develops a magnetic personality because she is interesting—

there is quality to her mind. Association with many girls develops courtesy and consideration of others which are the outward signs of gentleness and a higher culture. The life is happier that includes the pleasant little thrills that acts of courtesy always create. This is the secret of popularity—consideration of others.

It is not always the woman who talks the most who is the best hostess.—A hostess who creates an atmosphere of ease for her guests is the one whose charm of personality radiates unselfish interest in others. The advantage gained from contact with many minds is one reason why I encourage the organization of girls' clubs.

Decisive Moments In A Girl's Life

IN the life of every girl there come experiences that demand quick decision.

She must be prepared.

There is a difference between the scheming girl and the far-seeing girl. The scheming girl is not one who foresees. She weaves out of her own brain a plan of what she would like to happen; then tries to adapt events to the plot she has conceived.

The far-seeing girl looks into the future, has a vision of honest accomplishment that will involve no breaking of natural laws and this acts as a guiding star of all her present.

It will mould her thoughts, habits and actions.

Her sympathies look out into the tomorrow with desire of wholesome energy and determination.

She has a keen sense of the days to come and does not abuse her body or mind in the present hour.

Unless a girl develop strength of mind and body every day she cannot hope to be prepared for the decisive moments of her life. Her decisions will not be intelligent.

We must struggle or we cannot grow. I have on my desk a letter from a business woman who has attained a high position.

This is what she says:

"Our lives would be failures

If along with the sweet,

No bitter were mingled

To make them complete."

Further on in the letter she says:

"My life has not been altogether a bed of roses' you know and yet I believe the problems I have had to face and solve have been such as to develop me in the way I should go, and there is joy in being alive."

How I value these letters that come to me from business girls and women! They come from the Old Countries, from far distances in the States and from all parts of Canada, and they increase constantly my faith in girlhood—for many of these same business women I knew through their struggling girlhood.

Yes, all growth comes through struggle. The other day a girl in domestic service came to me to help her plan a future profession. She wanted to train to be a nurse and serve her own people. We went to a hospital and learned that she must take educational work first and become more familiar with our language.

She is willing to spend time and effort to attain this ambition, so she is taking evening school work. This is the type of girl that will develop into the woman our country values. The far-seeing girl makes her decisive moments constructive.

The untrained mind is short sighted.

The scheming mind is blind.

Lady MacBeth had a scheming mind and she schemed so persistently with her perverted ambition that she became a criminal. The scheming mind of ten becomes a criminal. By right thinking does the race grow. An act is a crystallized thought. The girl who prays today is as a result stronger tomorrow.

Genius does not develop in ease and prosperity.

The flower blooms best when the plant is oftenest stirred at the roots: the best in us comes from much stirring.

Decisive moments in girl's lives? They are recorded all through history.

The decisive moment came into the life of Rebekah that most winsome girl of the old testament when she answered quickly: "I will go!"

Her decision influenced the history of the human race.

No literature contains a lovelier picture than that of Ruth when she comes to the decisive moment of her life. Her decision also touched humanity of every age.

Where the mind is made up, the voice is calm, and the words commonly few. Her decision carried the impression of conviction.

A girl with these traits of character does not invite arguments after her decision is made.

All through the pages of history we find women whose decisive moments influenced the human race.

Joan of Arc decided to lead an army to victory and fearlessly carried out her decision. Elizabeth Cady Stanton when only a little girl listened in her father's law office to the tales of women who had been treated as inferior to men and decided to study men's books and learn how to prepare pleas for changing the laws when she became a woman. The decision of this little girl was the beginning of the great Woman Suffrage movement.

Helen Keller—blind—dumb—and deaf—decided to become educated in spite of her physical obstacles. Her attainment in educational progress is a marvel of the age.

Margaret Fuller at fifteen said: "I am determined on distinction." At nineteen she became an authority on Classics and Emerson said of her: "Sometimes she stayed a few days, often a week, more seldom a month, and all tasks that could be suspended were put aside to catch the favorable hour in walking, riding, or boating, to talk with this joyful guest, who brought wit, anecdotes, love-stories, tragedies, oracles with her. The day was never long enough to exhaust her opulent memory and I, who knew her intimately for ten years, never saw her without surprise at her new powers."

She was always an inspiration and influenced the mind of everyone she met. They wanted Rosa Bonheur to learn dressmaking but she decided to paint animals. That decision gave the world one of its greatest animal painters—an artist for all time.

Elizabeth Fry decided to improve prison life. That decision has saved thousands of lives and laid the foundation of prison reform.

Because Edith Cavell decided to give her life for her country she blessed the Red Cross for generations to come.

Every profession open to women today has been first led by a woman of firm decision—a woman who decided with far-seeing vision.

In the sacred art of home making, at the gates of government, in the office of the business woman, before the professions of law, medicine, science and art, we are familiar with names of women who knew how to think at the decisive moment of their lives.

When are they?

When a girl decides on her life work, when she decides to accept or refuse the offer of a man, when temptation invites her and her decision is firm, when pleasure lures her on to neglect her work and she refuses and when any problem arises the solution of which may mean her future.

They come and go—these decisive moments—and every girl decides her own future which way it may lead her.

The curse of a girl's life is the failure to develop.

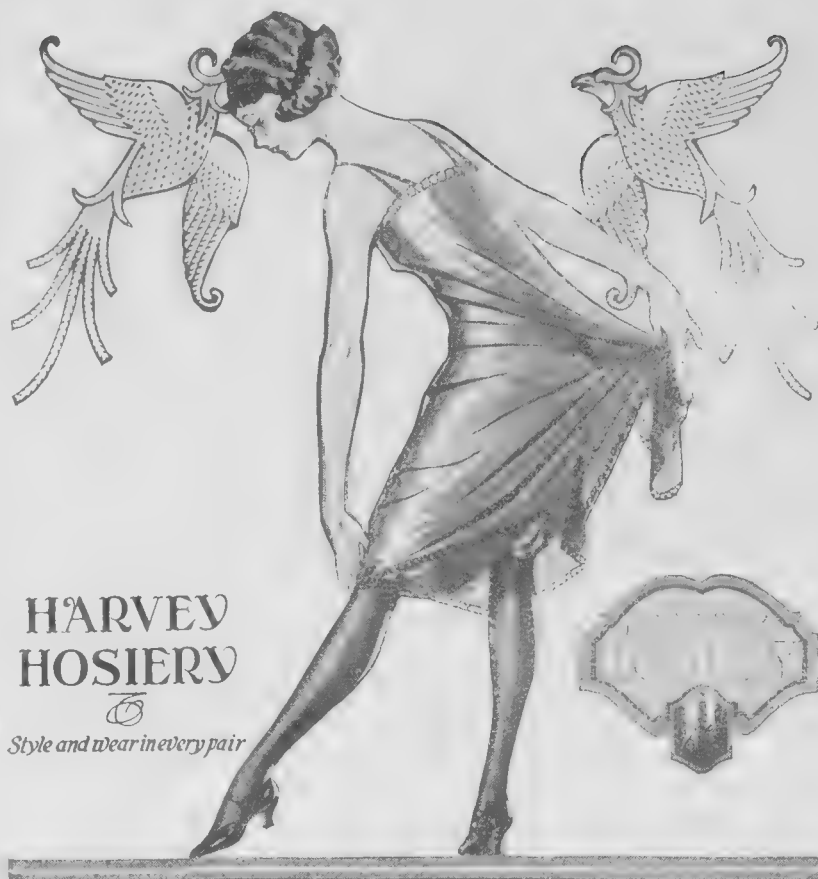
Prairie Gold

A few years ago an authors' club in another part of the continent collected material from writers born in the State of Iowa to publish a book for Red Cross assistance. The title is *Prairie Gold*.

Prairie Gold—Western Canada is rich in prairie gold.

We may collect it in acres of wheat—in galleries of nature pictures—in collection of prose and song. We have much of it here in the west—much that is not published.

Yes—we too are rich in *Prairie Gold*.



Wear Harvey Pointed Heel Hosiery

For a Pleasing Combination of Beauty, Smartness and Genuine Economy.

Harvey Hosiery of finest Japanese silk—unweighted—in colorful tones, add elusive loveliness to the frock for every occasion.

Lustrous beauty, delicate flawless texture, perfect fit and unusual durability make Harvey Hosiery a real economy and a big asset to any wardrobe.

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Extra strong and perfect fitting tops and feet provide the economy of long wear.

Harvey Hosiery is not ordinary hosiery, but hosiery that will wear and wear, long after its modest price is forgotten.

Harvey products—hosiery and underwear—are recognized leaders in Canada.

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Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg

The Other Miss Ketchum

By EDITH G. BAYNE

THE druggist was a cheery, inquisitive, kindly old fellow. He knew all his regular customers by name and had a friendly word for each, quite as though his store stood on Main Street, Burgville, instead of a busy corner of a busy street in a big city. Had he been less observant, less genial, more metropolitan, he might never have stumbled on the secret of the other Miss Ketchum.

Nobody ever referred to them as the Misses Ketchum, nor even as the Miss Ketchums. They were known only as "Miss Ketchum and the other Miss Ketchum." The former's rare purchases at the drug store were soap, iron tonics, an occasional health periodical. The latter bought rouge, face powder, movie magazines. They looked so much alike that only by this means was the druggist able to tell them apart.

Miss Ketchum was a drab little spinster with a settled pathos in her eyes, probably one of the many who housekeep gratis for relatives in small towns and at forty or more suddenly find themselves in the city, unprepared to make a living, but more or less gallantly concealing their panic.

She had an obscure job downtown in either store or factory—the druggist had never discovered which—and was always either hurrying to it or hurrying away from it. Except on Saturday nights. Only on Saturday night did Miss Ketchum permit herself a little leisure to saunter past the shops on her way home. She never seemed to have Saturday afternoons "off." On this night she had three places of call, usually—the grocer's, where she bought a bottle of milk, the Italian fruit store next to it, where she always got three sweet oranges for over Sunday, and the drug store where she seldom bought anything but liked to linger over the magazines, as a good many others did. She was a timid, uncommunicative being and yet there was a pathetic eagerness in her face that seemed to be saying: "I'd like to be friends, but I don't quite know how."

After she left the long, brilliantly-lighted street and turned into some narrow, dingy side one nobody knew what became of her, and truth to tell, nobody cared. Had the grocer, say, been asked where Miss Ketchum lived, he would have said: "Oh, over in the rooming-house district somewhere."

"I saw you going by the other day and never would have known you, you looked so different," the druggist remarked one Saturday night as he wrapped up some soap for her. This was when he first began to notice the insignificant-looking little creature.

"What day was that?" inquired Miss Ketchum, diffidently.

"The holiday," answered the druggist.

"That—that was my sister. My twin sister," she explained with a queer little smile. "We look very much alike."

"Does she live with you?" he asked, and she nodded briefly and went out with her trifling purchase.

And that was when they began to know the other Miss Ketchum, who appeared to be in evidence on Sundays and holidays.

The other Miss Ketchum was a leisured individual. She was better dressed, too. She seemed plumper, fuller of life, springier of step, much less cowed and buffeted-looking.

"Do you know," said the druggist to her one Sunday as he wrapped up her purchase of scent and face cream, "in all the time you and your sister have been coming in here, I don't remember ever seeing the two of you together."

"Oh," said the other Miss Ketchum with a short little laugh, "You're not

likely to see us together. We have very little in common."

And the following Saturday night he said to Miss Ketchum:

"Was just telling your sister the other day that I'd never seen you two out together."

Miss Ketchum smiled her queer little ghost of a smile.

"We can't both be out at the same time," she said enigmatically.

"She enjoys better health than you do, I guess," he went on. "I never knew her to buy any drugs."

"Oh, yes, and she gets ever so much more out of life," Miss Ketchum said, suddenly loquacious, almost eager. "She—she's clever and popular and has good times. She doesn't have to work like I do."

side. Presently she began to tap an impatient foot. The druggist was gone a long time. She could hear him phoning in a low voice in his cubby-hole back of the prescription counter.

Suddenly she caught her own name. Thinking that he wanted her, she went back to where he was. He gave her a queer look as with receiver to ear he waited for some tangle of central's to right itself.

"Did you want me?" she asked.

He sent her another odd, over-shoulder glance.

"Not you," he said. "Your sister. I'm trying to get her—had her once I think. Sit down," he added, motioning her to a chair. She sank into it.

"My—my sister!" she exclaimed, incredulously. "What do you want of my sister?"

She remembered that once, needing medicine sent, she had given him her address and the phone number of her lodging-house.

"If you have any message for—for my sister, I'll take it," she told him. "You can't get her. She—she isn't in at this hour."

Slowly he hung the receiver up.

"I don't believe you," he said bluntly, "but I'll give you a chance to explain."

"Explain?" she echoed, wide-eyed. "Explain what?"

"Rat poison, eh? Do you know that a jail penalty—"

She broke in on him with a dry little laugh. He had never heard her laugh before. She sounded like her sister now.

"Please hurry and give me my parcel—and don't be silly," she said. "My—my sister couldn't have done anything anyway," she added.

"Your sister's a sensible woman," he said. "She's got twice the grit you have. I'm going to have her come here and take you home and talk reason to you. Why, my good woman, as soon as I saw the look on your face—"

He had been speaking harshly, sternly, to cover what was really kindly concern. He broke off as he noticed tears rising to her eyes. With a quick, impulsive movement the little woman laid a hand on his arm.

"You could never get my sister—by phone or any other way," she said, sadly, "not if you tried till doomsday!"

"Is she dead?" he asked, then.

"She never lived," said Miss Ketchum, in a faint voice. "She simply doesn't exist. There's no

such person."

The old druggist stared at her as though he thought her mad, which in fact he did.

"I—I invented her," said Miss Ketchum, with a catch in her throat. "Do you understand? I made her up!"

IT was a good thing the druggist had an assistant to attend to the customers, for he had been absent quite a while and at this he dropped into a seat and gazed at the little woman for nearly five minutes without speaking. He seemed rooted there.

"You made her up!" he said at length. "In heaven's name, why?" He only half believed her.

She made an impatient movement with her shabbily-gloved hands.

"I don't suppose you'll understand," she said, wearily, "but since ever I came to the city I've been alone, always alone. I got so I was almost ashamed of it, of being seen alone all the time. I felt that in some way it reflected on me. But I couldn't make friends. I—I haven't the knack. I came here too late in life I suppose. One day I wore a new dress—a holiday it was—and I was taken for a sister to myself. It was a red dress and it was a spring day. As soon as I found that you all

Continued from page 64

Morning in the Mountains

Oh, the glory of the mountains in October,
When Autumn paints the hillsides flaming
hued,
When amid the pine tops, stately, dark and sober,
The south wind murmurs melodies subdued.

See the purple rocks in shadows dimly blending,
With ruby, splashed with rose and mossy
gray;
While from rifts between, like incense slow ascending
The morning mists in sunshine melt away.

The brown road drops down to the bridge and
over,
Past the meadow with the stumps still
ghostly black.
An emerald field faint tinged with purple clover,
The dawning orchard and the rounded stack.

But now the sun above the hill has risen,
The black pines take on boughs of vivid
green.
Across the valley flames the dying sumach
And silver birch leaves flutter down between.

—John Gray

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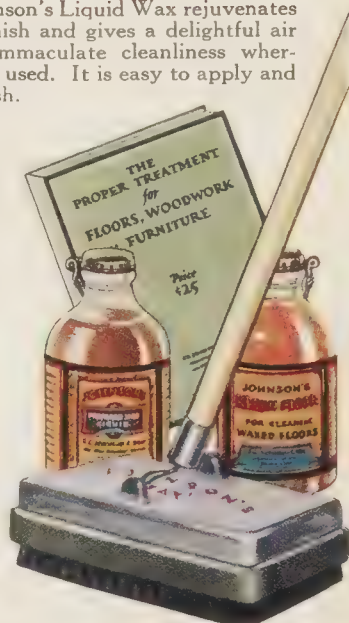
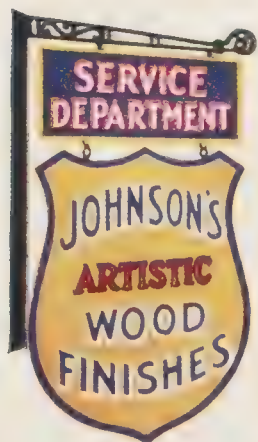
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1—Pint Johnson's Kleen Floor (for cleaning floors before waxing)	.50
1—Johnson Book on Home Beautifying	.25

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CLOSED CARS

Choosing the Best

By LAURENTIAN LOU

HOW do you like my new suit?" asked my college room-mate, as she turned around to give me a good view of her purchase.

"It's lovely, Margaret," I replied, "but you must have paid a lovely price for it."

"I did pay a good deal for it, but father taught us girls to buy the best always. He used to say, 'Never mind if you only have one dress or one suit. Buy a good one, and then you will always look well-dressed.'"

The idea was new to me, but when I considered Margaret's general appearance at all times, I realized the truth of the advice her father had given. Margaret did not have as many changes of raiment as the majority of girls, but she looked better dressed than any of us, and this was her secret.

A few days later another of my college-mates looked down at the shoes she was wearing and said with disgust, "Well, that's the last pair of cheap shoes I am going to buy. I have only worn these for three weeks and look at them. Why, they're not fit to be seen. I thought I was saving money by getting a cheap pair, but I see my mistake. It's no use. You can't get a cheap pair of shoes that will keep their shape and look nice after you have worn them a few times."

Soon afterwards, when I found myself in need of a new pair of shoes, I decided to follow Margaret's plan of purchasing the best. So I selected a pair that were high-priced, but made of good leather. "I congratulate you on your selection," said one of the partners of the firm who knew me well. "I believe that the best pays in the long run," I replied.

"That's right," he said, "you have there a pair of shoes that will wear for a long time and look well, too. Some folks come in and want a cheap pair. Of course we have to sell them what they want, but manufacturers do not put good leather into cheap shoes, and so it is no time till the purchaser of the cheap shoes is back again for another pair; yet we cannot persuade them that it is really more profitable for them to buy a dearer pair, and so we have to cater to the trade and carry a line of shoes that we know are not very good, but that is the best we can give for a low price."

The shoes I bought that day wore three times as long as the lower-priced ones which I had been accustomed to buying, and besides I had the satisfaction of knowing that my feet had a well-shod appearance.

I had proved the value of the best once, so decided to try it again. I needed a new dress, so I waited till I could afford to buy something good, and then invested in a piece of heavy crepe-de-chene, which I made up myself. It was beautiful goods, and for three seasons I wore that dress, making it over each year, and I always looked well-dressed. It is perfectly good-looking yet, but cannot be cut according to the present styles, so it will be made into a slip which will wear for years. Had I purchased a cheap piece of silk, or a ready-made dress of cheap silk, it would have worn out in a very short time, and even when new it would not have looked so rich as my lovely crepe-de-chene.

I found that cheap gloves and stockings were usually a poor investment,

too, and then I made the acquaintance of a milliner, who gave me this tip. "Most well-dressed people know a well-made hat from a poor one, so if you want to look well-dressed, don't buy a cheap hat. If your income is limited, select a well-made hat that is becoming to you, and not extreme in style, and you will look well-dressed, even if you have to wear it a second season."

If you want to look well-dressed on a small income, try this plan of choosing the best, and I'll guarantee that you need never be ashamed of your personal appearance, even though your clothes may have to serve you for two seasons.

This rule of the best holds good in other realms than that of dress. How many people pay dollars and dollars to an ordinary physician because a specialist's fee is higher, and yet in the end they probably have to go to the specialist. It would pay to go to the best doctor at the start.

Don't get the idea that you are getting a bargain when you buy a cheap thing. In nine cases out of ten you are practising false economy. Certainly our purse very often will not allow us to buy the best, but so far as it is possible at all, the best pays in the end.

This idea of the best fastened itself upon me, and I began to wonder whether it paid to spend money on cheap shows. I decided that it did not. Thereafter I saved the price of the ordinary picture show admission and when a good play or good music came to the city, I was prepared to patronize it. By following this plan, I saw only the best plays—plays that I still remember with pleasure and profit. I heard Grand Opera, I listened to Paderewski's piano playing, to Zimbalist's violin, and to music from many other noted musicians—music whose strains are still ringing in my ears, and even the memory of which will enrich my life forever.

Choosing the best is a pretty sure guide to success. This truth has been more forcibly impressed upon me since I have been living on a farm. Successful farming depends so much upon the selection of the best in seed, and in the animals which are bred on the farms. The best seed means more expense at the time of sowing, but richer returns at harvest-time.

Life itself is one long series of selections, isn't it? We are always choosing, and the time is short—too short to waste in trashy things. Each of our selections forms a part of us, and how much more beautiful and how much richer our life will be, if we choose always the best in amusements, in art, in literature, and in everything else.

Parents, will you help your children to make the most of life by teaching them to appreciate the best in every realm of life? If you teach them successfully to do this, you need have no fear for them when the day comes for them to step out into the big world, for they will have learned to spurn the trashy things that might lead them astray. And for the destiny of our nation there need be no fear if it is composed of individuals who have as their motto, "Only the best."

Love Cannot Be Controlled

Love cannot be controlled or bound
To serve a mortal's will,
And though oft crushed into the ground
Its spirit striveth still.

No grief, nor any bitter blow
Can call it from the heart,
For Love remains, in time of woe
As firm as at the start.

It flourishes through everything,
And failure and defeat
Fail utterly at conquering
Its blissful passion sweet.

Forever it must hold a sway
Determined, firm and bold,
And press triumphant on its way
Unchecked and uncontrolled.

—H. A. Edwards



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Work for Busy Fingers

By MARGIE MOORE

Ribbon Girdles and Bows for Fall Frocks

NOW that Autumn has really arrived, we are thinking seriously of frocks for the many afternoon and evening affairs that the winter season brings. Ribbon, colorful, graceful, gay, is as popular as ever this season, for trimming. The girdles shown below will lend a piquant note to the new gown, and will give the needed touch of freshness to last year's remodelled one. The central motifs of A and B could be used effectively for hat trimming. The cartridge-pleated ribbon has a rounded pleat instead of the usual sharp-edged one, and may be purchased at most ribbon counters.

Frocks of the new tans which have taken their color from desert sands and golden spices and old woods, use ribbons which blend into their tawny notes of a symphony. We find on these dusky frocks, ribbon cocardes, girdles and patterns in Blush Rose, in Fragonard—a dull, deeper rose which honors the master painter who loved to use this pigment—and sometimes, if there is sufficient gold in the material of the dress, the ribbon decoration adds a flame of gorgeous orange.

Again there is the woodsy and refreshing combination of green with brown. Especially the vibrant greens which Egypt has given us—Eucalyptus which is practically a sage green and a yellow green like jade called Feldspar.

Green frocks, in reciprocation, have found unusual charm

by introducing amber and tortoise shades in their accessories. It is really remarkable how much distinction is added to a green frock by perhaps a fan-shaped cocarde of Burnished Gold poised over the hip. Greys, of course, are excellent, too. And the charm of using tan or grey with green is that the same color note may be repeated, relating the different points of the costume to each other, as in the cocarde on the hat, the purse of figured ribbon, and the girdle. Or in the case of an evening frock, bandeau, sash and vanity form a ribbon harmony. Certain subdued shades of rose are also lovely with green—sometimes cautiously used in the buds of a corsage or bandeau and again boldly worn in a huge bustle bow or the new Parisian bow which trails one long streamer like a train from the V of an evening gown.

With black and navy blue, great color latitude is allowed. The corsage may send spurts of Spark color against the costume's midnight background. Luxor, a royal blue to which has been added a feeling of great richness, may add its sumptuous hue to the hat or girdle. Then there are lovely soft shades which learned their beauty from tapestries—Tapestry Red, Gobelin, Old Blue, and Withered Rose. Black is no longer allowed to blend into darkness; the splash of ribbon color has made the black gown perhaps the most "colorful" of the whole rainbow of frocks.



A.—This ribbon girdle is made of cartridge-pleated novelty ribbon, with front motif of scalloped shaded ribbon, shirred into flowers, and a basket-woven center. Requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 8-inch satin ribbon to line foundation of ornament, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch ribbon for lattice center, $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards velvet ribbon for leaves, streamers and girdle, and 4 yards scalloped ribbon for flowers. Figure 1 gives detail of lattice. For flower, use $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch ribbon, gathered slightly, sewn in circular formation, beginning at center of flower.

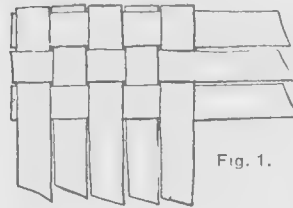


Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



B.—This girdle is cartridge pleated, and centered with a crisp, fresh, two-tone ribbon rose that shows both of its lovely colors in its petals. The rose is made by folding the ribbon diagonally from side to side as shown in figure 2, thus forming the petal effect. This girdle requires 7 yards of 1-inch ribbon.



C.—For the simple little frock that needs a certain individual touch to bring out its true worth, nothing answers so well as the wide sash that one may arrange in dozens of ways. This bouffant bow is only one of the many ways that a silken ribbon may be arranged, but it is a very effective one, and comparatively easy. $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 9-inch ribbon are required to make this bow and girdle.



D.—Bits of brilliant coloring adeptly placed against dark backgrounds are considered a necessary touch on the smart Parisienne's costume. $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 3-inch grosgrain ribbon are needed for this lovely poppy. The petals varying in size, are cut as indicated in figure 3, rolled at sides, gathered top and bottom, and placed around a silk pompom. Contrast is gained by a spray of delicate foliage.

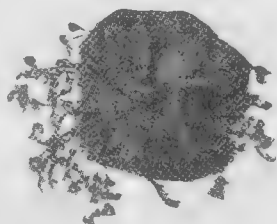


Fig. 3.



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I would like to add your name to my payroll. Will you sell me your spare time? Those hours and half hours that might otherwise be wasted—do you want to turn them into dollars?

I will pay you for every hour of your time that you can spare. Work when you like and as much as you like. A few minutes now, a few minutes then—and a full hour is totalled. Your pay-cheques will come to you regularly and the size of the pay-cheque depends entirely upon how much time you can spare to the work.

Thousands of men and women are earning extra money this way. Men and women who could not in any way consider a canvassing or selling proposition.

I Enter Into a Contract With You

The plan, briefly, is this: You knit socks for me in your spare time at home with the Auto Knitter. For every pair of standard socks you send me—standard meaning, knit to a standard size—I will pay you a fixed rate, a guaranteed price. I sell these socks to large wholesale houses and in this way have an assured output for every pair you knit. I have been doing this for many years, it is a proven success, and the demand for Auto Knit socks is greater today than ever before.

Auto Knitting is an established, recognized industry for earning money in spare time at home. It is pleasant, dignified, just what you have been waiting for. It is very comforting to feel that you can sit down in your own home, in your spare time, and earn money for something you especially want.

No Experience is Necessary

"I am only 14 years of age and go to school. After school I make a dozen pairs of socks which I sell at a profit of \$6.00." This from Teddy Athenhofen, whose home is in British Columbia.

Mr. S. Robinson, an old gentleman who lives in Ontario writes, "Being over eighty years old and my eyesight not so good I made a few mistakes at first. But now I knit a pair of socks in thirty minutes."

Here you have a young boy and a man of eighty knitting their spare time into dollars. When they started they knew nothing about knitting, they learned from the simple instructions that are sent with each machine. Experience is not at all necessary.

Earns on an Average of \$50 a Month

"I have a business worked up now that I would not have thought possible twelve months ago," writes Mrs. W. G. Rogers, whose home is in Ontario and who is one of my enthusiastic workers. "My private trade

alone amounts to an average of \$50.00 a month," and Mrs. Rogers is a busy housewife with three young children. Yet she always finds a little time to earn extra money with her Auto Knitter.

Planning to Buy a Home

So writes Mrs. Marion H. Cameron, also of Ontario, who is so delighted with her success that she writes us a long, interesting letter about it. She says: "A year ago last October I was left alone in the world with three children to support. In November, after buying my Auto Knitter, I was able to start buying a piano and have worked up quite a class of music pupils, as that was my real vocation before I was married. Now I am looking forward to buying a nice little house, and I intend working hard with my Auto Knitter with that in mind."

A Big Earner at 71

"I am 71 years of age," writes Mr. Treadwell of Saskatchewan, "and I can heartily recommend the Auto Knitter to anyone requiring a sure money maker and comfortable work. Like many other elderly people, I wanted to be self-supporting and at the same time engaged in light work. I am my own boss, I work when I feel like it and as long as I want to. I have made approximately three thousand dollars since buying it."

Mrs. Hearn Makes \$45.00 a Month in Spare Time

There are so many wonderful letters in my files I would like to print them all for you to read! Mrs. Wesley Hearn who lives in Saskatchewan writes, "I am the mother of five little children, and I do not get much time to knit. But I have made as much as \$45.00 a month besides doing all my housework."

Beautiful Booklet Free

I would like to send you a copy of my booklet, HOW TO MAKE MONEY AT HOME. It tells the complete story. I would like you to have a copy. I would particularly like you to know how very little it costs to start in this profitable business. Really a business of your own. Don't hesitate. You owe it to yourself at least to find out about this plan that makes your spare time so valuable. Clip and mail the coupon to me NOW.



The foundation of the Auto Knitter business is based on co-operation. We need men and women to knit socks and they need us to supply the machines and buy their work. It is a business of mutual help.

The soundness of the business is proven by its ten years of success. The demand for Auto Knit socks was never so great. We need many more workers.

T. W. CHADBURN, President.

The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Limited,
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Please send me free the full particulars about making money at home with the Auto-Knitter. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

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"Ya Honk! Ya Honk! Ya Honk!"

BEFORE next issue of The Western Home Monthly is out the wild geese in their thousands will be flying south, each flock "writing V across the sky," as one of the most ancient Greek poems says. We have reason to be proud that these magnificent birds are known to the world by the name of Canada geese. They are superb fliers and creatures of extraordinary intelligence. Is there any finer sight than is presented by a flock of them on the long journeys, northward in spring and southward in fall, which they make year after year? The Philosopher remembers vividly a flock he watched last spring in northern Manitoba. They were flying so low that their glossy black necks and their broad white throat bands were plainly to be seen. There was a superb aspect of determination in those necks strained rigidly forward toward their summer home in the remote north. The leader held his place at the head of the broad V, with nineteen aligned on his right and twenty-four on his left. Calls of encouragement were sounded frequently and answered, and near the leader the steady flapping was varied by an occasional change of position. They passed so low that every distended pinion could be seen distinctly. Their heavy bodies and powerful wings grew rapidly less distinct, and soon blended in a dark, wavy line against the low thin clouds above the horizon. The sun was still high, and the atmosphere clear. Their calls did not seem to grow faint as rapidly as their outlines diminished. As they faded and reappeared until they could not be distinguished from the shaded edges of the horizon clouds, their calls came back faintly, and fancy followed them on their long journey.

The Senate, in Theory and in Practice

IN discussing the Senate—and the action of the majority of the Senators in killing the bills for branch lines has caused a great revival of discussion of the Senate in the West—the question is often asked, "Why should there be a Senate at all?" The answer to this question stands in the words of the first Premier of the Dominion, Sir John A. Macdonald, who had a leading part in shaping our system of government. "The sober second thought of legislation," he said, "would be provided by the Senate." That implies that the decisions and actions of the elected representatives of the people in the House of Commons may sometimes be hasty and arbitrary, and therefore there is need of a second House of Parliament, namely the Senate, whose members are not elected by the people, but are appointed for life by the Government in power, as vacancies occur. But has not the Senate sometimes acted more, not less, arbitrarily than the Commons? Manitoba when it began business as a Province was provided by the Dominion Parliament with a Senate, known as a Legislative Council, which, after a few years, Manitoba abolished in 1876. Only in two of the Provinces, namely Quebec and Nova Scotia, are there survivals of Provincial Senates. In the other seven Provinces the Legislatures consist simply of single Houses wholly elected by the people. One of the Fathers of Confederation, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, said that "if the Senate is to be undermined, it will be by abuse of executive patronage in appointing the Senators." In the light of the present time are not those words almost beginning to look prophetic?

Finding What You Want to Do

E. J. KILDUFF writes that men who find it difficult to make a decision concerning the occupation in which they intend to advance themselves should not, therefore, become discouraged and perhaps say to themselves: "I shall never succeed. I don't seem to have a very strong desire to do any one particular thing."

To such men as have not yet made up their minds, it should be said that such a condition is not uncommon; on the contrary, it is the usual thing in men until they are, say, thirty years of age.

If you reflect a moment, you will recall that many successful men of this decade and past decades made numerous and radical changes in their occupations before they finally found themselves.

George Eastman, the head of the Kodak Company, started work as an insurance clerk. He then became a bookkeeper in a savings bank, at a thousand dollars a year, in which position he remained until he was twenty-six years old. Then he went into business for himself on the small capital he had saved.

However, merely because a young man is unable to fix upon a vocation, he should not cease his efforts to improve his general qualities. Nor should he mark time in whatever work he is at present employed, while waiting to find himself. He should master his work, learning and earning as much as he can from it.

Many men continue in an occupation that they do not care for, merely because the wages are good. But it is not good business for them to do so, except, of course, as a temporary matter. The chances of their getting very far are limited because of their lack of interest in their work.

They are merely temporizing, for, eventually, they will have to get out of that kind of work, if they want to get ahead, and into one in which they will take an interest because they like it—or they will have to overcome their dislike of their work.

The Philosopher

The Point of View

IN regard to the movement for the erection of a Winnipeg cenotaph as a memorial to those whose lives were cut off in the Great War, one of the Winnipeg newspapers recalled the time when, as recorded in the sacred Scriptures, "the people gathered themselves together as one man to Jerusalem" and "the builders laid the foundation of the temple of the Lord." The cenotaph, it was added, would have the sacredness of a temple, and surely the hearts of all the people would be in accord in their devotion to the work of making it a worthy memorial of the glorious dead, as there was accord as the cornerstone-laying when the Jews, after their return to Jerusalem, began the rebuilding of that sacred edifice. The newspaper's reference to the Bible made The Philosopher read that passage about the rebuilding of the temple in Jerusalem; and interesting reading it is, too. One of the most interesting things in it is the account of how some of the people, mostly the old, as they recalled the glories of Solomon's temple, wept, while many others, mostly the young, shouted with joy because the return from exile had been safely made and the foundations of a new temple were being laid. There must have been a good deal of confusion, between the shouting and the weeping of the emotional people. Isn't a good deal of the confusion in the world nowadays due to the difference between the forward-lookers, who see good times coming, and the doubters and pessimists who cannot see ahead any signs of the return of "the good old times?"

The World's Most Healthful Region

"WESTERN CANADA," says a prominent Winnipeg physician, "has as the best and most valuable of its natural resources, a climate which is the most healthful in the world." He says it is a never-failing cause of surprise to him that the average prairie dweller seems to be unaware of this fact. "It is like the nose on his face," says the doctor, who has almost as great a capacity for being humorous as he has for being serious. "He has to have it smashed before he realizes its great value to him." But on this subject the doctor's seriousness becomes intense earnestness. For the healthful growth of human beings and the preservation of their good health, he points out, there are four essentials which a climate should have. The first is sunshine in plenty. The second is a right degree of dryness of the air, which should not be too humid. The third and fourth are variations of temperature, within right limits, in order to provide the right measure of heat in summer and the right, tonic measure of cold in winter—both the heat and the cold, each in its right time and right measure promoting health and vigor and elasticity both of body and mind. These are things we prairie-dwellers have reason to be thankful for, summer and winter—in summer, when we have such long days of golden sunlight, and in winter, when we have brilliant sunshine, too, and the cold is nipping, with the nippingness that is good for the bodies and spirits of right-living people.

A Political Contrast

SINCLAIR LEWIS, whose novels "Main Street" and "Babbitt" have made him celebrated, said during his recent visit to Winnipeg that though he was born in Minnesota and his father was a native-born citizen of the United States, his mother was a Canadian, and so he felt himself partly Canadian, and he added that this feeling was stronger since his return after eighteen months' residence in England. He is deeply impressed with the contrast between Great Britain and the United States in respect to the attitude of the public towards public affairs. In Great Britain he found all classes keenly and continuously interested in the political problems of the country; in the United States, he says, only the politicians are really interested in politics. He did not undertake to say how he found the people of this country in this respect, in comparison with the people of Great Britain and the people of the United States. Possibly we are less continuously interested in the public affairs of our country than the former are in theirs, but more continuously interested than the latter are in theirs. Public opinion is not as active and as well informed as it might be; and we Canadians might well give thought to Mr. Lewis' remark, with his own country in view, that the electors cannot with safety act as though government is something that can be left to those who have only a selfish interest in it. He says that the turmoil in the United States every four years over the presidential election campaign does not give evidence of a keen, intelligent, continuous public interest in public affairs, but rather gives evidence of the contrary.

Men Voters and Women Voters

IT is of course, of the essence of equal suffrage that there shall be no distinction made in any way between men voters and women voters. Therefore there are no government statistics in Canada or in any other country to show separately how many women voters fail to use their franchise, and how many men voters fail. All we know from the official figures after an election is the aggregate number of electors who voted. It would be possible to go through the voters' lists and count the number of men entitled to vote and the number of women entitled to vote. But there is no way provided for ascertaining the number of men who voted and the number of women who voted. All we know is that there were so many human beings—men and women—entitled to vote, and so many voted. It would be interesting if we could have each of these totals, after each election, divided into the number of men and the number of women. No doubt there are public men who would declare that there are grave and weighty reasons of public policy against this idea. This, indeed, is what The Philosopher thinks himself. There should be no distinction made in any way between men voters and women voters. But, nevertheless, it would be interesting to know, as election succeeds election, how the percentage of women electors who go to the polls and mark their ballots compares with the number of men electors who do their duty likewise.

A Colored Porter's Remark

IT happened one day last month that The Philosopher was travelling on a train, and began chatting with a colored employee of the railway company, whom he had noticed reading in a weekly published in the United States which is very widely circulated both in the States and in this country a story about colored people, by a writer who has written a great many such stories, mostly about sleeping-car porters, and all most amusing. When he was asked what he thought of those stories, the colored man said that, of course, they were very funny, but that they were unfair in picturing the negro as being always and unfailingly ludicrous. He said that all colored people did not think and behave in every waking moment like "nigger minstrels," or "blackface comedians." He said no more than that about it, but his words caused The Philosopher to do some thinking. Writers of stories about negroes either treat them as members of a minstrel troupe, or else treat them sentimentally as old black mammies, or Uncle Toms, or Old Black Joes, taking towards them the attitude one takes towards a faithful and beloved animal. What writer treats them as human beings, in their capacity for joy and for suffering? What writer has put himself inside a negro's skin and looked out on life through the negro's eyes? But, it may also be asked, how many writers have treated white people with true and complete insight into their inner lives and thoughts and feelings—the things that really make them "even as you and me?"

The Inhumanity of Caste

BRITISH officials in India, the missionaries, and Gandhi and his followers in the demand for "national self-determination" for India have all labored towards the abolition of the caste system, which has such deep and ancient roots that it persists. There are lower castes in India which a higher caste person may not touch without pollution requiring a religious ceremony to cleanse it away. If the shadow of a certain lower caste person touches a certain higher caste person it is polluting; and there are certain very low castes which may not come within a certain distance—in some cases sixteen feet, in others seventy-two feet—of high caste persons. In an issue of the London Times recently to hand there is a communication from the Madras correspondent of that great newspaper giving a full account of serious trouble in Travancore because the low castes have undertaken to disregard the prohibition which from time out of mind, generation after generation, has prevented them from using certain highways and temple roads. There has been rioting, and bands of higher caste individuals marched from a distance to punish the lower caste persons for not knowing their place. How could India have "national self-determination"—that is to say, nationhood and democratic institutions—before the age-old caste system is done away with by the Indian people?

Practical Education

FEW people realize the extraordinary value—the practical value, I will say—of studies absolutely impractical in character. What a person needs most in life—in business, in art, in politics, in anything—is the capacity for sustained effort and concentrated attention. In the intellectual field there is no other asset like this. And you can get it best by devoting your studies to something making a demand on the utmost mental power that you have. That is why in any well-ordered university we lay the basis of all our work on such things as the study of the Latin language, the elements of mathematics, physics and chemistry. These are real things. Through them is the gateway to mental advancement. To ask if you need them in your business is childish. Of course you don't. You need them in your head. It is you that is being fashioned and shaped, not the business.—Stephen Leacock.

TRUTH

By L.R.H.

IN the beginning there was darkness and fumbled groping in matted caves. There was no Truth—only hate and hunger and strangling terror. Men lived in fear of the clawed and tusked creatures who prowled around outside of the caves, and of each other.

Then, as long centuries passed, this slowly changed. Truth came—glimmerings as faint as the light on a swallow's wing at twilight. Men learned to trust their fellow cave-dwellers, and to band together against their common enemies.

As time went on the tribes grew larger; they grouped together to form nations. The feeble glow of tribal consciousness grew until it became a national consciousness. And men began to follow Truth. Slowly, falteringly, one by one, they began to hack their way through the dense undergrowth of superstition and credulity and prejudice towards the faint glimmer in the distance. There was heart-sickening failure and discouragement. Sometimes the faint glimmer died, leaving the seeker alone in the perilous darkness; sometimes the strong tentacles of superstition closed around his body and bled him of strength. But each time one hacked a little way through to Truth there was a path left for someone else.

Then, after long centuries of toil and struggle and agonizing effort, man succeeded in reaching Truth. Now man is a finite being, pitifully feeble in perception and accomplishment. It is only given to him to perceive an infinitesimal part of Truth at a time. But such is the folly and blind arrogance of man that each time one succeeded in hacking his way through to Truth he thought that the infinitesimal part of it that he saw was the whole Truth. He would chip off a little piece of Truth and run off with it like an ant with a grain of sand. He would go through the world crowing and strutting because he thought he possessed the Truth. Institutions, religious beliefs, social customs and philosophies grew up around the little pieces that men chipped off from Truth. But because men believed only in their own Truths and were impatient and distrustful of other men's Truths there was dissension and discordance among them.

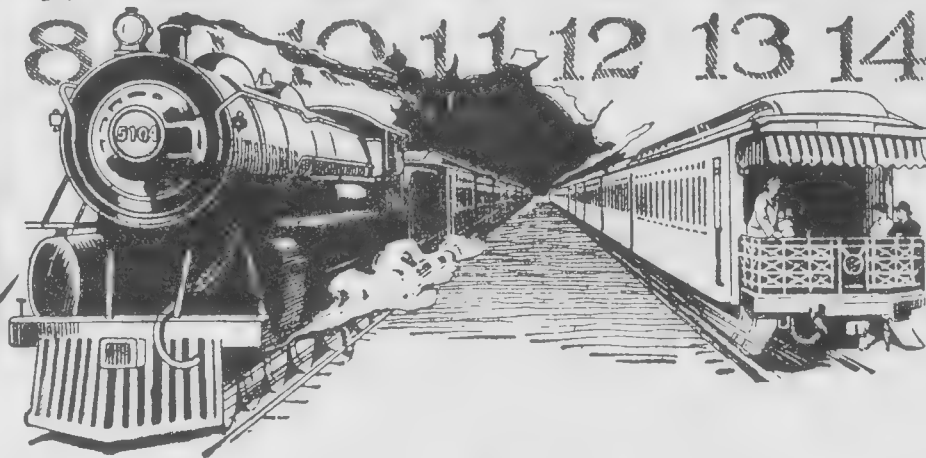
As time went on the little pieces of Truth in the world grew and multiplied. Men had collected enough of them to prevent war, disease, and poverty—all the ills that beset the race of man. But instead of using the Truths for this, or for building bridges of understanding between them, men used the Truths to build walls to separate them from other men. So the Truths, being warped from their natural use, became twisted and distorted. There was the Truth of patriotism, for instance. Because it is good to love and exalt the country one lives in, men came to believe that it is good to hate and disparage all other countries. Each nation erected around itself a barrier of pride and egotism and inflated self-esteem over which it glared at other nations as a small boy glares at his neighbors over a fence. Some nations became much worse in this regard than others—so bad, in fact, that they disregarded all the other Truths in their possession: the Truths of honor, kindness and justice. Then, of course, war came. Men who in time of peace might have talked and worked together in quiet friendliness spent their days and nights destroying one another. Money and time, brain-power and energy, that might have been used to combat the common enemies of mankind were used to destroy mankind itself.

The centuries came and went, and the faint glimmer that had come to men in the darkened caves grew steadily stronger and brighter. The hatred and distrust and misunderstanding that had flourished in the dank forest of superstition and prejudice could not live in that strong light. Men used the Truths they possessed to build bridges of understanding between them, and to combat mankind's common enemies. Soon poverty, war, and disease were banished from the earth. They became race-memories as faint, as incredible, as our race-memories of Paleolithic men gnawing bones at the door of a cave.

Even yet the pieces carved from Truth had left a dent as faint, as barely perceptible, as a scratch on the side of a rock.

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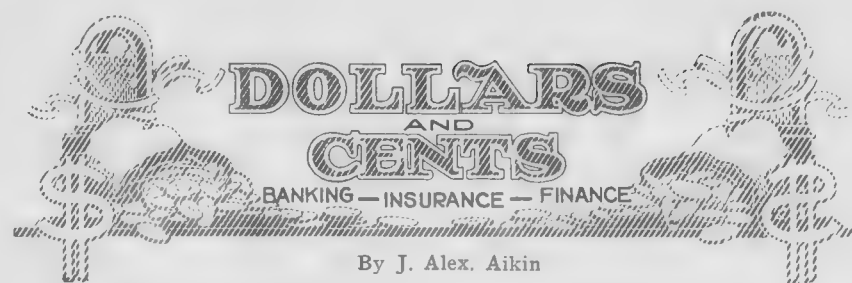
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By J. Alex. Aikin

Brighter Prospects for Western Canada

THE general economic and business outlook for Western Canada is better for the 1st October, 1924, than it has been for years. This is particularly true of Manitoba by reason of the good crop with which this province has been favored. The great improvement made in the crop conditions in all four Western provinces after July 15th had much to do with saving the situation all around. British Columbia is positively in a much better situation than it has been for some time and there are reasons associated with the movement of the fruit crop for believing the fruit growers will better their position this season. Saskatchewan will, as usual, have a lot of grain and farm products to offer and will make substantial progress as a result of the crop. Even Alberta, which will not be able to record such a harvest as was reaped last year, will do much better than was anticipated in August. The higher prices being paid for wheat, amounting to about 40 cents a bushel better than a year ago, will go far to overcome the smaller total yield. The results of the federal bye-elections indicate stability in the national political situation, for on the theory that producers can operate under any tariff if it will remain steady and not threaten changes leads to the logical view that things will go along as they were for some time. There has been moderate stiffening in prices, related to the slowing down in the United States and in the industrial centres of Eastern Canada, which otherwise might have been a sharper rise. The economy which has been practised by farmers is also evident in the decreased imports and reduced customs and inland revenue. That condition suggests plainly to the federal government, as to provincial and municipal taxing and spending powers, that it is entirely advisable to hold down expenditures and wherever possible to reduce taxation.

The New Era in the Grain Trade

THE annual meeting of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange and the executive announcements of the wheat pools and published statement on prices indicates the setting in motion of important factors in the grain trade. The better prices offered for the 1924 crop produces a better feeling than formerly existed in the after-war years of depression for the trying out of the new plans. Mr. Jas. A. Richardson, retiring President of the Grain Exchange, frankly stated in the annual address that the Grain Exchange recognizes that if farmers wish to market their grain through a co-operative agency it is their right to do so. The test will be in the comparative prices paid to the producers and any statement for or against one or the other agency should give all the facts in the case if there is to be fair conclusions drawn.

Mr. Richardson, as head of the largest grain exporting concern in North America, takes occasion to point out that all the expedients and legislative plans of the United States to better the farmers' condition were more than surpassed by the working of the world law of supply and demand in the past few months. His note of confidence in the future of Canada as the land of opportunity for the man of health, energy and personal merit is sound encouragement to the ambitious and purposeful men and women of the land. "There is nowhere any substitute for the driving power of the individual," and "The signs of returning prosperity to Canada are with us. The future possibilities of this country are very great but the moral forces that Canada will exert in the world in the future depends to a very great extent on the wisdom of the present generation of Canadians," are extracts from the retiring President's address to the Grain Exchange, worthy of wide publicity and careful thought.

A Time for Careful Going

THE inquiry before the Board of Railway Commissioners on the freight rates question, with special reference to the discrimination and differential in rates as applied by the special interpretation of the Crow's Nest rates pact of 1897, carries much of importance for the Prairie Provinces and British Columbia. The recent appointment of a New Brunswick man to the chairmanship of the Railway Commission, the promotion of another N.B. man to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, and of still another N.B. man to the Supreme Court of Canada, suggests there will be no failure to look after the interests of the Eastern provinces. The Western provinces must reckon with the fact that while they have a growing power in numbers they have to face a real power in the political sagacity of the East, and especially of the Maritime provinces, where they seem to have perpetual grievances and a hunger for government appointments.

The leader of the federal opposition makes no secret of the purpose to work for a readjustment of freight rates for all Canada, which in reality will mean a revision of the Crow's Nest pact and the advantages now enjoyed by these Prairie Provinces in freight rates. This is sufficient reason for vigilance on the part of all in authority and responsible for protecting the rights of the people.

The suggestion thrown out at Toronto early in September by the Minister of Railways and the President of the C.N.R. that the attempt on the part of the Prairie Provinces to help British Columbia get rates in harmony with the Crow's Nest pact and which would later have to be applied to all railway mileage in Canada could not be permitted to

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A Man's Value to Society

By Emily F. Murphy (Juney Canuck)

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IT was Mephibosheth who, when brought before King David at Jerusalem, prostrated himself and said, "What is the servant but a dead dog?"

Mephibosheth was the son of Jonathan, the friend of David, and the grandson of Saul.

When his father and grandfather were slain at Gilboa, Mephibosheth was an infant of five years. In order to save his life, his nurse lifted the lad in her arms and fled with him. In her haste she let the laddie fall, or maybe she fell on him herself, but at any rate, owing to this accident, Mephibosheth was ever afterwards "lame on both his feet."

What particularly concerns us at the present is the valuation he put upon himself as he "did reverence" before the king.

To the Jew, a dog is an unclean animal, but a dead dog becomes both unclean and putrid. How terrible a simile!

And yet this profound abasement of the young Hebrew was apparently unwarranted for David ordered that all the lands of Saul should be restored to him and that he should eat continually at the royal table as one of his own sons.

A man's value to society has been computed in many ways, and whole volumes have been written on the subject. These computations, as a rule, refer to his intellectual and moral value and are not concerned with his financial value.

John Milton said "Wealth is of the heart, not of the hand." His was the statement of a poet and philosopher and is only true in part. The worth of a worker in iron, clay or leather is of material value apart from his heart and may be converted into cash wherewith to maintain himself and his family.

A while ago, someone skilled in actuarial computation estimated that the average man, in good health, is worth approximately sixteen times the total of his yearly earnings—allowing money to be worth 6 per cent.

If a man is earning \$2,700 a year, his value to his family is \$45,000, but if he dies, he is worth nothing to them. His productivity has entirely ceased—that is unless he has provided for his family an estate by life insurance or in some other way.

This life insurance idea has, during the past few years, become so firmly rooted and the business has assumed such tremendous proportions, it is no longer considered as a luxury to be taken on at will but as a necessity to be included in the household expenses the same as bread and coals. In a word, it is a commodity which is an integral part of the family budget. No budget whether real or supposititious is considered complete which does not reckon on life assurance.

Perhaps it would be more accurate to speak of life assurance as "death assurance" because men take it on by reason of the certainty of death. Unless he is under sentence of death, no man knows how long he will live although it is recorded that Hezekiah was promised an additional fifteen years of life; that Hananiah was told he should die in the same year, and the rich fool that he had only a few hours.

All we know is that our demise is certain. Death, the hard-mouthed, brass-throated old reaper, stands on no ceremony and won't wait so much as half a minute for us to get ready. Gentle Sirs, this is why it behooves each one of us to figure on our value to our family while the going is good. In this connection, the computation above as to our financial value may help us somewhat in establishing a basis from which to reckon.

Emily F. Murphy.

Dollars and Cents—Continued from page 34

succeed to accomplishment, intimated where the political situation is moving so far as both the old parties of the East are lining up.

Falling Revenues Continue

RETURNS for the five months ending with August 31st, 1924, show total revenue for the period of \$162,523,315 as compared with \$182,163,286 for the same period last year, a decrease of nearly 20 millions. At the same time it should be noted that the expenditure for the 1924 period amounted to \$113,759,869 as compared with \$111,432,011 in 1923. The net debt of Canada at the end of August, 1924, stood at \$2,387,517,638. Customs revenue was down for the five months by nearly five million, excise returns by nearly 17 million, while income tax returns were up nearly three million. The entire financial return bears the lesson of economy for the governments.

In harmony with the improved trade and financial situation comes the showing for mining in Canada for the first half of 1924, which tells of greater production by 20 per cent. over 1923. Gold, silver and nickel are among the mine products listed as showing improvement over the previous year. The total value of the metallic production for the first half of the year was put at \$84,341,000, as compared with \$86,703,000 for 1923. The gain was in metallic minerals, the loss was in coal, which dropped two million tons for the half-year. Activity in the gold fields of Ontario was the strong feature of the half-year.

Taxation of Railways

A VERY significant letter appeared in the Montreal Gazette of August 21st 1924, signed by Gerard Ruel, K.C., Vice-

President and General Counsel for the C.N.R. The letter was written following an editorial in the Gazette suggested by the advantage in Manitoba of being able to tax the railways through legislation which antedated the existing C.N.R. lines and system. Mr. Ruel proposes that the Intercolonial and National Transcontinental, which are now exempt from all local taxation as government property, be put into the Canadian National system and therefore made liable for local taxation in the same manner as in the other provinces. He proposes an inter-provincial conference in the effort to arrive at a fair and equitable basis for the question. It is well that before being committed to the proposal the Western provinces assure themselves it will not prove just another scheme on the part of the Maritime Provinces to put something over without giving anything in return. Mr. Ruel's letter also implies reopening of the entire question of railway taxation for all Canada.

A Fortunate Parent

"Yes indeed," said the principal of the young ladies' seminary to the proud father, "you ought to be very happy, my dear sir, to be the father of so large a family who are evidently so devoted to one another."

"Large family? Devoted?" gasped the old gentleman. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Yes, indeed," beamed the principal. "No fewer than nine of Edith's brothers have been here this term to take her out, and she tells me she expects the tall one with the blue eyes again tomorrow."

"With us it was simply a Matter of Common Sense"

Henry Wadham

"It wasn't the fear of a destitute old age that prompted us to decide upon a twenty year North American Life Endowment Policy," remarked Henry Wadham. "It was simply a matter of common sense."

"Like most young couples, we wanted to save a little money, and above all it was my duty to protect Marjorie in case anything happened to me. A combination 'savings and protection' scheme was, therefore, the logical thing."

"I looked into the matter pretty thoroughly before doing anything, and then took out the Endowment Policy with the North American Life Assurance Company."

"The result has been that each year I have mailed them a moderate sized cheque. This yearly payment covers two things—protection for Marjorie and savings for us both. The remainder of my income, we have spent each year."

"Eight years from now, as a result of our forethought we will have \$10,000 cash—much more than we would have saved by stinting ourselves and banking the money and, as I have said, I have had through the years, the comfort of knowing that Marjorie was provided for in case of my death."

Our booklet "Twenty Years Ahead" gives complete information. We will be glad to send it on request.

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UNION BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Security and Character

IT is reported that the late J. Pierpont Morgan, the well-known banker, when asked if he would make a loan on anything but bankable assets, once said: "That depends upon what you call bankable assets. I know men that I have loaned a million dollars on sight without a dollar's worth of security, and I know other men that I wouldn't loan a million dollars with the best bankable security in the world. The moral quality entering into a bank loan is by far the most important quality."

The Guaranty News says that every banker today considers character, that is, the integrity and proven ability of the men in control of a borrowing account. Character is recognized as an asset that can be neither acquired nor dissipated over night.

Generous Words

RALCY H. BELL, whose book, "The Mystery of Words," has been referred to before in these columns, has written an interesting statement about the man who, unfortunately, is somewhat too common a type—the man who is miserly with generous words.

"I can understand in a way," he says, "how a man can be miserly with money. To him gold represents years of struggle for what he believes to be success. It assures him certain comforts and a kind of pleasure in the things that gold will buy. Going a step higher, it makes it possible for him to help others. It gives him power over misery—a power to suppress want—a power to kindle happiness—a power to protect the weak from the might of wrong—the only power that is prized by any worthy soul; but I cannot understand the man who is grudging of generous words or one who is indifferent to the decent parts of speech.

"I can understand how the madness of anger may sling a word as a dart to wound a foe or even to hurt a friend; and how vanity may sputter smarting words, scintillating in an artificial light, for the childish pleasure of being reputed witty. Anyone can understand this, because all have been at times both angry and vain, and occasionally too blind to see that the wit that wounds is not wit; and that the humor which humiliates another is not extraordinarily humorous. These things are clear enough; but that which is not clear is the state of heart capable of uttering deliberately a cruel word, or that condition of mind morbid enough to withhold a kind word. Nothing could be meaner except the adding of lies to the cruelty."

Getting Ahead

IN the course of a sermon recently in Winnipeg, Dean Matheson mentioned that an ideal might be a source of inspiration to one young man but that it might mean just the opposite to another. As an example, he said that two boys might be listening to a great musician. The one might say "That's wonderful; I am going to study and work hard until I can play as well as that." The other, however, says: "That's much too hard for me to follow; however hard I study, I shall never be able to play anything like that."

It is all a matter of determination. Sir Foxwell Buxton wrote:

"The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory."

The following poem, "Opportunity," was written by Edward Roland Sill in 1887, and is reprinted from "Poems of the English Race," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The young man who reads it carefully will discover the two types of people that are dealt with. The one "finds fault with his tools," but the other "succeeds with what he has."

OPPORTUNITY

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by
foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this
Blunt thing—" he snapped and flung it from his
hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.

Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bested,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

A Short Course in English

NO. 1.—The letters received from many of the readers of this page indicate that they have a particular interest in the writing and speaking of correct English. There are good and practical reasons for this desire. The social and business life of the modern community is such that a young man who cannot speak and write reasonably well the language of his country is at a disadvantage. If he says "I seen" and "it don't matter" he may be accepted at a discount when he comes into contact with those who think that it "does" matter.

There is a story to the effect that two heads of departments were discussing the appointment of a young man to a higher position which involved meeting with the public. One of the managers mentioned two young men as possible candidates for the position. The other responded: "Well, I am afraid that we could not consider George for this particular post. He is a good fellow and a hard worker, but he always says 'I seen.'"

The writer, without posing as an authority on the subject, is prepared to present from month to month, a short article dealing with the matter of correct speaking and writing in the hope that the contributions may prove of practical service to those who feel an interest in this problem. In reference to correct writing, the articles will deal with the word, the sentence, the paragraph, and the composition. The series will conclude with several contributions concerning effective speech in conversation, debates and addresses. Each article will be followed by a question and an answer relating to some practical problem in English, and a quotation about writing from the work of some well-known author.

Question: What is the correct usage of the words between and among?

Answer: Generally speaking, between has a more limited significance than among. Between is used in reference to two persons or things, among in reference to more than two.

Examples: He and I agreed to do the work between us. His sister, he and I agreed to do the work among us.

"Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, and ye may know how ye ought to answer every man."—Bible.

If there is a point in English upon which you are not quite clear, submit your inquiry to the editor of this page, and it will be answered in a succeeding issue.

Look in the November number for Article No. 2, which will deal with individual words.

Treasure Island

ONE of the books occasionally prescribed in the literature course of Grade XI in the public schools is "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson. It is a choice which meets with no complaints from the students for "Treasure Island" is a story that captures the imagination of young and old alike. There is an anecdote to the effect that Mr. Gladstone got a glimpse of it at a colleague's house, and spent the next day hunting over London for a second-hand copy.

Mr. Andrew Lang spent over it "several hours of unmingled bliss. This is the kind of stuff a fellow wants. I don't know, except Tom Sawyer and the Odyssey, that I ever liked any romance so well."

Those who are not familiar with the works of Stevenson will find this book a splendid introduction to an author whose career held in it much of inspirational value for young men struggling under disadvantages. Read carefully the following lines penned by the author and carved upon his tombstone in a far away Samoan Island. Can you from these catch something of the spirit in which he faced the tasks of life?

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me!
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

A very attractive and inexpensive pocket edition of "Treasure Island," is edited by William D. Lewis and published by Allyn & Bacon, of Boston. It contains a number of interesting illustrations, a list of topics for further study, a glossary explaining some of the uncommon sea terms, and an interesting introduction containing some particulars of the life of the author.

One Hundred Men

THE monthly News Letter of the Great-West Life is responsible for the following statements:

Comparatively few men realize their life's ambitions. At age 65, the history of one hundred vigorous and healthy men, who started at age 25 on the road to success is as follows:

Twenty have died;

One has become rich;

Three are comfortably off;

Forty-six are still working for their living without having saved anything;

Forty are more or less dependent upon their children or charity for support.

The ability to save money in systematic fashion is not easily acquired. Procrastination is a human frailty and we keep thinking of the large sums of money we are going to make, sometime in the future.

A man with \$10,000 a year finds it no easier to save ten per cent of his salary than a man with a fifth of that amount.

The tendency throughout the American continent is to live up to one's income instead of acquiring the habit of saving in the early years and allowing nothing to interfere with the increase of the savings account throughout life.

The fact that most men succeed better in saving by the life insurance method than by any other means available, is illustrated by the fact that in the U.S.A.—the richest country in the world—of all property left in estates, \$87 out of every \$100 is life insurance proceeds.

Books for the Fall and Winter

IF you have decided that this fall and winter you would like to become better acquainted with the works of the great novelists you may be in the following list of the Twenty Best Novels which was decided upon some years ago as the result of a vote among the readers of a literary magazine:

Dickens—"David Copperfield"

Scott—"Ivanhoe"

Eliot—"Adam Bede"

Hawthorne—"Scarlet Letter"

Thackeray—"Vanity Fair"

Bronte—"Jane Eyre"

Stowe—"Uncle Tom's Cabin"

Thackeray—"The Newcomes"

Victor Hugo—"Les Misérables"

Mulock—"John Halifax, Gentleman"

Scott—"Kenilworth"

Thackeray—"Henry Esmond"

George Eliot—"Romola"

Lytton—"Last Days of Pompeii"

Hawthorne—"Marble Faun"

Thackeray—"Pendennis"

Charles Kingsley—"Hypatia"

Hawthorne—"House of Seven Gables"

George Eliot—"Mill on the Floss"

Another interesting list is one which arranges the books according to subject matter, as in the following:

A novel of New England life—"Elsie Venner,"

Holmes

A novel about the South—"The Choir Invisible,"

Allen

A novel of the West—"The Virginian," Wister

A novel that pictures English life—"The Man of Property," Galsworthy

A novel of the sea—"Lord Jim," Conrad

An historical novel—"Seats of the Mighty," Parker

A problem novel—"Tess of the D'Urbervilles,"

Hardy

A sociological novel—"Looking Backward," Bellamy

A novel of plot—"The Three Musketeers," Dumas

A novel of character study—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr.

Hyde," Stevenson

A novel of realism—"Oliver Twist," Dickens

A romantic novel—"Quentin Durward," Scott

A novel of humor—"Vicar of Wakefield," Goldsmith

By the Way

MANKIND is divided into three classes: those that are immovable, those that are movable, and those that move.—Anonymous.

I do not believe such a quality as chance exists. Every incident that happens must be a link in a chain.—Beaconsfield.

Our body is a well-set clock, which keeps good time; but if it be too much or indiscreetly tampered with, the alarm runs out before the hour.—Bishop Hall.

One of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid.—Swift.

Gambling is a mode of transferring property without producing any intermediate good.—Dr. Johnson.

The Home Garden

By ALLAN CAMPBELL

Melon Growers in the West

Considerable success has been attained in recent years in the West with melons, which, like the wheat of the first settlers, grew in spite of prophets. Owing to the short season, special methods of culture must be adopted, but given a fair chance the results will be surprising to those who are under the impression that melons are only adapted to tropical or semi-tropical regions. Musk melons of particularly fine flavor are now produced in Manitoba every year. Being a plant native to warm climate where there is great heat in the growing season, it must be kept in high temperature from the time the seed is sown to the time the melons are ripe. This method can be accomplished without the aid of a greenhouse and by the use of frames. If the seeds are grown in cold soil they are likely to rot. One must bear in mind the fact that the slightest frost must not be allowed to get at the vines, for if it does they will be killed.

One plan is to sow the seed in the frame where the vine is to remain. The soil should be warm and well drained, rather light and having a good supply of plant food from barnyard manure which has been plowed under. The method employed is to open trenches in the soil, two to two-and-a-half feet in width and eighteen inches in depth, early in May, or the work may be done the previous autumn. These trenches are dug in rows about twelve feet apart and as long as

The Paeony

One of the most striking flowers to be seen in the gardens of the West, is the paeony. It is hardy, and once established, it becomes a credit to any home grounds. It certainly should be more generally adopted, but evidently its delicate beauty when fully opened suggests to the lay mind that the plant is delicate and one not reliable except under abnormal conditions. This is quite an erroneous impression, for these flowers have proven themselves to have a fine disregard for adverse conditions, and during the last half of June where one is fortunate enough to possess a bed or border of them, a gorgeous burst of gigantic blooms may safely be anticipated.

Varieties of paeonies are propagated by dividing the roots, each division of which should have one bud. Division and planting are most successful early in autumn, about September 1 being a good time. Planted then, they make some rootlets before winter, which is important, as, if planted late or in the spring they start growing before there are sufficient rootlets, and the growth they make the first season is feeble. Paeonies succeed in a great variety of soils, but should have a deep, rich, fairly moist but well drained soil. They succeed best in full sunlight. Before planting, the ground should be trenched at least two feet deep, at the same time mixing with it a liberal quantity of rotted barnyard



A Brandon Residence

space will allow. Into these trenches is put actively fermenting horse manure, filling them up to within four inches of the surface of the ground. The soil is now thrown back on top of the manure, making the surface in the centre of the trench a little higher to provide for settling. There should be at least six inches of soil over the manure. Movable frames are used for putting over the trench. After the glass has been over the trench for a day or two, the soil will be warm enough to take the seed or young plants. A warm day should be chosen for the transplanting, as it is of the greatest importance to protect the young plants from getting chilled. Three hills of two or three plants to the hill are made about four feet apart in the frames. When the plants are established the weakest should be cut off. They should be shaded to prevent their wilting. In order to keep the bed as warm as possible early in the season, matting should be used on the frames at night.

As the plants progress, ventilation should be given with care, but as the warmer weather comes on, more ventilation may be given without fear of chilling the plants. Usually ventilation is given in the morning and the frames closed at night. The soil should be kept in good condition by shallow cultivation and water that has the chill off must be given as needed. After the vines have filled the frames, the latter are raised a little off the ground to allow the vines to extend outside. When there is no further danger of cool nights, the sashes are left off, but the frames are left on for a few days in readiness for the glass to be put back should a cool spell occur before the plants become properly hardened.

manure. The plants should be set so that the crown will be about two inches below the surface. As the plants eventually become very large and improve with age, it is important to give them plenty of room, about three feet apart each way being a suitable distance. Cultivate in order to keep the surface soil loose throughout the summer, and a top dressing of about four inches of manure should be applied late in the fall. This serves the two-fold purpose of winter protection and the enriching of the soil by turning under in the spring.

It is very hard to select a small list of the best varieties out of about three thousand names, but the following are considered to be of outstanding excellence:—

- Rubra Superba—Purple crimson.
- Festiva Maxima—White, some petals tipped with carmine, very handsome.
- Madame d'Hour—Flesh colored, tipped with carmine, very large, very free bloomer.
- Berloiz—Rosy red, free bloomer, late.
- Charlemagne—Pink, shading to white at edge, sweet scented, very free bloomer.
- Artémise—Rosy pink, flesh color in centre, faint perfume.
- La Rosière—White, with yellow centre, semi-double, very sweet scented.
- Queen Victoria—White, yellow centre and red stamens.
- Madame Lemoine—Pink, with creamy white centre.
- Asa Gray—Salmon-pink, very large, free bloomer.

Have You Read Yours?

"Is your house insured against fire?"
"I don't know. I've just been reading over the insurance policy."



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Quebec	Nov. 14, S.S. Montclair	to Liverpool
Quebec	Nov. 19, S.S. Empress of Scotland	to Cherbourg, Southampton
Montreal	Nov. 20, S.S. Marloch	to Belfast, Glasgow
Montreal	Nov. 21, S.S. Montcalm	to Liverpool
Montreal	Nov. 26, S.S. Melita	to Belfast, Glasgow
Montreal	Nov. 26, S.S. Montrose	to Liverpool
St. John	Dec. 5, S.S. Montclare	to Liverpool
St. John	Dec. 10, S.S. Minnedosa	to Cherbourg, Southampton, Antwerp
St. John	Dec. 11, S.S. Metagama	to Belfast, Glasgow
St. John	Dec. 12, S.S. Montclair	to Liverpool

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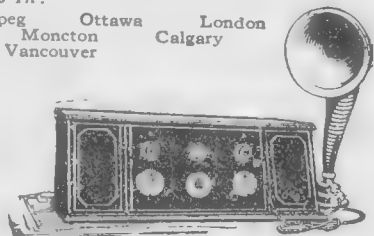
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Heart Beats Re-Echoed by Radio

HEART throbs, the interesting demonstration of the supersensitivity of Dr. Phillips Thomas' glow-discharge microphone, whereby heartbeats were broadcast from Westinghouse station KDKA, recently, re-echoed over the whole of North America and probably on the European continent.

The test of heartbeats was heard from Maine to California, and from Canada to Mexico, and in some points in Great Britain, according to reports received by the Westinghouse Company.

Due to the fact that heartbeats have such a low period of frequency, as compared to the voice in speech or song or to musical instruments, it is exceedingly difficult to find any pick-up to properly register them. After a long series of tests with the Thomas "ultra-audible" microphone, it was determined that this form of pick-up had the proper sensitivity to record the heart beats. Even then there was almost a continual testing of the apparatus for some weeks before the actual event was broadcast.

Broadcasting the heart beats was an interesting demonstration to thousands. How the actual equipment was made to operate is also interesting. The apparatus necessary for the proper pick-up of the beats was in the Westinghouse Research laboratory.

There was installed the amplifying apparatus, which is used with all microphone pick-ups, the microphone itself

Canadian National Railway to Broadcast from Ottawa

The largest and most powerful radio station in Canada, operated by the Canadian National Railways as the first of a chain which it is hoped will extend across Canada, is now in operation.

A novel arrangement in connection with this station to insure clearer reception by listeners, is the distance between the studio and the operating room. The studio is located on the first floor of the building and the operating room on the roof.

The new station's sign is CKCH, and broadcasts on a wave of 435 metres. The initial program was relayed by Station CHYC, Montreal, on a wave length of 341 metres, so that radio listeners everywhere in Canada and the United States should have no difficulty in receiving the program.

Don't Drop Head Phones

The telephones that are used in radio work are delicate instruments and should be treated as such. The greatest injury that can happen to a pair of phones is falling from a table, or from anywhere, for that matter. To eliminate the possibility of dropping the phones when not in use, procure one large hook and screw it in the wall or on the side of the table. Then the phones may be hung on it with no possibility of slipping off.

Heartbeats were recently
broadcast from Pittsburgh
and re-echoed over the whole
of North America.



and a telephone line to the broadcasting station in East Pittsburgh. The amplifying apparatus was arranged by Dr. Thomas, and consisted of a number of vacuum tubes balanced with other tubes.

In the arrangement the apparatus was so hooked up that the high frequencies were eliminated. This was done so that extraneous noises which might occur in the room were eliminated and thus the heart beats made to register more clearly.

Then in the actual broadcasting of the beats, the microphone was placed just above the heart of the subject and the sound impulses registered. These heart beats, sent out by KDKA, are said to be the faintest sounds ever picked up by a radio microphone and intensified so clearly as to be audible to all listeners.

To those who heard the heart beats, the sound was most unusual. One radio enthusiast stated that the heart beat broadcasting sounded to him something like the telephone when the operator rings a busy signal. Others compared the sound to other familiar noises.

The supersensitivity of Dr. Thomas' microphone has made it the subject of a considerable discussion in the scientific world, so much so that physicians, biologists and others are endeavoring to find means of applying the instrument to their own problems.

We Want to Know

We are anxious to know of results achieved by our readers and welcome letters telling us how you get along with the DX stuff. Have you heard the Coast? How about Kansas City, Davenport, Chicago, Pittsburgh and Hastings? Write to the Radio Department of the Western Home Monthly giving us some of your best efforts when listening-in and don't forget to say what kind of a set you are using, and whether it is home-made.

Canadian National Railways Concerts

For some time past local fans have been looking forward particularly to Thursday evenings as the Canadian National Railway's concerts have proved to be exceptionally good. CNRW lets us hear the Fort Garry Orchestra and trio, solos by well-known artists and interesting talks, just about the right length, given by Canadian National officials. Later on when the sun seeks oblivion earlier in the evening these concerts are going to earn even more friends for CNRW.

THE NEW FLIVVER

By W. B. Cartmel, B.S., M.A., M.E.I.C.

PROBABLY the simplest and most efficient set for a beginner to make up is the New Flivver. This set gives loud signals and long distance reception. The apparatus required is simple and the wiring of the set is easily done. There is only one coil required and it has no movable parts. The coil is made by winding 110 turns of No. 28 gauge double cotton covered wire on a 3 inch tube with a tap at 75 turns. Bakelite tubing may be used but just as good results will be given with ordinary cardboard tubing provided it is dry. Some people prefer to shellac the tube inside and out before winding it, but be sure the shellac is very dry before winding on the wire. Make two pin holes half an inch apart both of them about half an inch from one end of the tube. Push your wire down through one of these holes and out through the other and then go ahead and wind your coil. When you have wound 75 turns, take off a tap and then continue winding 35 more turns until the complete 110 turns have been wound on, when the end of the wiring may be again secured by weaving the end of the wire in and out of two more holes similar to those at the beginning of the coil. Some people prefer to shellac the coil but if this is done use very thin shellac, almost as thin as pure alcohol and only give one coat. The object of doing this is not to get too much shellac on the coil so as to make the hook-up selective so that one station may be separated from another one.

Apparatus

The apparatus required is as follows:

1 Coil having 110 turns of No. 28 gauge double cotton covered magnet wire wound on 2 or 3 inch tube and tapped at 75 turns.

2 No. R500 or No. R62-B Condensers (23 plate).

1 No. R215-A Peanut Tube

1 No. R40 Socket for peanut tube.

1 No. R53-C Grid condenser .00015 MF

1 No. R42-C Grid leak (2 megohms).

1 No. R-CH-2 Rheostat.

7 No. R26 Binding Posts.

1 No. R6 Head Set

1 22½ Volt Battery (Eveready No. 764 or No. 765).

1 Dry Cell (Eveready No. 7111).

It will be noted that all the battery required is a single 1½ volt dry cell and one small size 22½ volt battery. The 1½ volt dry cell will give considerably more than one hundred hours of actual use, while the B battery should give service for two hours a day for a year. The small battery requirements make this a very portable set.

In the above apparatus I would especially emphasize the use of the peanut tube in order to get good results. Do not use some make-shift socket but the regular R40 socket which is made for the tube. I would also recommend a good fixed grid leak and grid condenser as called for. The grid leak and grid condenser are the last things that one should economize on because much of the performance of the set depends on these two pieces of apparatus and even the very best grid leak and grid condenser are not costly. The base board should be of dry wood. The panel may be of hard rubber or any of the various types of panel material that are on the market; size 6-in. x 12-in. should do very well. A good dry wood panel will be found very satisfactory. Either bare bus wire or rubber covered wire may be used for wiring the set. A somewhat better job may be done, however, by using rubber covered wire for part of the wiring and tinned bare bus wire for the remainder. The bus wire is marked with an X. All of the X wire should be kept from coming in contact with one another and should be kept at least an inch away from all objects. If this wire is sufficiently stiff it will stand out in the air nicely; No. 16 or No. 18 gauge will do.

Shielding

It will be noted that a shield is shown between the panel and the tuning condenser. This shield consists of a metal

Continued on page 67



Hear the wonderful things that fill the air through the new R11 Receiving Set.

'Listen in' and you will at once realize that while light and compact, the R11 has set a new standard in radio efficiency.

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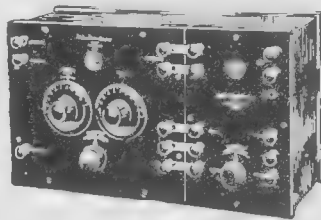
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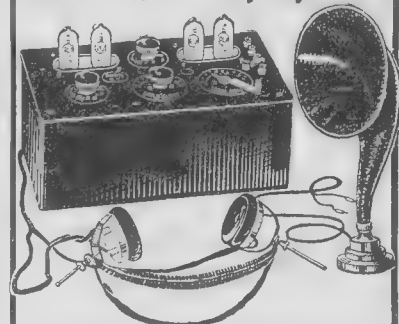
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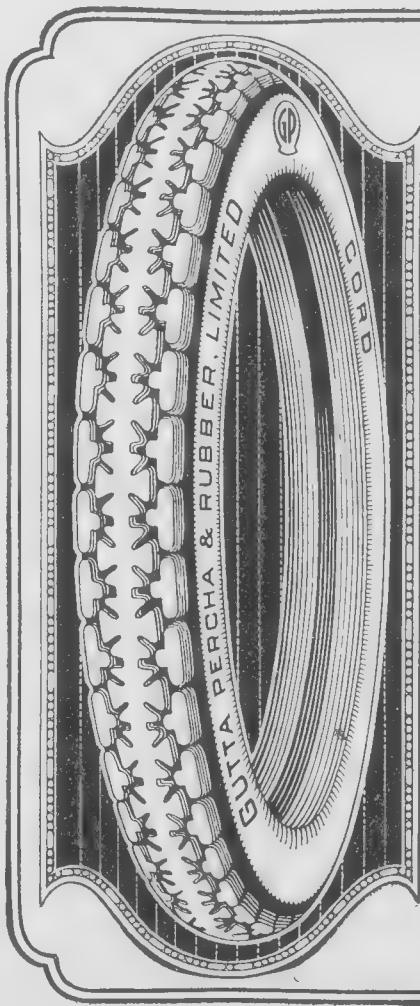
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CORRESPONDENCE

From the Emerald Isle

Dear Mr. Editor:—

A friend in Saskatchewan has sent me a few copies of the Western Home Monthly. I am delighted with them, they are so very interesting, quite a change to the English magazines.

I am greatly amused with the Correspondence Page and I wonder if there is among your readers a lonely farmer who would care to write to me, object—(not matrimony! but) companionship. I am a lonely "old maid" (Irish) and would dearly love to hear from someone in the Golden West.

My favorite books are those by American writers. I especially love stories of the Great-Out-Of-Doors, that is why I would like some lonely farmer to write me all about his work, adventures and descriptions of the country.

Wont some nice reader "be after" taking pity on my loneliness and write? The editor has my address.

Yours sincerely,

"Mayourneen."

An Old Friend

Dear Editor:—

Here I am again after an absence of a year and six months. I am lucky to get your splendid journal sent over from Canada. Your page of letters interests me especially.

Everybody in England seems to be going to Wembley Exhibition, and I was greatly pleased to read in one of our weekly papers that one of the exhibits in the Newfoundland section has turned out to be of real value, whereas it was only brought over to show as a curiosity, namely "Eel Grass" which grows very abundantly, I suppose, out there. It was just an oddity in the grass line they thought the world might have a look at. With what results? That the gathering of Eel Grass looks like being a huge industry for Newfoundland for buyers of all Europe have ordered tremendous quantities of it for use as packing and in the manufacture of mattresses. It looks as if this particular grass was going to be a huge industry in the future. I sincerely hope that all countries of the Empire will benefit in some way by the Exhibition.

There is a paragraph in your journal which says: "There can be no success without ennobling friendships." I think it is equally true there can be no true happiness without such friendship; and I am hoping to secure such a friend who is a living example of a true man or woman, through the medium of your correspondence pages.

I was glad to see the letter from "Rowena." Like her I am just a stay-at-home girl, fond of household duties, living not in a fruit-growing district though, but in the centre of a large manufacturing city. How I should love to visit Canada! As our Prince of Wales says: "It gives rest and refreshment by its invigorating atmosphere and wide open spaces."

I shall be glad to receive letters from anyone who takes an intelligent interest in every effort to make our great Empire cleaner, happier and more prosperous. I am especially interested in missionary work in India and love writing to native Christians. Thank you, Mr. Editor, in anticipation of a little space in your paper.

Yours,
"Daughter of the Empire."

A Request

We have a letter from one who signs himself "Barney," a British Trooper of an Indian Cavalry Brigade on duty in the Deccan, India. He says: "I am single and 24 years of age, and should like to correspond with a lady younger than myself, not with a view to marriage. I should be very much obliged if you could arrange this for me."

Any young lady who would like to correspond with this young man, kindly send your letter to us, enclosed in a stamped envelope, and we will be glad to forward it on to the right address.

Editor.

Another Old Friend

Dear People:—It has been several months since my first letter appeared in the W.H.M. and since then I have received such nice letters, that I feel I must write again. I really feel I belong to this delightful circle of correspondents, although I'm afraid some of you will feel rather resentful of my decided views on the teacher question. To these, however, I can only say that I know whereof I write, and that I was not referring to teachers who love their work, but to those whose interest, I fear, is but momentary. I consider teaching one of the finest professions in the world, and a good teacher must of necessity be a fine person. But so few of us are really fitted for such a work, that needs endless patience, self-control, hard work, and sympathy.

However, I don't wish to bore you further with my opinions, so enough of the teaching problem.

Thank you, Flo., for your note and good intention. I shall be delighted if you find it possible to send me your favorite snap-shot, and shall return the compliment when I learn your address.

Eva, I want to congratulate you heartily on the way you put into words that which I have never been able to. How much unhappiness could be avoided by controlling one's emotions at a critical time, and trying to find out if there's anything to laugh at in apparently annoying incidents. How appropriately has this "saving sense of humor" been named.

I wonder if any of you could help me in one of my little problems? This is my last year in High School, and next September I hope to enter some college. My sister also wishes to attend University next year, and, as you know, a college education for even one requires a small fortune. So next summer I want to work, so that I can help myself along. But I haven't the faintest idea what to do. Several things have been suggested to me: being a waitress, taking care of babies, helping in a store—but the first two are not remunerative, and I know from experience that I could never succeed in the third. Can any of you help me out? I am fond of sewing and knitting, and not averse to housework, in fact, I rather like it.

This is rather taking time by the forelock, but I have to think about these things some time, so why not now?

I'll not take up any more space now. Won't some more of you write to me?

Best wishes and good luck to everyone.

Very sincerely,

Dot.

The Doctor's Error

Velpeau, the great French surgeon, successfully performed a serious operation on a little child. The mother, overjoyed, called at the surgeon's office and said:

"Monsieur, my child's life is saved and I do not know how to express my gratitude to you. Allow me, however, to present to you this pocketbook embroidered by my own hands."

The great surgeon smiled sarcastically. "Madame," he said, "my art is not merely a matter of feeling. My life has its necessities like yours. Allow me, therefore, to decline your charming present, and to request some more substantial remuneration."

"But, monsieur," asked the lady, "what remuneration do you desire?"

"Five thousand francs."

The lady quietly opened the pocketbook, which contained ten notes of a thousand francs each, counted out five of them, and, politely handing them to the amazed physician, retired.

What Did Mother Mean?

"Gladys," said her mother, "you stood on the porch quite a while with that young man last night."

"Why, mother," replied Gladys, "I only stood there for a second."

"Yes," said mother, "but I'm sure I heard the third and the fourth."

Music and the Home

Galli-Curci on School Music

SO many expressions of opinion concerning the advantages of music in the schools have appeared lately in the press that it almost seems an accepted fact that without music the modern educational curriculum would be sadly at fault.

Among those who have most strongly urged music in the schools might be mentioned a number of the world's great musical artists, many of whom are recording their art on phonograph records and player-piano rolls. The latest artist to give her views along this line is the famous Galli-Curci. She says: "I hope the day will come soon when all schools will add a thorough musical course to their curricula. Surely it is too important an element to be neglected much longer. Good habits, early formed, are generally continued through life, and the perfection of the talking machine and player piano afford excellent and economical opportunities for comprehensive musical studies. The way to understand and appreciate music is by hearing it. Reading instruction books on music might help some, but it is worthless without actual musical expression.

"Many people are under the impression that in order to appreciate good music it is necessary to be learned in the technics. This is not so. Many good critics are not performers themselves, nor have they received any special instruction in music. They have developed their tastes by association and listening to good music.

"Most people spend the greater part of their lives at home. It is here that the character of the human race is moulded and the environment of the home is reflected in every human being. Music has a magic power to tranquilize—it is a sedative to irritable nerves, which has done unheralded good in stabilizing domesticities. Many people do not understand the fundamental purpose of good music. It is to make people happy."

Beecham's Musical Memory

THE delightful inconsequence which a first-class memory gives to some musicians is well illustrated by a story told about Sir Thomas Beecham. Sir Thomas is generally known as the possessor of a memory that is remarkable even among musicians who have in the ordinary course of their profession to develop their memories, and he conducts many long and intricate works without the aid of a score, frequently knowing the individual parts better than the players with the music in front of them. When his company was giving a season of opera in Manchester he suddenly decided that he would go down from London, where he was, and conduct the work the same evening. When the evening came he was sitting in the conductor's room at the theatre smoking a cigar and carrying on light and casual conversation. It was after the time for the opera to start and he showed no sign of knowing that he was due to begin. At last the theatre manager, who had been nervously hanging about the vicinity for some time, ventured to remind him that the audience was getting restless and that he had arranged to conduct. "Oh, yes," said Sir Thomas, and he got up and went towards the door. "By the way, what opera are we doing to-night?" Being told the name of a work that taxes the ability of most conductors with a score in front of them, he walked on in his leisurely way and gave a masterly performance entirely from memory.

How the Editor of Tit-Bits made a Funny Record

THE editor of Tit-Bits was recently asked to make a funny phonograph record by the head of a large record manufacturing plant. Needless to say, the invitation was accepted, and here is the experience encountered in so doing:

"So to the recording laboratory in high spirits I went," he says. "Here I was introduced to a spruce and good-humored personage, and was told that he was the 'Recording Angel.' Under his genial influence I was soon at my ease.

"I then took stock in my surroundings. We stood in a large, airy room, so constructed as to be practically sound-proof. Beyond a clock and a sign, 'Gentlemen, you may Not Smoke,' the polished walls were bare, except on one side, where, from an aperture surmounted by a pane of glass, projected a long metal horn; above was an electric lamp.

"In a few words the 'Recording Angel' explained what I was to do, and placed me before that yawning horn. Then he disappeared and a moment later I saw his beaming face through the glass.

"Concentrating my attention on the interior of the horn, I marshalled my stories. Then an electric bell rang out suddenly and made me jump!

"Sorry," said the 'Angel'; that was only the signal to get ready. You start right away when the light flashes."

"I stood alert, and in a moment or two the lamp overhead flashed.

"I cleared my throat. 'Ahem! Once upon a time ahem!' Ting-a-ring-a-ring! What was wrong?

"You coughed," said the 'Recording Angel.' "Start again. We want to record your stories, not your infirmities!"

"So we began again, this time with success; but how I longed to cough! All went well until, in the middle of the third story, I wanted to laugh, and in the same instant thought of the vast unseen audience to which I was talking through this long horn. The thought sent a cold shiver down my spine, and I felt beads of perspiration break out on my forehead.

"Careful of what I had been told, I uttered my last word and remained still, lest any noise of movement should be recorded. Then the recorder beckoned me inside and, amid the magic apparatus of recording, my first record was played over.

"Was that mine—that big voice telling those yarns?

"Good," said the expert. "Once more like that and we shall have a real record. But leave out those 'ums' and 'ahs,' please!"

"So I had to do it all over again. As my voice rang through the horn I visualized gramophones all over the world listening and laughing at Tit-Bits stories; from the lonely shack in far Manitoba, to the little station on Himalayan heights; 'down under' on the sheep farms of Australia to the icy wastes of the Far North!

"Then the second selection of stories for the reverse side of the disc (for this record is double-sided), and we had finished.

"The wax master records were gathered up and laid tenderly in beds of cotton wool for transit to the process departments—a voice to be preserved for Tit-Bits readers of the future.

"As we go to press a note has come from the 'Recording Angel.' He writes: 'Your records have turned out splendidly. Come and hear them, and see how they will be manufactured.'"

Practical Arithmetic

A teacher received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils:

Dear Madam: Please excuse my Tommy to-day. He won't come to skule because he is acting as timekeeper for his father, and it is your fault. U gave him a ixample if a field is 6 miles around how long will it take a man walking 3½ miles an hour to walk 2¼ times around it. Tommy ain't a man, so we had to send his father. They went early this morning & father will walk round the field and Tommy will time him, but pleas don't give my boy such ixamples agin, because my husban' must go to work every day to support his family.

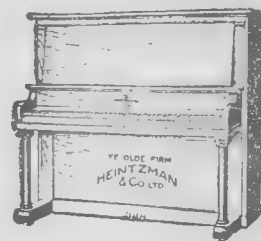
A Matter of Taste

"But you must remember, Edith," said the young husband after the quarrel, "that my taste is better than yours." "Undoubtedly," said Edith acidly. "when we remember that you married me and I married you."

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At the Top of Canada—Continued from page 19

as thousands of tons of rock, ice and snow swept down the mountain side to valleys far below. Where it was we did not know, but eventually we were to hear many more of them, and occasionally to see them as they swept downward, carrying with them everything movable in their path. Berg Lake, we found dotted with icebergs, which had come down from the Tumbling Glacier in previous avalanches, and here and there along the trail were evidences of previous slides which had swept all before them. In Berg Lake itself, the icebergs come from the Tumbling Glacier and sometimes, as we were to learn later, huge blocks of ice weighing several tons break off from the glacier, and falling into the lake with a resounding crash, kick up waves three feet or more in height.

The camp at the end of Berg Lake was a welcome sight for us, for though it was not to be our temporary home (fortunately as it proved at times), we knew that the Hargreaves Bros.' bungalow camp, where we were to stay, was only a few minutes further on, so after a brief halt to exchange greetings with the secretary and a few of the Alpinists who were known to us, we made our way on to our own camp and lunch. The Alpinists lived under canvas; dozens and dozens of military bell tents, for there were over 140 in camp, with a central dining tent where all meals were served. When rains came, as they did sometimes at night, we were willing to let the Alpinists have their tents, for it turns very cold up there o' nights; and we willingly exchanged the joys of the campfire for the comforts of a sheetiron stove filled with huge chunks of wood.

To the Alpinist, however, life in the tents was part of the outing. With the exception of two or three days, the weather was ideal and climbs were made which it had not been thought were possible. So great was the enthusiasm, in fact, that parties were beginning to arrive at camp some days in advance of the official date of opening, and before the camp was to have been in official operation, the first party had started out on what proved to be a successful attempt to climb Robson. The honor of climbing the Monarch of the Rockies was only for those who had shown their mettle; for so great are the dangers on this mountain that only experienced climbers were allowed to join the parties in their ascents, and then the attempts were made only when weather conditions were of the best. The fact that four parties were able to ascend during the camp and one immediately afterwards without a single accident marred the success of the camp speaks highly for the organization work which was put in before and during the operation of the camp, for Robson is known as a fickle mountain, subject to sudden storms and fogs and also one which harbors the ever-present danger of avalanches.

For those who had not yet reached the stage of proficiency meriting their inclusion in a Robson party, however, there was plenty to do. Mount Mumm, Mount Lynx, Mount Moritz and other peaks offered fairly easy graduating climbs, while those who wished to hike through territory and over terrain which was new to them, could start from the camp in the morning, cross the provincial border into Jasper National Park and then, striking Lake Adolphus, a beautiful sheet of water lying just inside the park boundaries, follow down the course of the Smoky River to the Coleman Glacier or Calumet Creek and return via the Coleman and main Robson Glaciers, over the Snowbird Pass and thence down from the Robson Summit and back to camp. Here the hikers traversed many beautiful Alpine meadows, veritable wild flower gardens, with their profusion of snow lilies, golden-rod, lupins and other flowers and flowering shrubs. And seldom did a party make such a journey as this without returning to camp with stories of having seen bears, either black or grizzlies, caribou, goats or other animals. Mountain goats, traversing the rock ledges far above the heads of the hikers, looked down upon these intruding humans with surprise while mammals, from their burrows, watched with inquisitive eyes and whistled their derision of all two-legged things which invaded their domain.

MOUNT MUMM, situated directly behind the camp, was one of the favorite climbs. Here the new members of the camp had a chance to try out their strength of wind and limb. For while Mumm was somewhat lightly spoken of by the experienced climbers, and particularly those who hoped or were sure of inclusion in a Mount Robson party, yet it provided all the elements of ticklish climbing; particularly for the man or woman spending his or her first year at the camp. Rock work, scree and ice were there in plenty and the view, once the summit was attained, was more than worth the effort expended in the climb.

On all sides stretched fields of mountain peaks as far as the eye could reach. Mountains surrounding Robson, which from the level of the valley seemed almost as high as this major peak itself, became mere splashes of different colored rock against the side of this monarch, and far down in the valley, the tents of the club encampment became mere white dots against the green of the surrounding valley. The main Robson glacier, when viewed from this eminence, became a wide streak of white, with something that looked like a sleigh trail stretching down its middle, while streams too wide and deep for comfortable fording, were mere threads of silver against the green of the valley.

On a clear day, peaks sixty or seventy miles away could be distinguished as easily as those within a few miles, and Mount Edith Cavell with its distinguishing streaks of lighter strata and its snow-cap, stood out clearly though some sixty miles distant.

THE climbing of Mount Robson was an experience even for the hardest of Alpinists, and only those in the best of physical condition were allowed to attempt it. Three gruelling days are necessary from the time the party leaves the base camp until the summit is attained and the party safely down at camp again, and the constant roar of avalanches warns those in authority that only the tried members should be allowed to tackle this feat. Leaving camp early in the morning, the parties this year toiled until sundown in their hike to the High Camp, placed some 7,000 feet up the side of Mount Robson for the convenience of the climbing parties.

axe and return to the level of the glacier with it.

THE most hazardous part of the climb facing the parties in their Robson ascent was that part which took them beneath huge, overhanging ice cliffs. Here there is constant danger of unheralded avalanches which, sweeping down from the heights above, carry with them everything in their path; and should there be a climbing party in the way, then nothing can save the members of that party from certain death. In one instance, this year, a party had just crossed this danger spot, and a second rope party was waiting to follow, when an avalanche swept down, obliterating all the ice steps cut by the preceding party, and abolishing the ambitions of those behind. Instead of continuing the climb the second party turned back, making their way back to camp cured of the thought of climbing Mount Robson. At another time, the chief guide, sensing danger as his party reached this spot, urged everyone to hurry across before a fall took place; the party won the race across by a few seconds.

Great domes of solidly packed snow—gargantuan replicas of anthills, greet the climbing parties and add to their difficulties as they approach the summit, and hours of heart-breaking effort are necessary before the summit is reached. Then there is but a few moments' rest, while records of their climb are deposited, and the parties commence the downward journey. The summit is reached usually in mid-afternoon, and fortunate is the party which is able to regain the high camp that night. In most instances this year, the parties spent the night on rock ledges some 9,000 feet up the side of the mountain, where they huddled together to secure whatever warmth they could from each other. A long vigil until daylight and then the descent to the High Camp, a few hours' sleep and another hike to the main camp where congratulations are showered upon those fortunate and brave enough to have made the great ascent.

After the close of the recent camp, a party of Americans and Canadians, under the leadership of Alfred Streich, guide at Jasper Park Lodge, made the ascent in the record time of fourteen hours return-



On the massive ice-field at the base of Mount Robson

Here the party rested for the night, and then, with everything having been made in readiness on the preceding night, rose at an hour not long past midnight, to begin the arduous climb. A hasty breakfast, perhaps before three o'clock in the morning was the preliminary, after which equipment was hastily donned, packs shouldered and ice axes grasped in readiness for the start.

From the camp the parties first followed an arrete (a rocky ledge with a precipitous drop at either side) and then encountered difficult formations of both snow and ice. On the glaciers were great and yawning crevasses which must be crossed. On the second climb this year one of the guides fell through a snow bridge into one of the crevasses, and an hour was lost in rescuing first the guide, who had fallen some ten feet, and then his ice axe which was lodged fully fifty feet below. In order to recover this, one of the guides had to be lowered at the end of a rope until he could grasp the

ing to their camp the same evening. This, however, was an unusual feat and was the more noticeable because it was accomplished when weather and fog conditions were anything but of the best, and when two members of the party were ladies. One of the members of this party, Mrs. Audrey Forfar Shippam, of Minneapolis, also had the distinction of being the first person to secure moving pictures of a party at the crest of Mount Robson, the first "still" pictures of a climb also having been secured this year, by Harry Pollard, of Calgary, who accompanied the first Alpine Club party in their ascent of the peak.

ONE of the features in connection with the holding of this year's camp, and one of interest to all Canadians, whether or not their interest extends to Alpine climbing, was the unveiling of the boundary monument between the provinces of Alberta and British Columbia. The un-

veiling of this monument, on July 31st, marked the culmination of years of determined effort on the part of the commissioners appointed by the Dominion government and by the governments of the two provinces interested. For years the question of locating the boundary at this point had been shrouded somewhat in doubt, for boundaries in the mountain passes are dependent for their location upon the watershed, and in the earlier days there had been two watersheds from the main Robson glacier, which creeps down on the north side of the mountain. While those two watersheds remained, the one feeding into Berg Lake on the British Columbia side and the other flowing into Lake Adolphus in Jasper National Park, Alberta, there was doubt as to the actual location of the boundary. However, during the last decade there has been a noticeable recession of the glaciers and a constant changing in the topography of the entire mountain region; so that this year, the Alpinists found but one stream flowing from the Robson glacier, and that feeding the streams which run westward into Berg Lake, and thence by means of the Grand Forks River, into the Fraser and on to the Pacific Coast. Lake Adolphus, on the other hand, though but half a mile distant from the base of the glacier, is fed by streams flowing down from Mount Mumm, and in turn is the headwaters of the Little Smoky, which flows out toward the Mackenzie and the Arctic Ocean, after its junction with Coleman Creek, a typical brawling mountain stream flowing down from the Coleman Glacier. The question of watershed having been decided by Nature, there only remained the finding of the actual summit and the erection of the monument to mark this boundary. But here again arose difficulties peculiar to such a territory. Cement is needed for the erection of a concrete base, such as it was proposed to use in this monument, and the site of monument was twenty miles from the nearest point on the railway.

Here again the ubiquitous pack pony, the ship of the mountain trails, was called upon to serve in the emergency. Lumber was necessary, first, for the building of the forms with which the concrete base was to be formed, and the lumber had to be packed in for those twenty heart-breaking miles to the site of the monument, and when it is realized that packs must be kept down to a six-foot length in order to carry successfully, it will be realized that all of the lumber had to be cut to fit the horse before it could be brought in. Then the cement, necessary for the concrete, had to be brought in. This required little ingenuity, but it did need careful packing in watertight canvas packs; one bag on each side of the pack saddle, and watertight because of the many streams that must be forded. The gravel and rocks used in the construction of the base of the monument were part of the thousands of tons brought down from the side of Robson, Resplendent, Rear-guard and other mountains by the incessant grinding and moving of the Robson Glacier, ever forcing its way down to the valleys beneath.

So the difficulties were overcome as they arose, and the monument built and then, in a pelting mountain shower, huddled up in their mackinaw coats which served the double purpose of turning the rain and providing warmth, the assembled Alpinists listened to a few brief speeches, saw the flag removed and then, bare-headed stood in the pelting rain to sing a verse of the National Anthem before dashing for the shelter of tents and bungalows.

Those who attended this year's camp will probably remember some of its incidents as long as they live; and many of them will return, year after year to spend their vacations in this, the finest of Canada's mountain playgrounds. Already many expeditions have been laid out on paper and invitations have been issued and accepted for long trips into that hinterland behind Mount Robson, where the mountain goat and the grizzly are almost safe from intrusion, and where massive icefields and snowclad peaks offer their challenge to the adventurous spirit who finds joy in going where none has gone before. The Mount Robson district is only in its infancy as a vacation land, but it is a district which in the next decade will draw Nature lovers from all parts of the world, and none of them will leave disappointed with what he or she finds awaiting there.



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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

Recollections of Pauline Johnson

By FRANK YEIGH

IT is a pleasure to respond to the invitation of the Editor of The Western Home Monthly to give some impressions and pass on some recollections of Pauline Johnson, whom I knew intimately for years and whom I had the privilege of bringing before the public as a dramatic reciter of her own literary productions. None who were privileged to meet and know Pauline Johnson in her prime will have forgotten her charm. It had a quality all its own and partook of her own unique personality. She shone best in a company of congenial friends, or as a guest in the home where her qualities had free rein as a brilliant conversationalist—bright, witty; indeed, sparkling is the best word. Her whole nature responded to a sympathetic environment and there were no dull dinner parties when she was one of the company.

Her voice had in its lower range a soft liquid quality, her dark eyes flashed the life and light behind them, and her whole face would light up with vivacious interest. Pleasant—aye, more than pleasant are these memories of an ever welcome guest who gave more than she ever received of hospitality.

Nor can one forget her physical charm when, as a young woman, she entered upon her platform work. She had suppleness of movement, litheness of frame and an almost stealthy step that one associated with the soft moccasined footfall of the Indian. Her body seemed to lend itself to gracefulness. This was a marked element in her long popularity as an entertainer when in conventional evening dress, in which she always displayed an instinctive taste, she graced the platform; but when she changed to her Indian attire, for the rendition of her typically Indian poems, it was as if another person were taking part in the programme. This costume was a remarkable as well as a beautiful one. Every piece and part had a history, especially the wampum and feathers, indeed the dress as a whole epitomized much that her race represents. Needless to say, she carried this costume as part of herself. It was far from being a bit of stage adornment, worn as an actress dons a regal robe. I always thought her more Indian than white in many of her ways and fancies, and it is true that she emphasized her red-blood background more than that of the white. Theodore Watts-Dunton called her a daughter of the soil; she was no less a daughter of the tribe and the teepee.

THE story of her start as a public entertainer has often been told, but it may stand a retelling from one who was largely responsible for it—a fact of which he has always been proud. This entrance upon her public career was almost accidental, and certainly unplanned and unexpected. Toronto had for a number of years a live organization known as "The Young Men's Liberal Club." While debating and discussing public questions from a Liberal, and therefore a political point of view, with the cocksureness of youth, settling long-standing problems in an hour's debate and telling the statesmen of the day what to do and how to do it, the club enlarged its boundaries and expanded its programme in various ways, attracting to its membership of over a thousand, many types of thought and mind. During the year the writer had the honor to be president, the idea of a Canadian Literature Evening was carried out with a view to having a number of real live authors read or recite from their own compositions.

It attracted an audience beyond the capacity of the Old Art Gallery that occupied quarters over the present New Princess Theatre. Both sitting and standing room signs were soon needed, until the simile of the occupants of a sardine box comes to mind. The



E. Pauline Johnson—Takahionwake

atmosphere was tense with expectation and anticipation, with a justifiable curiosity to see these literary lions of a former day. William Wilfred Campbell read "The Mother" in a haunting monotone that fitted its tragic note. "Fields" (Agnes Maule Machar of Kingston) had a friend read one of her excellent poetic compositions. Mrs. Forsyth Grant read a short story too fast to be fully heard. Each reader

held the interest of the audience for a time but it must be confessed now, years after, that attention began to flag and the proceedings to drag as the heat grew more oppressive and the long numbers too tiring. In making up the programme I had thought of a Brantford acquaintance in the young Indian girl, who was becoming known locally, at least, as a literary young person. Precocious she was regarded, challenging

the criticism of her schoolmates by writing verses at the tender age of twelve and on—a Canadian Daisy Ashford as it were. Then she essayed to recite to them in small gatherings, mostly in Grace Church in that City.

As her youthful years slipped by, her more mature poems began to attract a wider attention by appearing in The Week and Saturday Night and later some of the leading United States and English periodicals. Her verses gave promise of exceptional talent and this was later understood from the fact that from her earliest years she had been an omnivorous reader, especially of poetry and that of the best. The fact that her mother, was Emily S. Howells, an English lady of education and refinement, of the family of W. D. Howells, accounts in part for her literary tastes and ability.

So I invited her to be one of the assisting artists of the evening. It brought a frightened reply—the idea of appearing before a city audience, an audience of literary critics and "high-brows." It took some coaxing to secure her consent, which was given with fear and trembling, as she afterward confessed. What would she recite? What should she wear? Who was she, to appear in a programme along with her seniors in the literary world, all of whom she had put on a pedestal of superiority?

Yes, the evening itself dragged—until the chairman announced the Indian poetess with her Mohawk title of "Takahionwake." It is difficult even now to adequately describe the sensation she created and the instantaneous success she won, to her own great astonishment. One felt sorry for the other artists in their eclipse by this dark-skinned woman from the Six Nations Reserve, who electrified everybody with her rendition of "A Cry from an Indian Wife," written for the occasion and presenting the red man's side of the Northwest Rebellion discussion. For the moment she was hundred-per-cent. Indian, and when she finished, the ultra-dignified hearers went the limit in their applause. Encores were demanded, more than one. Luckily she had written another poem, that at once became one of her most popular platform numbers, "The Song My Paddle Sings," and the contrast, in its quiet note, to the rather melodramatic Indian one, was not the least striking incident of the evening, for as she gave this number, you could easily imagine yourself in a canoe and hear the rhythmic beat of the paddle. It reminded me of the beautiful water stretches on the Grand River that Pauline Johnson so well knew and over which she often made her way in her own birchbark canoe. It recalls too, her childhood home of Chiefswood, on the Six Nations Reserve, a few miles from Brantford where her distinguished father, the Head Chief, G. H. Johnson—"Onwanonsyshon"—held court and sway. He was of royal blood, as a scion of one of the fifty noble families which composed the historic confederation founded by Hiawatha, over upwards of four hundred years ago—dates that fit in with a Cartier and a Columbus. It was known at the time as the Brotherhood of the Five Nations, afterward the Iroquois, who were always loyal to the British Crown, in recognition of which the grant of land was given on the banks of the Grand River—one of the choicest areas in Canada.

I visited Chiefswood recently. It still retains much of its original dignity and impressiveness, though falling somewhat into disrepair. It must have been a stately mansion in its day, indeed it is doubtful if there was a more regal residence in that part of the country. Bordering the meadows and woods, the Grand River makes a most picturesque sweep, its quiet waters reflecting the mass of shrubbery that line its banks.



"Chiefswood," E. Pauline Johnson's Birthplace. House in which the Indian Poetess was born, on the Six Nations Reserve, 12 miles south from Brantford, on the banks of the Grand River

Continued on page 63



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32 to 44.



William Arthur Deacon

I HAVE read one "new" book this summer and a Canadian publication, too. Perhaps you remember my telling you of a most excellent series, "Canadian Literature" being published by The Ryerson Press of Canada. The first to appear was "Robert Norwood." And a most interesting and educative volume it is, a volume that every teacher and student should possess to say nothing of those who, like myself, rejoice over the acquisition of a new book worthy of preservation in the beloved library. Early in the year, the Ryerson Press published the second volume of this series—"Peter McArthur" by William Arthur Deacon, a man particularly well equipped to do justice to and to interpret the works of one of the master-builders of our Canadian literature. I say particularly well equipped for several reasons. In the first place, Mr. Deacon is an author ("Pens and Pirates" being a collection of essays of great individuality). Secondly he is a journalist who has done an enormous amount of reviewing and editing. Thirdly he is an omnivorous reader with the faculty of discrimination. Fourthly, long before this volume was planned by the Ryerson Press, Mr. Deacon had expressed to me over and again his great admiration for the works of Peter McArthur, poet and essayist. This last point is perhaps the most important. For I do so detest the type of "appreciation" all too common. The "appreciation" obviously written at the request of the publisher by a man whose name may have weight with the public but whose words can have little weight with the discerning. A man I knew wrote an appreciation which he read to me. "Fine!" said I, "but don't you think you've rather overshot the mark? Is the book really as splendid as your appreciation implies?" "Don't know," he replied, "I haven't read it yet." One does not feel that this could have been the case with Mr. Deacon's appreciation of Peter McArthur. It is obvious that Mr. Deacon has lived close to the works of the man he eulogises; that he has read Peter McArthur's poetry so often that the rhythms have sunk into his heart and their teachings have become his creeds. With the prose, too, Mr. Deacon is *en rapport*. And when Mr. Deacon claims for his able editorship of this fascinating anthology that "haltingly and imperfectly we have reached the end of a difficult study," we quarrel with the adverbs. Not "haltingly" nor "imperfectly" at all, but in a manner that enlightens and enthralls and challenges us to study Peter McArthur's works with close attention.

Naughty Crosland!

I PUT back "The Blindness of Virtue" and took from the same shelf "Lovely Women," by T.W.H. Crosland, the author of "The Unspeakable Scot." How I did laugh over this clever book which brought down upon the author the anathemas of every man and woman devoid of humor.

For one can easily see that Mr. Crosland writes as does Bernard Shaw, with his tongue in his cheek. He says that the proper place for women is in a hutch at the foot of the garden. Judging from the keen interest Mr. Crosland displays in woman, one can easily imagine that there would be a well worn path down the garden of his suburban abode! Listen to this diatribe as clever as it is untrue:

"Woman runs your show whoever you are. That is why your show is so badly run. In any case she is the ivy on your oak, the poppy in your corn, the fly in

your ointment, the canker in your rosebud, the phlox in your vine, the blight on your potato, the moth in your dinner jacket."

In that beautiful little Hindu love story by F. W. Bain, called "A Digit of the Moon," the god Twashtri, who was concerned with the creation of man and woman, enumerates the material he took for her composition. It is interesting to compare his description with that of Mr. Crosland's just quoted. Here is Mr. Bain's interpretation. The Hindu god finding that he had exhausted all solid materials in the making of man, was in a dilemma. After profound meditation he did as follows:

"He took the rotundity of the moon and the curves of creepers, and the clinging of tendrils, and the trembling of grass, and the slenderness of the reed and the lightness of leaves, and the glances of deer, and the gaiety of sunbeams and the weeping of clouds and the fickleness of the winds, and the timidity of the hare and the vanity of the peacock and the hardness of adamant and the sweetness of honey and the cruelty of the tiger and the warm glow of the fire, and the coldness of snow and the chattering of jays....and compounding all these together, he made woman and gave her to man."

Thank you Mr. Crosland, and thank you Mr. Bain. Now we know exactly what we are like!

MORE than a year ago, I think, I told you of a very amusing parody called "The Songs of Tiadatha" written in the same metre as the songs of Hiawatha. The author of this clever verse is Owen Rutter. I remember how, on receiving this book, I noted that it had come direct from England and not as was usual, via one or other of the Canadian publishers. I wondered how it was that the publisher had heard of my review work and knew my address. After I had read it and laughed to myself over it, I read it aloud to a friend and laughed again. Then I gave it to a book-loving bookseller who had not seen it in Winnipeg. From that time until a few days ago, I forgot all about it. It was brought to memory by the fact that I attended a meeting of the Writer's Circle, held in Foyle's well-known bookshop in Charing Cross Road. The chairman was Owen Rutter, the author of the Songs of Tiadatha, only he has many more books to his credit now. This is but another example of the good fortune one has in London Town of coming face to face with the writers of the books we know so well.

In conclusion, I must tell you of a very gratifying incident—gratifying to a Canadian at her first introduction to the Society of Women Journalists. It appears that this organization had offered prizes for the best short stories submitted. Three prizes and the judges were to be two noted writers: A. S. M. Hutchinson and Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Think of the hundreds of ambitious writers who must have sent in their first attempts at story writing. Now who do you think won the prize of fifty dollars for the best detective story? A resident of Vancouver, B.C.! Mr. V. J. Roche for his story entitled "The Blue Kimona" written under the pen-name of "Valentine." And as if to shower his blushing honors "thick upon him," this story has been bought by The Detective Magazine for fifty dollars. Mr. Roche is to be congratulated and also he deserves our thanks for shedding lustre upon the literary name of Canada!

Do not be too credulous, yet if a sign says "Wet Paint," believe it.

Though right it is to Give Thanks,
True Gratitude will Live Thanks.

Guilty is the wolf that ate the sheep, but not guiltless was the sheep that went into the wood.

"Save the surface and
you save all"—Paint & Varnish

THE LAST LEAF

O. Henry wrote a story called "The Last Leaf" in which the life of a frail little girl hung upon the slender stalk of a leaf that fluttered in the wind outside her tenement window. For, she thought, when that leaf falls, then I shall die. It was Autumn, this very time of year, and all the other leaves had fluttered down and away. Still this leaf did not fall. It stayed and stayed and—at last—encouraged by its persistence and will to live, the little girl lived also and grew well. For the last leaf that would not leave the vine was *painted* upon the brick wall—painted there at night while she slept—by a master hand.

And in that story lies this great truth that the author never meant to include in a tale of human devotion—that paint is the mighty counter weight to Nature's destructive forces. What nature would destroy through rot, rust and general decay, that paint will preserve. The truth applies in YOUR home too. Look around at the surfaces exposed everywhere, outdoors and within, and see how many there are for paint and varnish to save. It is downright economy to paint this fall because you will be saving repairs in the Spring.

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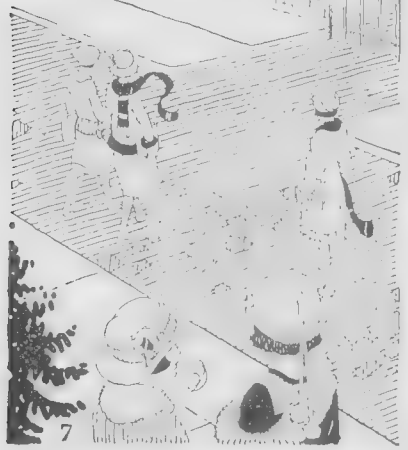
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Fall and Winter Style Notes

DEEP autumn tones prevail in the dress materials for Fall. We will have russet, terra cotta, dark green, deep browns and lovely tans.

In silks there are bengalines, faille and ottoman, which will be used for three-piece costumes, gowns and wraps to match, also for simple frocks. For afternoon and dinner dresses, we have satin, plain or with a crepe back, and satins and mohair mixtures. Fur and feather trimming will be used.

Chiffons and georgettes, also brocades are shown for dance frocks; velvet and velvet brocade also will be used.

Kasha and suede finished tailored cloths are used for suits and coat dresses. For formal gowns, broadcloth, which adapts itself to many forms of trimming, will be popular.

Straight line slim dresses of cloth with or without sleeves will be worn with short jackets having self collars or those of fur. Green and brown will be leading colors with the rust shades of brown following.

Utility coats are made of rep, ottoman and diagonal. For evening wraps, velvet and brocade are in vogue.

The newest tendency of the mode is the tunic blouse, which is shown in both belted and unbelted models. It is popular, and practical because in its prevailing length, it may be worn over a slip.

One may have the tunic blouse in peplum style, in three-quarter and in seven-eighth length. Long sleeves are shown in the long tunic blouses.

The tailored suit has promised to stay, and with it, the lovely suitable blouses in crepe de chine, canton crepe and lace.

For wear with jackets and sweaters, there are blouses of radium silk.

Tiers and flounces will give variety and distinction to the straight line dresses.

Fur trims the new coats in many ways, as scarfs, bands, collars, cuffs and borders.

Tuckings, stitching, hand embroidery and plaits are favored features of dress decoration. On youthful models one sees bead and silk embroidery.

Many afternoon dresses show folds as ornamentation. Berthas of lace or chiffon, batiste or crepe de chine are used on the new party frocks. Net or chiffon frocks over contrasting slips are trimmed with laces and hand-made flowers.

Wrap-around skirts are made up in plaid effects and rainbow colorings. Girls of high school and college age are wearing circular skirts, made with back and front panels. These skirts are worn with tuck-in blouses or shirt waists, and at the natural waistline.

Among the surprising features of some of the autumn modes are dresses with godet inserts and slashed tunics.

The coat dress that serves as dress and coat is the leading style for early Fall.

Soutache braid forms a pretty trimming on coat frocks and suits of charmeen. A coat dress of Paton crepe will be attractive with a side closing and shawl revers collar. A deep ripple cape adds to the good style of this model.

Apron tunics are in vogue as well as tunics of other outlines.

A coat of wool rep is finished with a border of plaited sections set between bands of fur on collar, sleeves and near the bottom of the coat.

A sleeveless tunic blouse of green duwetyn looks well on an under dress of black satin. Applique motifs and embroidery form a pretty border on a slip-over dress of crepe satin.

A coat dress or tunic blouse may be effectively developed in kasha, alpaca or crepe. It may be trimmed with bands of self material, or with braid. A very pretty sports dress of white flannel shows a trimming of red braid.

On a satin dress, a simple stitchery in lattice effect will afford an attractive trimming. Try crystal buttons on a black satin dress. A machine plaited apron tunic is smart on a dress of crepe faille.

Crepe de chine and chiffon cloth combine to make a very stylish dress. It is in tunic style, the crepe de chine being used for the tunic, which is belted at the waist by a broad band of satin. The underdress and sleeves are of chiffon cloth, which together with the tunic is trimmed with soutache braid.

Satin and crepe de chine were combined in a dance frock for a miss of 16 years. Novelty flannel made a simple but smart school dress. Flat crepe was used to face a wide fold over the centre, and also the convertible collar.

Lace and flat crepe combine well in a party dress for a little miss of 8 years.

A smart handkerchief may be made from a 16-inch square of gay plaided georgette. It is to be tucked in at the belt or draped from a pocket. Bags or moire and velvet are used with tailored suits and frocks, and also with afternoon dresses.



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A Comfortable Morning or Day Dress—4872. The new cotton prints, also linen, gingham and crepe will be suitable for this style. The fronts are finished with inserted pockets. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

This Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4½ yards of 32-inch material. For vestee, collar and cuffs of contrasting material ¾ yard will be required. The width of the skirt, at the foot is 1½ yard.

A Jaunty Up-do-date Model—4637. Here we have the latest expression in blouses, coupled with a smart skirt in wrap effect. This style is especially suited to growing girls. It may be developed in wool rep, jersey, serge or broadcloth. Braid or binding, or a simple finish of machine stitching is nice for decoration.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material.

A Very Attractive Frock—4869. Plaid flannel is here combined with plain flannel. This is also a good model for silk alpaca, for crepe or linen.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5½ yards of 40-inch material. For collar, cuffs and plaiting of contrasting material ¾ yard is required. The width of the dress at the foot is 1½ yard.

A Very Attractive Dress for the Growing Girl—4879. Checked gingham and linen are here combined. This is also a good model for plaid suiting and wool crepe, or for printed and plain crepe or voile. The sleeve may be short as in the large view, or finished with the "bell" shaped long portion.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires 1½ yard of plain material and 2 yards of checked material if made as illustrated in the large view. With long sleeves, 2½ yards of checked material are required. If made of one material with long sleeves 3½ yards of material will be required 32 inches wide.

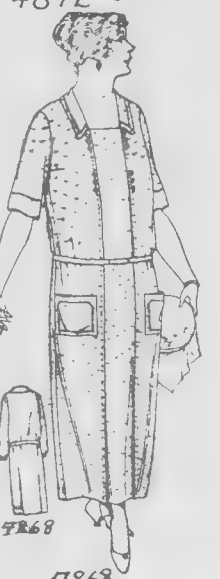
A Stylish Suit—4851-4697. Two attractive models combine to make this Suit. Coat Pattern 4851, and Skirt Pattern 4697. Plaid suiting was used in this instance. One could also use Camels' hair, tweed, velours or kasha.

The coat is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 7 Sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure, with corresponding hip measure, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45 and 47 inches. To make the Suit for a medium size, will require 6½ yards of 40-inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 1½ yard.

Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps each pattern.

A Comfortable "Sleeping" Garment—4861. Crepe, madras, batiste, long cloth, crepe de chine, or silk, and also outing flannel are suitable materials for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material.



A Pretty Frock with "Picture" Pockets—4855. Dotted percale or Swiss, with collar of linene or organdy, could be used for this style. The "elephant" pockets will please the little girl who chooses this model for her school or play frock. The sleeve may be in wrist or short length.

This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size requires 2½ yards of one material, 36 inches wide. To make as illustrated, will require 2½ yards of 36-inch figured material, and ½ yard of plain material.

A Pretty Cape for the "Little Girl"—4134. This comfortable model will please the "small person." It is appropriate for eponge, gabardine, broad cloth, serge and silk.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6-year size requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material.

A Pretty Blouse—4856. This dressy model will be very attractive for a "dinner blouse," or as part of an evening gown. Figured crepe and chiffon, lace and satin or chiffon voile may be combined for this style.

crossed at the centre and fastened in front, where they form a belt, which holds the fullness in place.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium-size requires 5½ yards of 27-inch material.

A Good Model for a School Dress—4875. Plaid gingham is here combined with white linene. This style will also be suitable for alpaca, crepe and linen. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires 3½ yards of 32-inch material. For collar and cuffs of contrasting material ½ yard 32 inches wide is required.

A Good Model for Mature Figures—4867. Printed cotton, crepe, silk alpaca, satin or kasha could be used for this design. It has straight lines, but added fullness is supplied by plait sections at each side on the fronts.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5½ yards of 40-inch material. For collar, vestee and cuffs of contrasting material ½ yard is



required. The width at the foot with plaits extended is 2½ yards.

A Popuar Style—4863. Gingham with facings of linene, or linen, with pipings or bindings in a contrasting color, would be suitable for this model. It is also nice for percale or wool or cotton crepe. The width at the foot is 1½ yard.

COAT
4851



Any pattern sent for 15c in silver or stamps. Address Pattern Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34-36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 3½ yards of one material 32 inches wide. If made as illustrated, it will require 1½ yard of plain material, and 1½ yard of figured material, 32 inches wide.

A Charming "Rest Robe"—4866. Plain and embroidered crepe are here combined. This is a pretty style, suitable for silk, satin, or lingerie materials.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium-size requires 5½ yards of one material 32 inches wide. If made as illustrated, it will require 4¾ yards of plain, and 1½ yard of figured material.

A Comfortable Top Garment for the Small Girl—4852. Serge, jersey cloth, velours, velvet, also taffeta, twill and broadcloth are good for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6-year size requires 2 yards of 40-inch material.

A Smart and Pleasing Frock—4871. Figured silk and crepe are here combined. Cotton print could be used with voile. Also linen and ratine. The sleeve may be short as in the large view, or finished with the long bell portion.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 4½ yards of 32-inch material, if made with short sleeves. For waist portions of contrasting material 1½ yard 32 or 40 inches wide will be required. If made with long sleeves 4¾ yards will be required 32 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the foot is 1½ yard.

A Practical Comfortable Apron Model—4720. Figured percale was used for this design. Armscye, neck and pockets are faced with contrasting material edged with rick rack braid. This is a good model for gingham or unbleached muslin. The back is cut with strap extensions that are

The Pattern is cut in 8 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5½ yards of 27-inch material if made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves 5½ yards will be required.

A Simple School or Home Frock—4874. Chintz in a pretty pattern of red and brown was used for this model. It is also attractive for linen, cotton or woollen crepe and tub silk.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. For collar, cuffs and pocket facings ¾ yard of 36 inches wide is required.

A Popular Style—4684. This becoming little model may be of gingham, pongee, sateen or printed voile. It is also good for linen, serge or wool crepe. The guimpe may be of lawn or batiste.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 1½ yard of material for the Dress and 1½ for Guimpe 36 inches wide. With short sleeves the Guimpe will require 1 yard.

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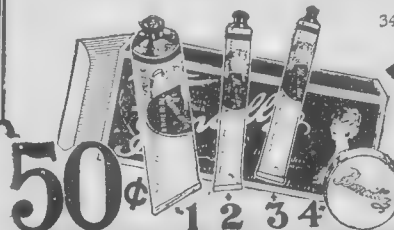
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With the Women's Institutes of Manitoba

THE Provincial Convention of the Institutes which was held at the Agricultural College in June was one of the most successful conventions yet held. Delegates attended from almost every Institute in the Province and from the reports received from the secretaries the delegates went home full of inspiration and enthusiasm for the coming year's work.

The District Conventions at Makaroff, Russell, Bowsman River, Kenton, Langruth, Carman, Hartney, Waskada, Pilot Mound and Winnipeg, were well attended and the source of a great many helpful suggestions.

AUSTIN—At a recent meeting the subject of canning and preserving came in for discussion, as well as the matter of Child Immigration.

ARIZONA has greatly improved its hall as well as building an addition to it. Two members, whose homes were destroyed by fire, were given help, and a holiday of two weeks planned for a widow and family.

ARROW RIVER held a very successful flour sack competition. Parliamentary Usage by Emma Fox is being studied.

BALMORAL had an interesting lecture on the Hudson Bay Railway. They are arranging to have their cemetery improved.

BASSWOOD was given a demonstration on the making of silk and organdie flowers by a member from Minnedosa. Minnedosa and Basswood joined in having a picnic in July and a splendid time was reported. A box was sent to the Fresh Air Camp at Gimli.

BENITO mourns the loss of their Vice-President. The Provincial Convention was reported upon by Mrs. Spicer of Minnetonka.

BERTON are planning for a bazaar for the Fall. Baby clinics are also being discussed.

BOWSMAN arranged for a trained nurse for one of their members who was ill. A donation was also given to the Co-operative church. A tea was held in July.

BEAUSEJOUR are doing what they can for physically handicapped children, and are also canvassing for new members.

BIRTLE provided the funds to purchase some new books for their library. A splendid demonstration on "Bread-making" was given recently. A luncheon was held in July.

BRANDON are planning millinery and dressmaking classes for Fall. They are also arranging to visit a neighbouring Institute.

CARMAN served dinner and supper on Sports Day. Eggs and oatmeal were sent to the Robertson Fresh Air Camp. Roscile Institute paid a visit to Carman in July.

COULTER was given an interesting demonstration on bees by two of their members.

CRANDALL are aiding the Manitoba Social Hygiene Assn.

CROMARTY are discussing such interesting and vital questions as the house fly, the school problem, welfare service and cemetery improvement.

DECKER has a new Canadian flag on their Memorial Hall. The proceeds of a concert and dance were donated towards the New Hall. A crate of eggs was sent to the Camp at Gimli.

DELEAU visited the Souris Institute recently and had a splendid meeting.

DELORAIN held a memorial service recently at which the attendance numbered between 300 and 400. After the service flowers were presented to the Memorial Hospital. At their July meeting a special effort was made to have all the grandmothers present. One great grandmother was present. The novel answer to the roll call was naming an article which the members had which they received from their grandmother.

DUGALD held a basket picnic at the Agricultural College in July. The Institute had a visit from Miss Dutton recently who gave an interesting talk on Textiles.

ELLENVILLE are preparing for their autumn bazaar. A birthday party was held in July.

ENDCLIFFE are helping some of the needy in the district.

ELKHORN remembered with a small gift one of their members who was going away. Two new members were secured for the Institute.

ELPHINSTONE have built a stone wall in front of the Memorial Hall, and it is a great improvement.

ELVA gave a small donation towards a nurse. The matter of a Baby clinic for the fair is under discussion. An interesting talk on "Testing Cattle for Tuberculosis" was given by a member.

EWART visited the Pipestone Institute in July.

FOXWARREN had an interesting demonstration on baking powder. Arrangements made for a new library. A goodly sum realized for meals served at plowing match. A new foundation was put under the Rest Room in the town.

GIMLI have given financial aid to the Fresh Air camps at that place. A bazaar was arranged for the fall.

GRAYSVILLE had a visit from several members of the Carman Institute. A demonstration on making a dress form was given. Meetings are well attended and a great deal of interest taken in Institute work.

GYPsumVILLE have improved the appearance of their cemetery by adding a hedge of Caragana and fixing up the road. A number of quilts are being made in readiness for the winter. A picnic was held on Labor Day.

HAMIOTA served hot dinner and afternoon lunch at their plowing match. An amateur play is being arranged for

early fall. A number of members from the Ellenville Institute visited this Institute recently. Mrs. Chambers gave a very glowing report of her trip abroad, which was greatly enjoyed.

HARDING held a Community social in aid of "Save the Children Fund." Canning was a subject which demanded considerable attention at recent meetings.

INWOOD has sent considerable fruit to the sick in the district. Small donations were given to those members who were ill and undergoing treatment. A successful bazaar was held.

ISABELLA had an interesting report of the beginning of Institute work in Ontario. The members have been helping pay for the rink and have given a donation towards having it painted. A special prize is also being given to the Fair.

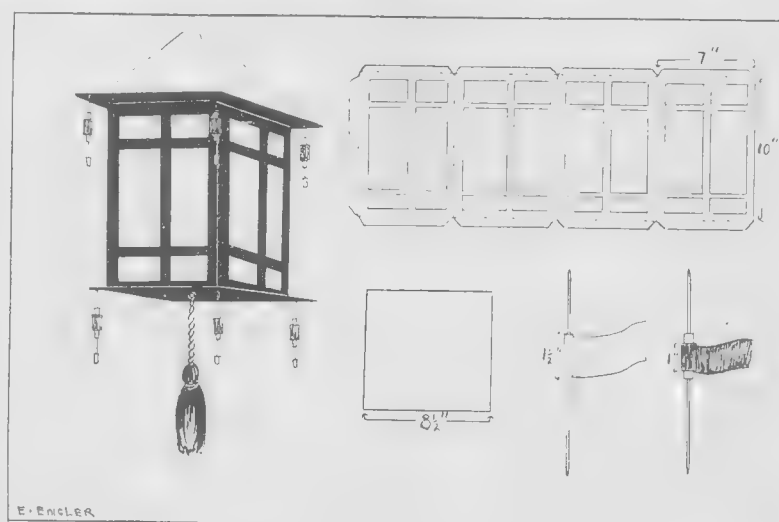
KATRIME had a demonstration on the making of crepe paper roses, at which some beautiful roses were made. Short courses in "First Aid" and "Care of the Sick" are being arranged.

LAKE FRANCES had a picnic in July. Arrangements made for the district nurse to address the Institute. A Junior Red Cross also discussed.

LANGRUTH served refreshments at the Annual Sports Day. A demonstration on the making of a "house dress" was given. Members are raising the funds to buy a piano.

LA RIVIERE gave a donation to the Social Hygiene Assn. Eggs and eatables sent to the Robertson Fresh Air Camp at

Continued on page 51



A Shade from Tokio

By Florence M. Wine

FOR the festive costume party, your attic studio or a corner in the book-lined library is this Japanese light shade planned. It is rich in coloring and gives oriental atmosphere to the room. You will find it very easy to make.

From a piece of black matstock or heavy black paper, cut a strip twenty-eight inches long and ten inches wide. Divide the strip into four equal parts—ten inches long and seven inches wide—by drawing the dotted lines shown in the diagram. If you have trouble seeing the pencil markings, use white chalk. Then draw in the heavy lines using a yardstick as a guiding rule. Cut out the large and small panels leaving only the black strips as shown in the finished shade. Line each of the four equal parts with a strip of salmon pink crepe paper. Fold on the dotted lines and paste the adjoining edges together with strips of gummed tape.

The top and bottom of the shade are eight and a half-inch squares cut from the black paper. Before gluing the bottom to the overlapping edges of the side pieces, fasten a black silk tassel to its centre. Do this by drawing the cord through to the inside and tying a large knot. An old tassel which has done service as a curtain drape or a pillow decoration can be used.

The decorative beads are made of salmon pink and Nile green crepe paper. Roll a long strip of the Nile green paper, one and a half inches wide, tightly over a knitting needle and secure with paste. Then roll a strip of salmon pink, an inch wide, over this. A smaller bead of the pink finishes the ornament which swings from the corner of the shade on a black silken thread.

The lantern is best used over a single drop light. Cut a hole large enough to slip over the light bulb in the top square before gluing it to the shade. Fasten the lantern to the light cord with black cords that reach to the four corner of the shade.

This Japanese lantern would make a lovely Xmas gift as it would find a welcoming corner in most any room.

With the Women's Institutes of Manitoba

Continued from page 50

Gimli. The cemetery has been greatly improved.

LYLETON has purchased new curtains for the Rest Room. An invitation has been extended to the District Convention to visit Lyleton next year. A paper entitled "Friendship" proved very interesting.

MAKINAK have had their Hall painted. A card party was held in June.

MAYFELD held a picnic by the river which was much enjoyed by all present. Considerable interest was taken in the clean-up day.

MANITOU had an exceptionally interesting talk on the Federation of the Provinces by Mr. Armstrong. A crate of eggs was sent to the Robertson Fresh Air Camp.

MAKAROFF celebrated the birthday of one of their members, who was 74 years of age. Demonstrations are planned for each meeting. The next one to be on home-made soap. Hot school lunches were discussed.

MEDORA sent a shipment of eggs to the Gimli Fresh Air Camp. The cemetery has been greatly improved.

MELITA held a successful health clinic at the Agricultural Fair. A visit was paid to the farm home of one of the Institute members and a very enjoyable time spent.

MINNEDOSA debated "Resolved that Civilization is a Failure" at a recent meeting; it proved very interesting.

MINITONAS had a demonstration on salad making. A shower was given to a family who had suffered loss by fire. A visit was paid to the home of a member in the country.

MORRIS assisted at the Child Health Conference held on Fair Day. They also had a booth on the fair grounds at which candy, ice cream, sandwiches, etc., were served. A luncheon was served to the Kiwanis Club of Winnipeg, when they were motoring through to the border.

MOORE PARK sent a donation to the Robertson Fresh Air Camp. Interesting papers were given on "Citizenship" and "Walking for Health."

NAPINKA had a good time at their picnic. Parliamentary Usage by Emma Fox is being studied.

NORWOOD is also studying Parliamentary procedure. One of their members left on a trip Overseas and they are looking forward to an interesting lecture of her travels on her return.

OAK RIVER had lively discussions on the reports brought from the District and Provincial Conventions.

PIPESTONE had a visit from Mrs. Williams, Agricultural Representative of the C.P.R., who gave an interesting talk on District Building. A dinner was served by the Institute on Sports Day, and a number of the members attended the U.F.W.M. Conference at Woodnorth. A large donation was given to the Memorial Hall.

PLUM COULEE held a successful lawn social. A donation was given towards fixing up the cemetery. A picnic is being planned.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE are managing a dressmaking class themselves. An exhibit put on at Portage Fair. A Canadian sale was arranged for the autumn. Clothes made for a needy family. A special meeting held to give the president, Mrs. Nuttal, who was moving to Saskatoon, a farewell and a gift.

RANCHVALE for their roll call had each member give "a helpful hint." The Institute is working for a community hall.

RAPID CITY for their roll call had "mistakes usually made at meetings" which brought out some very plain mistakes which could easily be remedied. Parliamentary procedure is being studied.

RESTON have secured several new members. Arrangements made for Dr. Stewart of Ninette to address the Institute. Meals served at Chautauqua.

ROBLIN are arranging for a bazaar. The cemetery has also been improved.

Continued on page 64

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New Ideas in House Furnishing

Continued from page 16

to a new set of circumstances, that is the main consideration.

Witness the remark of a girl who centred her gaze on the dressing table stool: "I have been trying to save for a low chair for my table, for a year; I shan't wait another day; I'm going to drape a stool with my rose-bud chintz tomorrow. I'll buy a round bathroom stool—no, I won't either; I'll saw the back off a little old wooden chair that once had rockers on it and has been in the attic for years."

The thrifty and ingenious girl who found something in a costly room which gave her already a thrill of proud possession, sent a rather quizzical smile my way, as a woman edged in between us and after a sweeping glance at the rather ornate interior, remarked: "What a nightmare! I couldn't stand a fancy bedroom like that!" That might be true. It might also be true that this woman who could see none of the really beautiful details in the elaborate room, simply because its type did not appeal to her, has furnished her own house with truly distinctive simplicity; she may have one of those refreshing, cool-looking bedrooms that are suggestive of repose the moment you look at them, with everything in the best of restrained good taste; but somehow, the enthusiastic girl and I did not give her credit for any particular discrimination. I think we both felt that in that case she would have looked with at least a little more sympathetic interest, at this expression of a taste so different from her own.

THE second bedroom at the Exhibition was furnished in quite a different fashion, although it was even more emphatic as to color scheme. Gold and a rather brilliant blue, were used rather freely. The furniture was more conventional, and in my opinion, less interesting on that account, than in the other room, but it was a pleasant modern design, carried out in walnut. The walls were, like the first room, grey, but a grey, in this case, with a yellow cast in it. They were panelled much after the fashion of the other room, with the useful wooden moulding, and the electric light fixtures were silvered, with pale blue shades.

The floor was stained and four oval mats were used instead of one large all-over rug. These had a patterned centre, in which gold was boldly used and there were two borders, one bright blue and one black.

The bedspread was gold lace—not a metallic lace but a soft silky lace with the true colour of the metal. These coloured lace bedspreads seem to be rather a feature in the new Fall furnishings.

Gold appeared again in the ground of a vivid bird-patterned chintz which was used for side curtains at the windows and for the slip-cover on a deep-seated chair; it also appeared, in a more subdued tone, in the amber toilet articles on bureau and dressing table.

This room had a certain undeniable dash to it that evidently appealed to the lovers of vigorous color, whilst to the observer who had a weakness for the reposeful style in bedroom furnishing, it was, like the other bedroom, too strongly assertive to arouse either envy or emulation.

A LIVING room in which the Chinese note predominated held the spectators for a long time, not merely by virtue of its general effect but because there was such a lot of interesting detail. There was no suite of matched pieces but several groups of different but harmonizing types.

The walls and the floor give us a background against which to describe the furnishings so I shall paint them in first. The walls were literally painted—a soft old-ivory shade that is very rich and is one of the most successful backgrounds the house decorator has to work with. Again, panels were used—above the mantel, between windows and in varying widths on the larger wall expanses.

The rug was that other favorite of the discriminating furnisher—a large plain

taupe broadloom. The unpatterned wall and rug were an exceptionally happy choice in a room that contained a veritable pattern of interest in its well distributed furnishings.

Instead of pictures on the walls, there were several Chinese painted panels: there were also a number of pieces of Chinese pottery—figures and lamps—which were allowed to establish the colour scheme. (I have seen so many amateurs carry a decorating and furnishing scheme through very successfully by adopting the method of allowing some one good piece to set down the rules for a room; perhaps it would be a bit of good pottery, perhaps a tapestry panel that was worth furnishing to, perhaps a piece of old needlework, brocade or even a length of well designed chintz, from which the colors, already carefully blended, had only to be matched for the other coverings, hangings and so forth.)

Of course *lacquer red*—that lovely Chinese red which is so fashionable for wearing apparel as well as for house decoration just now—came out prominently, and appeared in two very delightful Chinese tables. These small tables and cabinets in the inimitable red, are being dropped into many a sombre room nowadays, to give a point of life and interest. Two large chairs of "Chinese Chippendale" design, were also in the red finish and were regarded with considerable admiration. A fine Chippendale chair in the more usual mahogany, with a stool in similar style, acted as a sort of bridge between the Eastern splendors and the Western comfort provided by a great Chesterfield with the broad arms and loose cushions of the most inviting of its kind. Less generally acceptable was the colour of its covering—that peculiarly vivid green-blue generally called "peacock." The brilliance of the colour was emphasized by the fabric—a crêpe-surfaced satin, very shiny, and very urgent in its claim on attention, especially as it was repeated in the side curtains at the windows. Gold gauze was used for the glass curtains, very happily, to my way of thinking.

IN strong contrast to this room of brilliant hues and oriental influences, was another living room that seemed to please the popular taste. Its colour scheme was rich and rather quiet, a dull gold supplying its brightest note. The walls in this instance were a light taupe, a colour that is often as satisfying here as upon the floor. In fact, taupe is really an excellent colour for large expanses of any kind, whether they be in the background or in the heavier pieces of furniture, as it proved in the present instance when used as a covering on most of the upholstered pieces. Practically all the most useful fabrics come in excellent taupe tones—the mohairs, plain and striped in self-colour; the sun-proof cottons and silks; the whole tribe of velvets, velveteens and velours; the brocades, the better tapestries and the shadow chintzes.

The portières and side curtains were perhaps the chief points of interest to those who studied this living room. They were rather unusual; dull gold was used for the portières, and about three quarters down their length, a band of figured material was inserted. This patterned fabric held the other colours used here and there in the room—the rose and blue seen in cushion covers, the tan of the rug. In the shorter side curtains, the order was reversed; the figured material made the curtains and the dull gold was used in the inserted bands near the bottom. I heard more than one person plan to try out something similar.

The same thing was true of the chairs in the dining room that neighbored this living room. Here again it was the use of two materials that occasioned comment. A plain fabric was used to cover the spring seats in the walnut chairs, and a patterned fabric covered the cushioned backs. The soft blend of colours in the latter was repeated in a four-inch fringe that finished off the bottoms of the plain seat-covers. The walls in this

Continued on page 53

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It is not only delicate children who need Virol in their school days.

The active boy or girl who works hard to get to the top of the form—who enters keenly into every game and is "on the go from morning till night"—is not this *the very child who takes most out of himself*, and therefore needs the extra strength that Virol gives?

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University Qualifications

By CATHERINE HOPE

THERE are thousands of fathers in Canada today, who are skimping and saving to put "daughter" through University. There are mothers who are making last year's "best" do for this year's "best" in order that daughter may have another new gown. And while father and mother are dreaming fondly of her career, that young lady is, in a great majority of cases, living in a constant round of excitement, where books and lectures are considered as necessary evils, and accordingly shunned as such.

Indulgent fathers! Foolish mothers! If you want daughter to study hard, to graduate with honors or distinction, why deck her out so gaily for the balls and functions? Does a duck swim? Does a dainty girl in a dainty gown dance? And is it wise, you mothers, to deny yourselves, simply to give daughter more fripperies? Is it going to help or hinder her in after years? Or are you now sowing seeds of extravagance, which you will rue in the days to come?

I went to University, a carefree freshette and father paid the bills. I think I was more economical than the average, but I never thought once of a mere dollar. Oh, no I didn't go downtown and buy expensive clothing, but like a great many other girls, I spent dollars and dollars on mere trifles—never realizing that many useless articles were more truly extravagant than one or two of some value though more expensive.

After my first year, circumstances made it necessary for me to qualify for a teacher. I took the short course, and after four months training, I took a rural school which, fortunately, was near home.

As I still had one sister and two brothers at University, father asked me to economize as much as possible and so help him out, for it was their final year, and with the more elaborate social functions, culminating in the final whirl of Graduation Day, quite a strain on the pocketbook.

Before my first cheque was due, father received notice from a friend and debtor, that owing to the most untoward circumstances, it would be impossible for him to pay the large debt upon which we were depending. That meant that every available dollar had to be mustered for the "University Fund." It meant rigid economy—more than that—sacrifice of all luxuries, even of many necessities. For the first time, I learned how many cents there were in a dollar—or rather, how few! How one pair of hose could, by careful manoeuvring, serve in lieu of the three or four pairs to which I was accustomed, and had heretofore considered actual necessities. My coat, long past the "dressy" stage became decidedly shabby, but then, my

hat kept it company! Oh, the thousand little economies a girl can learn if Necessity be the teacher! I soon began to look upon clothes in an altogether different light. They represented just "so much" labor and "so many" dollars and cents. I became proud of my neat little patches and inconspicuous darns. In short, I learned the value of money.

And as for University, I never felt the need of a University education until I found the way barred by an empty purse. I never truly wanted it, until I set to work, morning after morning, day in and day out, summer and winter, with all the energy and vim I could command with that sole aim in view. I was going to go and I was going to earn every cent—and oh, how happy I was!

I would not like to see every girl enter University with the sole aim of graduating with honors or distinction—that is too narrow and too selfish for Canadian ideals. Let every girl commence her course with earnestness and determination. The University course is not child's play, but you make it what you will. What do examinations signify? It is what you put into it of youth and life, energy and determination, love and thought, that will come back to you a hundred fold. In some of the Canadian Universities, the age of admission is sixteen years. I hope yet it will be eighteen years, or better still, twenty. Until the freshman and freshette have learned the value of money, and have learned to appreciate the fellowship of University life, and, until they have felt the desire to learn, not for "knowledge" sake alone, but for the sake of the life they are to lead as Canadian citizens, let them not enter the University to lower the standard and to "waste their substance in riotous living."

THAT which is easily obtained is seldom valued, and the student who wins his or her way through University by sheer pluck, perseverance and hard work, is the graduate of whom Canada will have reason to be proud. And, fathers and mothers! Don't coax son or daughter to enter University. Build a great high barrier around it, and then watch them climb! The average girl who comes to Varsity and says, "I didn't want to come, but dad promised if I'd come he'd keep me well supplied with money, and I'd have a good time," is usually a girl who views University as a matrimonial hunting ground. Is this what your daughter thinks? Let your girl go out and work for one solid year without coaxing or promise of aid, and if she proves herself in earnest, give her a cheque book and your blessing, and let her go to University—until then, don't!



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The sheerest silk will keep its lustre and the most delicate colours will remain clear, even after many washings in the pure, mild Lux suds.

Sold only in sealed packets—dustproof!

LUX

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
TORONTO

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New Ideas in House Furnishing

Continued from page 52

room were panelled in walnut to a height of about three feet, and a dull blue and gold paper, indistinctly patterned, was used above the panelling. Wrought iron lighting fixtures and candlesticks, always distinctive when appropriately used, were pleasing.

The interest taken by the public in these furnished rooms at the Canadian National Exhibition was just one more indication of the hold which the whole topic of home decoration and furnishing has upon people today. It was the exceptional person who looked over the

seven or more rooms that were shown, who did not carry away some new thought on the harmonious blending of colours or happy arrangement of furniture or some detail that was later to be adapted to the needs of some room at home. Only a million or so are able to attend the fair—not so many of them from the West. I hope that in attempting to bring this particular little part of it to our Western readers, I have struck upon some of the things that will hold as keen interest for them as they did for the women who saw and studied them for themselves.



Your housekeeping is known by the windows you keep.

WHEN renewing your shades, remember "Hartshorn", whose silent service has for sixty years made homemakers realize that it pays to buy the best.

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The Care of Food

AS Fall approaches, most housewives secure a supply of many of the foods which they will use through the winter. If these food products do not receive intelligent care, much waste will result.

The spoiling of food is usually due to tiny living organisms known as bacteria, yeasts and molds, which are really tiny plants, which flourish especially where food is present. Most of them are harmless, a few of them useful, and some injurious, causing waste from food spoiling, or even disease. They all thrive especially in dirty quarters. They cause food to sour, or decay, or may cause ptomaines to develop. A good housekeeper will try to keep these organisms under control.

Yeast plants perform a very valuable service in the making of bread, but when they attack the sugar in our fruit or jelly, the result is a fermented product with the flavor ruined. Heat is required for the growth of yeast plants. If food is kept cool, their action will be prevented.

The spores of molds are present everywhere. Warmth and moisture will cause them to grow on very many foods. Particularly do they flourish in damp, dark places where there is very little circulation of air. They always start on the surface of the food, and send their thread-like filaments down into the food. Spots where fruits touch each other are liable to be moist, and to offer a good starting place for molds to penetrate. If fruit is wiped dry, and each one wrapped in soft paper, decay will be prevented, or at least considerably delayed. We may pay a higher price for boxes of apples wrapped in paper, but there will be little, if any, decay.

Absolute cleanliness in the storage place is the first essential in preventing loss from molds. Fresh air and sunshine are wonderful helps, and so is whitewash. A cellar which has a tendency to moisture, may be kept dry by placing in it dishes of unslaked lime. When the lime crumbles apart it should be removed, as it will absorb no more moisture. Light, ventilation and low temperature will retard the growth of molds.

Bacteria offer a greater problem than yeasts or molds. Their power of reproduction is almost unlimited, and they are found everywhere.

Food should be bought only in the freshest and best condition. Milk, meat, succulent fruits are especially liable to be attacked by bacterial action, as are moist cooked foods. Only very clean utensils should be used to hold them, and they should be kept as cool as possible. Meat, which is more liable to spoil than most other foods, may be kept for months, quite safely in clean, cold storage.

Moisture being essential for bacterial growth, we may prevent its inroads by removing the moisture, in the process known as "drying." Smoking and salting is sometimes combined with drying.

Exposing food to heat for half an hour at a temperature not lower than 150 degrees F. will kill most of the bacteria. The pasteurizing of milk is perhaps the most common instance of this.

Many foods may be boiled for a length of time sufficient to kill the bacteria, then sealed to prevent the entrance of new bacteria, in the familiar process of canning.

Direct sunshine for a few hours will kill some bacteria.

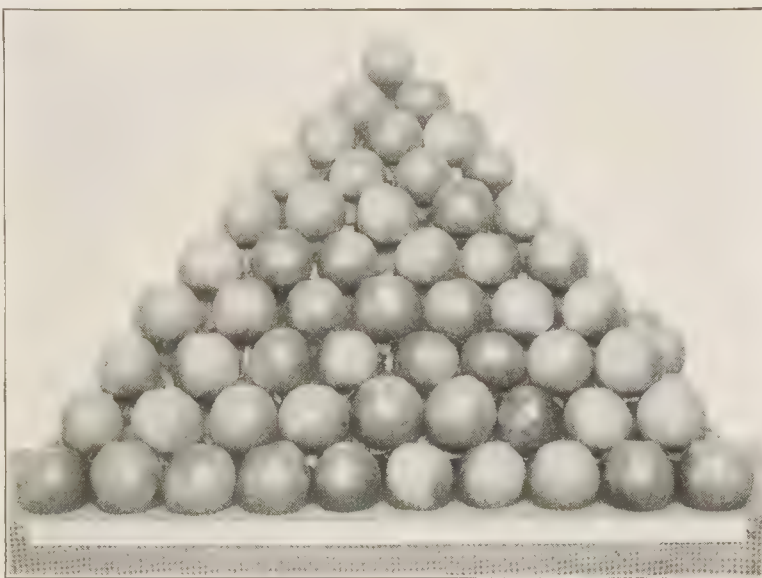
Again, we use certain substances which prevent the development of bacterial action. Those best

known are heavy sugar syrup, spices, salt, vinegar and wood smoke.

Sometimes the action of bacteria, if not carried too far, leaves no harmful or disagreeable effects, but rather improves the flavor by ripening the food. Cheese is not ready to eat till some bacterial action has been accomplished. But if the growth continues too long, decay occurs. Sometimes dangerous substances known as ptomaines are given off, which are frequently poisonous. They develop in protein substances, such as meat, fish, cheese, ice cream, milk.

Flies, if allowed to come in contact with food, or dishes, are a large factor in transmitting bacteria. Dust is equally bad.

Before purchasing food, one should select a store where the greatest cleanliness is practised. It is poor economy to buy in a dirty little shop where the prices may be a few cents lower. Particular



Northern Spies are good for cooking and eating, and will keep well if wrapped individually in paper

care should be taken in selecting fish and poultry. Vegetables should be used as soon as possible after gathering. If it is necessary to keep them any length of time, they should be packed lightly. Lettuce will keep fresh longer if the root is left on. Turnips, carrots, cucumbers, etc., should be firm; cabbage, heavy and solid; peas crisp and plump, unwithered pods; string beans bright and crisp; green corn bright, husks not withered and dry. Medium sized vegetables are usually best.

MANY people are prejudiced against cold storage of foods, but if a reliable firm is patronized, one need not hesitate to use storage goods, as this has become a standardized, well inspected industry. Foods should be used in a short time after removal from cold storage. Foods which have been frozen and, then thawed will spoil rapidly.

The store room in the home may be a closet or a big cellar in the farm home. Wherever it may be, it should be well-aired, cool, clean and dry. The cellar should be well-drained, high enough above the ground to permit of windows, and protected from the earth by cement or stonework. It is well to have windows opposite each other. Sometimes, if the house is quite close to the ground, a space is dug outside of the windows, lined with brick, stone or cement, whitewashed to reflect light into the cellar.

An ice box is a very valuable aid to keeping perishables in hot weather. Directions may be procured for making an iceless refrigerator. They must always be kept scrupulously clean. Foods which are likely to impart their flavor to others, should be kept in tightly covered containers.

The Keeping of Specific Foods

APPLS are wiped dry, and if it is desired to keep them till late winter or spring, are wrapped separately in soft paper.

Carrots are placed on the cellar floor, in boxes filled with earth or sand.

Cabbages may be put in boxes or barrels with the root uppermost.

Celery is packed, heads uppermost.

Cranberries, after being carefully picked over, may be put in a large crock and covered with cold water, which should be changed every three or four weeks.

A plate put on top keeps all the berries under water.

Tomatoes may be kept covered in boxes or baskets in the cellar or a cool pantry. Care should be taken to remove the ripe ones, for use, or canning, before they commence to soften.

Pumpkins and squash should be placed, not touching each other, on racks in a dry place, and the moisture wiped off them occasionally.

Potatoes are kept in a cool, dry, dark place.

Parsnips, turnips, and other roots are kept in the same manner as carrots.

Eggs keep best in lime water or in water glass.

Flour should be kept in a well-lighted, dry, warm place, where it will not be liable to contamination through the sack.

Cereals should be kept in tight receptacles in a cool, dry place.

Corn meal, owing to the fat it contains, turns rancid readily, so should be bought in small quantities.

Such dry foods as rice, macaroni, etc., and dried fruits, keep best in covered cans or jars.

Imperfect glass jars, unsuitable for canning purposes, make excellent containers for foods, and have the advantage of showing their contents at a glance.

Foods in tin cans should not be kept in a place so damp that there is danger of the can rusting through.

Glass jars of canned foods are best, kept in a dry, well-ventilated place, out of the light, which may fade the product.

Home Drying

THE object in evaporation or dehydration is to remove all moisture from the material, so that organisms are not able to grow and multiply. Drying should not be regarded as taking the place of canning, but rather as an important adjunct. It should be done when canning is not practicable, as in the case of small quantities of fruit or vegetables.

The Advantages of Drying

1. The finished product has a weight only one-fourth that of the fresh material.
2. The dried material may be stored almost indefinitely without danger of deterioration.
3. Dried products may be shipped very easily.
4. They have the special advantage of requiring very little storage room.

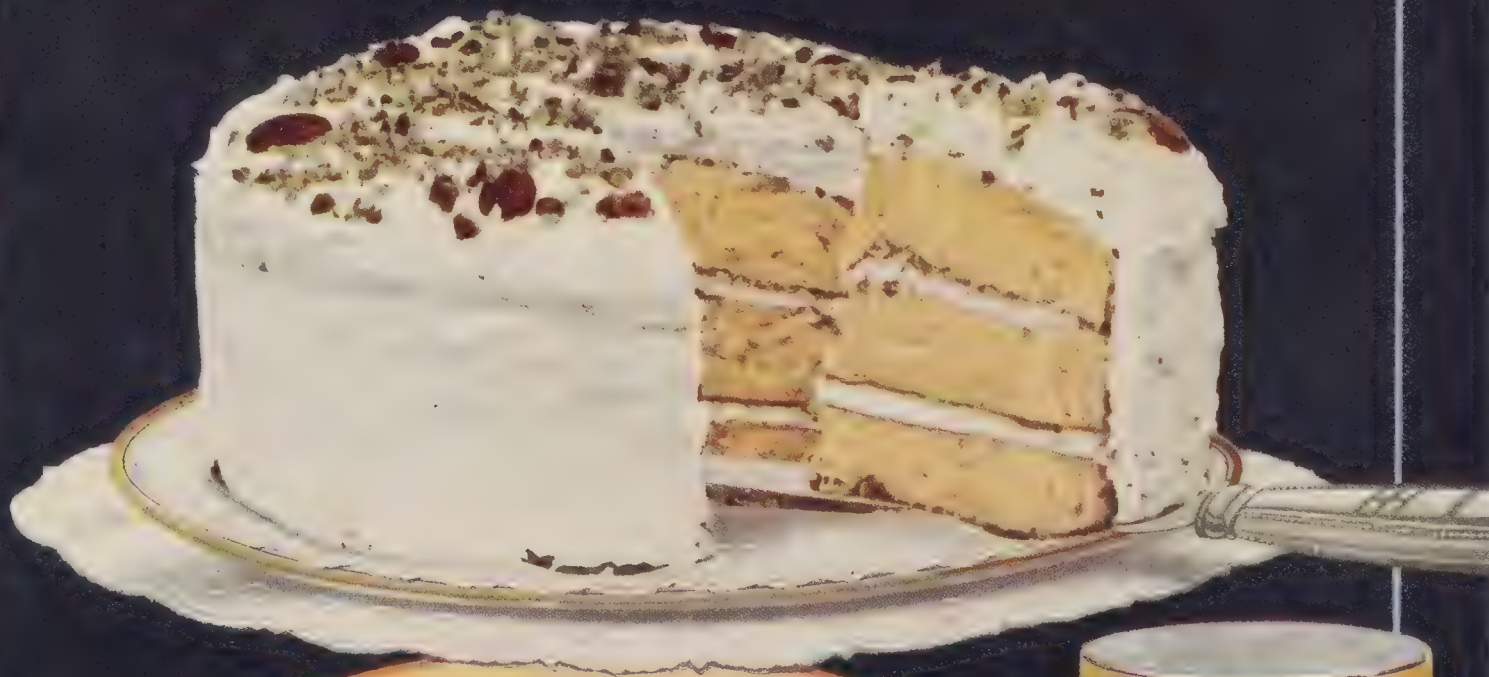
Preparation of Material

In preparing material for drying, vegetables should first be blanched as for canning and cut in slices

Continued on page 58

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

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Unvarying high quality is the reason for the immense popularity of Magic Baking Powder. Not a single can is allowed to leave the factory unless it measures fully up to our standard. You can always rely on Magic Baking Powder for light, wholesome cakes and pastry. Ask your grocer for it by name. All good grocers sell it. Write for a copy of the Magic Cook Book and Housekeeper's Guide—sent free on request. Write our nearest branch.

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By the Makers of Community Plate



Silver Magic

Candle light, gleam of perfect silver! Each dinner for two will be a function. Her most critical friends will envy the bride who possesses exquisite TUDOR PLATE.

READY-to-SERVE Six Chest

Q The Chest itself is FREE. You pay only for the silverware.

Relishes and Pickles

Chili Sauce

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| 12 ripe tomatoes | 2 c. vinegar |
| 1 green pepper | 3 tb. sugar |
| 1 sweet red pep-
per | 1 tb. salt |
| 3 medium sized
onions | 2 t. cloves |
| | 3 ins. stick cinna-
mon |
| | 2 t. allspice |

Put the spices in a cheesecloth bag. Peel and slice the tomatoes, chop the onions and peppers, and mix all the ingredients together. Simmer for 1½ hours. Seal in sterile jars.

Corn and Pepper Relish

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| 6 ears corn | 1 c. sugar |
| 1 medium head
cabbage | 2 tb. mustard |
| 3 sweet green
peppers | 3 tb. flour or
cornstarch |
| 3 sweet red pep-
pers | 3 tb. celery seed |
| 4 tb. salt | 3 tb. mustard
seed |
| 4 c. vinegar, mild | 1 t. turmeric |

Cook the corn and cut from the cob, or canned corn may be used. Chop the peppers and cabbage, add the salt, and let stand 1 hour. Drain. Heat the vinegar to the boiling point. Mix the mustard, flour and turmeric with a little cold water, and stir into the boiling vinegar. Add the other ingredients, and boil 10 minutes. Seal in sterilized jars. If desired a little thinner, more vinegar or a little less flour may be used.

Spiced Tomatoes

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------|
| 2 lbs. ripe
tomatoes | |
| 2 lbs. granulated
sugar | |
| 2 c. vinegar | |
| 1 tb. allspice | 1 tb. cinnamon |
| 1 tb. cloves | ½ t. mace |

Wash and slice the tomatoes before weighing. Cook with the sugar for an hour or longer. Add the vinegar and spices, and simmer till the mixture begins to thicken. Seal in small sterilized glasses.

Spiced Peaches

Select firm, ripe peaches. Peel, cut in halves and remove the stones.

- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| 8 lbs. peaches, pre-
pared as above. | boiling point |
| 2 c. vinegar | 1 oz. whole cloves |
| 5 lbs. sugar | 1 oz. stick cinna-
mon |
| Heat slowly to the | 1 oz. mace |

Put in several small cheesecloth bags and simmer with the peaches till the fruit is tender. Skim from the syrup, and place in sterilized jars, keeping them hot. Boil the syrup 5 minutes longer, remove the spice bags, and pour the juice over the peaches. Seal.

India Relish

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 24 medium sized
tomatoes | 1 lb. raisins, seed-
less |
| 6 white onions | 1 c. finely chopped
celery |
| 3 sweet red pep-
pers | 2 qts. vinegar |
| 3 sweet green
peppers | 1 tb. salt |
| 1¼ c. sugar | 12 apples, firm,
tart |

Peel and chop the tomatoes, chop the peppers after removing the seeds and membrane, pare and chop the apples, chop the celery and onions. Mix all the ingredients, and cook till tender and it begins to thicken. The raisins need not be added till the mixture is partly cooked. Seal. Do not use till it is 3 or 4 weeks old.

Mustard Pickle

- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| 2 qts. cucumbers | 2 sweet red pep-
pers, chopped |
| 1 qt. green toma-
toes, cut in
pieces | 1 Cauliflower,
broken in pieces |
| | 1 tb. turmeric |

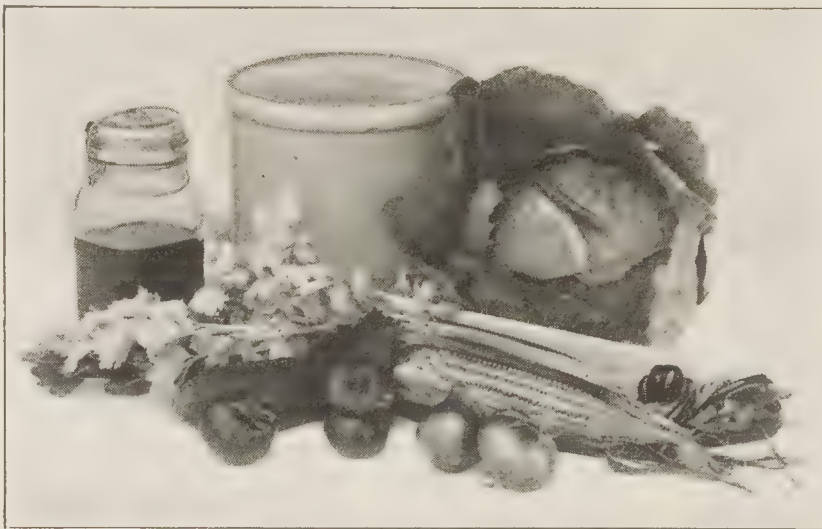
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|-----------------------------|----------------|
| 1 qt. small white
onions | 1 c. flour |
| 6 tb. mustard | 2 c. sugar |
| | 2 qts. vinegar |

Let the vegetables stand in a brine, made of 1 qt. water to 1 c. salt, for 24 hours. Bring to a boil, then drain and add the vegetables to the dressing, which has been made of the mustard, turmeric, flour, sugar and vinegar, mixed together and cooked till as thick as desired. Less flour may be used. Heat the mixture thoroughly, then put in sterile jars.

Ripe Cucumber Pickle

Cut the cucumbers in lengthwise pieces, cover with an alum water solution, using 2 t. powdered alum to 1 qt. water. Heat slowly to the boiling point, then simmer for 2 hours. Remove from the alum water and chill in ice water.

Boil for 5 minutes, 4 c. sugar, 2 c. vinegar, 2 tb. whole cloves and 2 tb. stick cinnamon tied in a muslin bag. Add the cucumbers to the syrup and cook 10 minutes. Put the cucumbers in a stone jar and pour over them. The



Pickling Vegetables

syrup may be scalded on three successive mornings and poured over the cucumbers.

Sour Chopped Pickle

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------------------------|
| ¾ c. salt | 4 qts. green toma-
toes, chopped |
| 2 t. pepper | 3 t. cloves |
| 3 t. mustard | 6 tb. mustard seed |
| 3 t. cinnamon | 4 green peppers,
chopped or sliced |
| 2 qts. vinegar | |
| 2 onions, chopped | |
| 3 t. allspice | |

Let the tomatoes and salt stand overnight. Drain. Combine the vinegar and spices, and when it boils, add the tomatoes, peppers and onions and cook 15 minutes after the boiling point is reached. Store in stone jars.

Pickled Pears

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------------|
| ½ peck pears | 1 oz. stick cinna-
mon |
| 2 lbs. brown sugar | |
| 2 c. vinegar | Cloves |

Make a thick syrup of the sugar, vinegar and stick cinnamon. Pare the pears, and stick each half pear with 4 or 5 cloves. Put in the syrup and cook till soft.

Saskatchewan Farm Girls in Convention Given Hints on Bread Baking

Mrs. Jean Archibald

Well-known Authority, Provides Interesting Demonstration

ONE of the many pleasant features of the recent convention of Saskatchewan farm girls held recently at the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, was a social function at which Mrs. Jean Archibald, the well-known western authority on the baking of home-made bread, gave a special demonstration to the young ladies present.

The recipe evolved by Mrs. Archibald is known as the "Short Method for Bread." A copy of this recipe was given to each of the girls, all of whom later

in the afternoon were invited to Mrs. Archibald's home, where they were served with samples of the bread made from the famous recipe. It was the unanimous opinion of all present that bread baked by this method is really excellent. Here are the recipes for white bread, rolls or buns and Graham bread:

Short Method for Bread

Mrs. Jean Archibald

Prepare the yeast one day before the bread is made, using the following ingredients:

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| 2 qts. of potato
water | 1 Royal yeast cake |
| | ½ c. sugar |

At noon drain water from potatoes which have been cooked for dinner; let it cool until lukewarm; add sugar and yeast. Leave this mixture in a warm place all afternoon. By supper time it should be foamy. Leave it until next morning. It will not be harmed by cooling during the night. The following day at any time put the yeast preparation on the stove and heat until lukewarm; add two tablespoons (level) of salt and enough flour to make a batter; beat a few minutes, then add enough flour to make a dough sufficiently stiff that it will not stick to hands or kneading board; knead a couple of minutes on board and put in greased bread pan; let dough rise until 2½ times original size. This should not require more than 1½ hours. Then put the dough in greased pans and let rise again 2½ times its size. Bake slowly. The crust should not begin to brown for at least 15 minutes after the bread is put in oven.

Note—If there is not enough potato water from the potatoes cooked at dinner any additional amount can be prepared easily, using two mashed potatoes for every quart of water. All the potato water to be used should be ready at noon on the day before the bread is to be baked and no water added on baking day. 2nd—It is a good plan to place the pan of dough to rise in a pan of warm water. 3rd—The bread will be better if the dough is kneaded down once or twice after first rising.

Rolls or Buns

Use potato water preparation as in white bread.

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 1 qt. potato water | 4 tb. shortening |
| 1 tb. salt | (melted) |
| 4 tb. sugar | |

Proceed as for white bread.

Graham or Entire Wheat Bread

Use potato water preparation as for white bread.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 qt. potato water | Flour to make a
batter |
| 1 tb. salt | |
| ¼ c. sugar or ½ c. molasses | Graham flour to
stiffen dough |

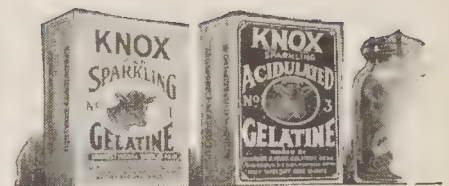
Proceed as for white bread, only let rise to twice its size, instead of 2½ times its size.

Cucumber and Radish Salad

Peel small cucumbers, and cut off a thin slice lengthwise. On the flat surface make slits with a knife, and in each slit put a thin slice of radish. Serve with French dressing or vinegar and salt and pepper, placing each cucumber on a lettuce leaf.

Cheese and Pepper Salad

Cut green peppers in halves, remove the midrib and seeds. Season cream cheese with salt, pepper, paprika and salad dressing, pack into the peppers and chill, serve on a lettuce leaf with a spoonful of salad dressing beside each pepper case.



A Treasure on the Pantry Shelf

THERE is no article of food in the pantry that contributes more than Knox Sparkling Gelatine to the health and happiness of the home table.

Aside from the almost endless variety of delicious dishes easily made with Knox Gelatine, there is ever that more important element—Good Health—which it promotes.

Here is one easily made recipe that proves it:

Apple Charlotte

- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| ½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine | |
| ¼ cup cold water | ½ cup boiling water |
| 1 cup sugar | 1 cup apple, pear, or peach pulp |
| 2 tablespoons lemon juice | |
| Whites of three eggs | |
| Lady Fingers or stale cake | |

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly, and add apple pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat, using a wire whisk, until light; then add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, and beat thoroughly. Turn into mold lined with lady fingers or stale cake. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of whites of eggs.

KNOX

SPARKLING GELATINE

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The Care of Food

Continued from page 54

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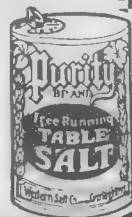


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A New Omelette

When making an omelette, to every 2 eggs add a teaspoonful of Bovril when mixing;—cook the usual way. You will find the flavour delicious.

BOVRIL

one-quarter of an inch thick. When cut too thin they are difficult to handle; when too thick they do not dry quickly.

It is just as important to use young and tender vegetables for drying as it is for canning. First-class material must be used in order to get first-class results.

Three Methods of Drying

1. Sun Drying.
2. Drying by artificial heat.
3. Drying by air-blast. (Using an electric fan.)

Sun Drying.—Sun drying is the least expensive method, and, when climatic conditions permit, is the most successful. Sun drying requires bright, hot days and a breeze. Once or twice a day the product should be turned and the dry pieces removed.

The product may be spread on sheets of plain paper, pieces of muslin, or a wire screen may be used. Cheesecloth should be tacked to a frame and used as a covering, so that dust and insects may be excluded without interfering with the circulation. The cheesecloth should not rest directly on the food. Care must be taken to remove the trays indoors before sunset and during rain storms.

Drying By Artificial Heat.—Products may be dried in the oven, on the top of the stove, in trays suspended over the top of the range, or in a commercial or home-made drier. In this way the heat of the stove or the oven is utilized.

In using artificial heat the drying should be started at a comparatively low temperature and gradually increased; for this reason it is necessary to use a thermometer. The temperature at which most vegetables should begin drying is from 110° to 120° Fahrenheit. The temperature may be gradually increased to 145° or 150° Fahrenheit. When the temperature is too high at first, the surface of the vegetables becomes hard, while the inside is still juicy.

Drying By Air-Blast.—This method is perhaps the quickest and cheapest. It consists of allowing a current of air to pass over the product, using an electric fan, either with or without artificial heat.

The disadvantage of this method is that it is very difficult to regulate the drying process and the material is apt to dry out too quickly, a hard crust forming on the outside and thus preventing the moisture in the centre from escaping.

The Condition of Products When Sufficiently Dried.—The product should be leathery and pliable; not so dry that it will snap when broken. When the pieces are cut or broken open, the cut ends should not show any moisture when pressed between the fingers. If the products become hard when dried they will not resume their original shape when soaked.

After the products are sufficiently dried it is important that they be "conditioned." This means that they must be placed in containers, preferably boxes, and poured from one box to another at least once a day for three or four days to mix thoroughly. If any part of the product is found not to be sufficiently dried it can be returned to the drier for a short time.

Proper Storage for Dried Products.—Proper storage is absolutely essential. With the present high price of glass jars, it is recommended that other containers be used for the storage of dried products. Cans, such as baking powder cans, coffee cans, etc., with tight fitting covers, also strong paper bags and paraffin lined paper boxes may be used successfully.

If a paper bag is used the top should be twisted, doubled over and tied with a string. If the bag is coated with melted paraffin wax the moisture will be kept out.

It is a good plan to use small containers, so that it may not be necessary to leave the contents exposed after opening and before using.

The products should be stored in a cool, dry place, well ventilated and protected from rats, mice and insects.

Preparation of Dried Products for the Table.—The water which has evaporated must be restored. This is done by soaking for a long time, using three to four cups of water to one cup of dried material. Care must be taken that too much water is not used, as the object is to restore the amount which has evaporated. After soaking for several hours, and in some cases over-night, the dried products should be cooked in a covered utensil at a low temperature for a long time. They should be cooked in the water in which they were soaked. In serving dried products great care must be taken that they are well seasoned.

Directions for Drying

Beans.—Beans must be in perfect condition. Wash carefully and string. Blanch from 5 to 10 minutes, adding ½ teaspoon soda to each gallon of boiling water; cold dip and remove surface moisture. Spread thinly on trays to dry. Dry slowly, increasing the temperature from 120° Fahrenheit to 145° Fahrenheit.

Celery.—Wash carefully and cut in inch pieces, blanch 3 minutes and cold-dip. Remove surface moisture with cheesecloth or towel. Dry slowly, starting at temperature of 110° Fahrenheit and increasing to 140° Fahrenheit.

Corn.—Blanch cob for from 5 to 10 minutes to set the milk, adding 1 teaspoon of salt to each gallon of water. Cold-dip and remove surface moisture. With a sharp knife cut off kernels, taking care not to include the chaff. Starting at a temperature of 110° Fahrenheit and raising gradually to 145° Fahrenheit, the corn should dry in 4 to 5 hours.

If the corn is to be dried in the sun it should first be dried in the oven at 110° Fahrenheit for from 15 to 20 minutes, and again, after the sun drying is completed, at a temperature of 145° Fahrenheit for 5 minutes.

Peas.—Shell, blanch for from 3 to 5 minutes, cold-dip and remove surface moisture. Starting at a temperature of 110° Fahrenheit and increasing slowly to 145° Fahrenheit, it takes from 3 to 4 hours for peas to dry.

Onions.—Peel and slice onions into ¼-inch slices. Blanching is not necessary. Dry for from 2½ to 3 hours at a temperature of from 120° to 140° Fahrenheit.

Pumpkin.—Cut into ½-inch strips and peel, blanch for from 3 to 6 minutes, remove surface moisture and dry slowly 3 to 4 hours at 120° to 150° Fahrenheit.

Soup Mixture.—Each vegetable should be dried separately and then combined. From 3 to 4 quarts of vegetable soup may be made from 4 ounces of dried soup mixture.

Apples.—Peel, core and cut in slices ¼-inch thick. Dip in a weak salt solution; 1 to 2 tablespoons of salt to 1 gallon of water, to prevent discoloration. Remove surface moisture and dry slowly for from 5 to 8 hours, increasing the temperature from 120° Fahrenheit to 150° Fahrenheit. Apples should be tough and leathery when dried.

Rhubarb.—Cut into 1-inch pieces. Blanch 3 minutes and cold-dip, remove surface moisture and dry at a temperature of from 120° to 145° Fahrenheit.

Note: The exact length of time for drying cannot be given, as so much depends upon the method used.

TIME TABLE FOR DRYING

	Blanching Minutes	Drying time Hours	Temperature
VEGETABLE—			
Beets	10	3 to 4	115° to 150°
B. Sprouts	6	3 to 3½	115° to 145°
Cabbage	5	3 to 4	115° to 145°
Carrots	4 to 8	3	115° to 145°
Cauliflower	3 to 6	3 to 4	115° to 140°
Celery	3	3 to 4	110° to 140°
Corn	5 to 10	3 to 4	110° to 145°
Green Beans	5 to 8	3 to 5	120° to 145°
Onions		3 to 3½	120° to 140°
Peas	5	3 to 4	115° to 145°
Pumpkin	3	3 to 4	120° to 150°
Rhubarb	3	5 to 7	120° to 145°
FRUIT—			
Apples		4 to 6	120° to 150°
Berries		4 to 5	110° to 145°
Cherries		3 to 4	115° to 150°
Peaches		4 to 6	125° to 150°
Plums		4 to 6	110° to 150°

The Home Doctor

Absorbent Cotton and the Handy Bandage

By EMMA GARY WALLACE

SOME day one in the family is sure to want a bandage, a little absorbent cotton, or both, to dress a cut, a bruise, or a wound. And having just what is needed, on hand, exactly when it is needed, may mean a great deal. It may save suffering at the time, and prevent a serious infection.

Sometimes we wonder why we can get a large roll of batting weighing a pound, for fifty cents or less, while a small package of so-called absorbent cotton costs a much higher rate. Why will not the ordinary cotton batting do just as well, and save some of the pennies for our Thrift Fund?

Well, here is the reason, and it is a good thing to keep in mind.

The cotton batting with which we fill cushions, and bed comforts, is the product of the cotton plant, nicely freed from seeds, bits of leaves, and small particles or specks of dust. It is put through a process which leaves it white, fluffy, and pleasant to touch and to look at.

However, if we take a small ball of it about the size of a butter-nut, and throw it into a basin of water, it will float about for a long time. This is because the cotton contains natural oil and foreign matter prevents its soaking up the water readily. Perhaps you have noticed that when a quilt or a comfortable is washed, it takes some minutes for it to become wet all through, and after it has gone through the hot soapy bath, the cotton filling is no longer as light and fluffy as it was before.

The oil has been removed, and the fibres pack down together in hard lumps. This is the case because of the nature of cotton batting.

If little parts of it were put under a powerful microscope we would see that there was much foreign matter, and we would hesitate about putting any of this batting upon a bruise or open wound. The fibres are likely to hold germs which may make trouble, and besides, there are other substances in the coating of the fibres which are likely to be distinctly irritating.

For this reason the chemist has worked and experimented with the natural cotton, and has found out that by washing it thoroughly in the right manner, and by soaking it in certain solutions, that all of the oil and foreign matter are washed away and dissolved, leaving the pure cellulose only in the remaining mass.

This pure cellulose, when dried and put through a careful process of sterilizing by heat, is very light, soft, and absolutely clean. It is safe to put upon a burn or open wound, and if the wound is first dressed with an ointment, or cooling oil, the absorbent cotton will make a wonderfully fine dressing which will not stick, or cause any discomfort.

In order that this absorbent cotton may reach you and me without being contaminated, it is wrapped and sealed in sterilized waxed paper. Then the package is slipped into a pasteboard carton. This is usually of a bluish color, for the reason that this particular shade has been found especially valuable in protecting the contents from light, and certain atmospheric conditions.

During the war it was almost impossible to get the right coloring matter for these blue cartons, and this factor alone added considerably to the expense.

The outside carton is now sealed after proper inspection has been made. The packages are assorted in sizes of mainly two ounces, four ounces, half pound, and one pound.

Naturally, all this scientific care of purifications, sterilization, inspection, and handling, mean expense, and you and I who use the cotton in an emergency, can well afford to pay the small extra amount necessarily charged for this product

If we take a piece of the absorbent cotton about the size of a butter-nut, and throw it upon the water, we will find that it will quickly become saturated, and sink to the bottom. In other words, it absorbs the moisture instantly, because it has been processed for this very purpose.

WHEN we need a bandage we are likely to want it very quickly, and while we can get these in different widths at the drug store, we can make them at home at small expense. The drug store bandages are made of carefully selected cotton specially woven into a thin, cheese-cloth-like fabric. It is cut by machinery, wound by machinery, sterilized to be germ free, and encased in wax paper and sealed. Such bandages are very safe to use. But for many uses, such as bandaging a sprained ankle, or where there is between the wound and the bandage, a medicated dressing, a home-made bandage will do very well, and costs much less.

Every home should have a medicine chest, and this should contain several rolls of bandages, half inch and one inch wide. Take some perfectly clean cotton cloth. This may be cheese cloth purchased for the purpose, or an old sheet will do quite as well. The material should be thin, and soft. Tear into strips of the desired width; take a needle and thread to join the pieces, making each piece three or four yards long. When you have prepared these, start to roll each strip. Begin at one end, keeping the edges even, and draw the bandage as tight as you can. After a core is made this is very easy to do. The making of the core merely means the careful rolling of the first of the bandage to get a good start. Finish, and you will have a neat reel of the bandage which will be attractive to look at. Fasten with a pin, or a stitch of thread.

Now you can put these bandages away for use as they are, or if you wish to be particular, as they are in the hospital, you will take your rolls of bandage and put them in the oven and bake then in as high a temperature as is possible without scorching them. To do this, put them in a clean dish and cover them up. Bake them for a couple of hours. Then remove with freshly washed and scrubbed hands and drop into a fruit can which has been washed and sterilized in hot water, or in the dry heat of the oven. The can must be perfectly dry. Drop in the bandage and seal.

When you wish to take out a bandage, remove the cover, and with a pair of clean scissors nip hold of the bandage you want, and do not touch any others. Seal up the can again.

HOWEVER, it is a good plan to have a few of the ordinary rolls on hand with which to tie up any little injury. When a bandage is put on, the whole of the roll may not be needed. Start to wind carefully, the finger, wrist, or ankle. If the bandage shows a slack place, due to a curve in the flesh, give the strip of cloth a deft turn on the bias, and it will fit readily. Repeat this bias turn when needed. In order to hold the bandage in place it can be fastened with a stitch of white cotton thread, or you can do as you have seen the doctor do. Cut or tear the last six or seven inches of the bandage in two, lengthwise, making two strips of it in place of one. Tie these two strips once, so that the cloth will not tear back, and then wind these two strips around the member and fasten in a bow knot. This will make a firm, and good looking bandage, which will stay in place, and is quickly removed.

It is a good plan to have a few emergency remedies on hand also, for one never can tell just when they may

Continued on page 67



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Chipawaka—Continued from page 7

hair was plastered and shiny. Then she fell to biting and snapping at the tree roots, and finally she lay down and became very still, breathing heavily. Her cubs nestled beside her, but soon they again became uneasy and tried to rouse her. At first she would not stir, then she raised her great woolly head and grunted something to them, but Chipawaka did not know bear language.

Very soon the mother black bear fell asleep for all time, and after crying and pawing at her muzzle, the cubs seemed to recall what she had said to them when she raised her head and grunted. They knew at any rate that never again would she lead them along the breeze-swept margin, and so, crying all the way, they crossed the river where mother had crossed with them only a few hours ago, and went on into the woods—alone. And Chipawaka never saw them again.

What was it that the mother bear had grunted when she raised her head? It was not perhaps for the like of Chipawaka to understand, but I fancy that in our own language it might have found utterance in one word—"Man!" And that was why the cubs went right away, so that Chipawaka was never, never again to see them.

VERY early next morning he went down to enquire about the dead bear, but he found a whole company of his little red cousins already holding an enquiry into the case. One of them sat on Mooween's ear, and seemed to be holding forth at some length to the rest, who were squatted on the ground all round with their tails arched over their backs. So Chipawaka bounded in and drove them off, for he, being a black squirrel, was king of all the squirrels. If that bear belonged to anyone, it belonged to him, though what he intended to do with it I do not know: but no sooner had he made this point clear than he was compelled to relinquish it.

For through the woods there came the two strange beasts which had first appeared in the birchbark canoe. The one with the black hair upon his face was leading, his eyes upon the ground where here a broken branch and there a dark spot upon the leaves served to show the way. So they came upon Mooween, and the eyes of Black Beard shone with triumph.

"There you are!" he cried. "I knew she was hard hit, and wouldn't carry two miles."

The other man came up and looked at the great, pathetic mass of carrion, but a few hours ago a wild woodland mother.

"It's no muckle use to ye, Dan," he said. "An old she-bear with cubs—too tough for grub, too old for the pelt to be worth a cent. I tell ye, Dan, ye're too ready wi' yer rifle." And he turned on his heel, leaving the triumphant huntsman to the bloody, useless thing which he had done.

WHEN the blueberries ripened Chipawaka took to travelling a little further and yet a little further afield, for the most part on the ground, and it was during these excursions that he heard daily a sound which was new to him, and which, therefore, roused his curiosity—the sound of the pioneer's axe.

Each day he searched for it, slowly widening his home-range in that direction, till one evening yet another sound, still more mysterious, took him on in wrapt attention. Get to the root of it he must—a sound as of birds singing, of lynxes fighting, of winds blowing and railway engineers at work, till from the general medley there rose a crude melody, flooding the wood with weird discord.

From tree to tree and across the blueberry clumps Chipawaka jerked and froze, till he came at length to a place where the forest had been cleared as though by the beavers, and in the centre of the clearing was a great lodge built of tree trunks, and about the lodge moved three or four of the creatures of the birchbark.

Save for his first experience by the beaver dam—and that might have been coincidence—Chipawaka had no special reason to fear these creatures, and now,

as they sat at their ease, he boldly approached the log cabin, still held by the mysterious sound. In front of the cabin, perched on a box between two of the men, was a thing with a huge toothless mouth, shining in the sunshine—a gramophone, to boot, for these men were here on holiday.

As Chipawaka perched himself on a log thirty feet away, watching with all his eyes and listening with all his ears, one of the men rose and reached for a light rifle lying near. It was the man with the black beard, but as he took up the weapon his companion interposed. "Leave him alone, Dan," he said. "What do ye want to shoot the poor little varmit for?"

"Black squirrels are good grub," answered Black Beard. "Squirrel pie takes some beating."

At this the others joined hands with the first speaker. "One squirrel won't make a pie," they pointed out. "And anyway, we would rather see him about the cabin than under a crust."

Then the man with the red hair added, "Ye ken there's an Indian proverb that if ye kill when ye're no hungry, there'll be no killing for ye when ye are."

So Chipawaka's life was spared, and next he was offered a scrap of sweet biscuit, which quite won his heart. At supper-time other delightful things—such as he had never before tasted—were tossed his way, and losing his suspicion of the humans in the presence of such a banquet, he sat at the edge of the rough outdoor bench, nibbling one dainty then another, till his little tummy was blown out like a barrel. When darkness came he found a convenient nook under the eaves of the cabin, for he was quite decided to "hang up his hat" in the midst of such highly desirable neighbors.

CHIP became so tame that he would take food from the men's fingers, and, indeed, was not above taking it from their plates, but he possessed a serious table rival in Jack, the whisky-jack, who similarly had attached himself to the camp. Often Chip succeeded in pulling a tuft of gaudy feathers out of the kingfisher's coat, at which Jack would "squack" most terrifically. But Chip never escaped unscathed for such liberties, for at the first appropriate opportunity, Jack would deal him a jab which sent the black fluff flying.

But there came days when the sun did not shine, and when a brown heaviness, which hurt the eyes and the throat, filled the air. Chipawaka became vaguely afraid, and as time passed and the air thickened, it seemed that the whole woods became alive with squirrels and other things, all going somewhere. At length Chipawaka yielded to his strange instinctive promptings. He went back to his old home, crossed the river by the beaver dam, and so on into the low-lying, thinly-timbered muskrat country at the foot of the range. That night the men from the log cabin passed noisily down stream in their long birchbark canoes, bound for the great lakes, but Black Beard was not with them. He had refused to heed Nature's ample warning, and he had called them funks and women for leaving a good camp. He would stay where he was, thank you. He had no fear of fall fires. When the rain came they could come back to the log cabin if they chose. They would find him there with the pot on the fire.

Thirty-six hours later the fire swept in from the northwest, taking a belt fifty miles in width, and of unknown length. Somehow it missed the low-lying swamp country, but it cleared the river margins on either side. Later rain fell, and when next the dawn shone out the forest smiled clean and fresh from the bed of its own suffering.

Then Chipawaka went back to the log cabin, but he found only a pile of charred logs, in the centre of which the tin stove stood tipsily awry. The trees all round were stark and leafless, and not a green thing remained. There was, indeed, one green strip down by the river, and there the red squirrels, those

Continued on page 61

Chipawaka—Continued from page 60

which lived, seemed to have congregated, for one could hear their chattering. Thither, then, Chipawaka made his way, and he found a great congress of squirrels gathered excitedly about something at the water's edge.

Chipawaka looked and saw, but he did not understand. It was not perhaps

for the like of him to understand, so for once he went his way without interfering—possibly because he felt that this was no place for him. For there, at the mirror edge, lay the man who had slain Mooween, the mother of the cubs—his face towards the splendour of the dawn.

Spirit Lake—Continued from page 8

eastern sky, though the shadows of night still lingered in the dark aisles of the forest. Picking up the small hunting canoe, he carried it down to the bank, launched it, and, kneeling in the fragile craft, paddled down Lonely River and out upon Spirit Lake. Not a ripple was astir. The trees upon the shore stood reflected topsy-turvy in the still waters.

But before the boy had paddled half-way across, the lake became veiled in a thin film of vapor that rose from its surface. Away towards the western shore he saw misty figures dancing above the water. A great breeze began to blow from the southwest and waft the ghostly dancers toward him. They hurried along as though eager to overtake him, and others rose from the depths and joined them. The numbers grew until the whole lake seemed covered with dismaying multitudes, and presently he was completely encircled by a misty screen. Shipping his paddle, he rested awhile. It was useless to continue on now, for the wind had shifted and he had lost his bearings. In half-an-hour's time, however, the sun peeped over the eastern trees; the mist began to disperse as rapidly as it had risen, and soon the lake was once more clear. Cheerily At-tick plied his paddle again. Skirting the eastern beach, he went ashore here and there to examine the traps that lay hidden in the forest. Others he was able to inspect without disembarking. Then he paddled up Snake River, and continued his work until about noon, when he went ashore to visit a deadfall set for black bear. On nearing the trap, he ascertained from the signs among the dry leaves that a bear had been there the night before. On further examination he saw that the bait had been disturbed, and that the syrup which Standing Wolf had rubbed on the deadfall had been licked off.

TIRED and hungry, he decided to eat his lunch before re-setting the trap. So he filled his copper tea-pail with water from the river, and hung it over the fire which he had just kindled. While waiting for the water to boil, he changed his mind, and determined to rebait the deadfall before breaking his fast. Instead of removing the uprights at the back of the deadfall and entering from behind, as is the usual way, he lazily took advantage of the opening in front and crept in on his hands and knees. He adjusted the bait and was backing carefully out when, just as he was almost clear of the opening, the bait-stick slipped and the heavy timber, weighted with logs and stones, came down upon his left arm with crushing force, pinioned him to the sill-log, and held him there with the grip of a mighty vice. The pain was almost unbearable, but the thought of his predicament was even harder to bear, for he was held a prisoner without prospect of escape. He lay there on the point of swooning with pain, faint with hunger and parched with thirst; while just beyond his reach, to tantalize him, the water was boiling away and the caribou steak was shrivelling to a crisp.

Remembering his hunting-knife, he felt at his back and found it in its sheath. Hope sprang aflame in his breast, for now he could cut his way to freedom. Determinedly he set about the almost impossible task, and with the keen-edged blade began whittling at the big, dry log. At first he made fair progress, but his cramped position handicapped him seriously; for he could cut only from one angle, and so had to do much more work than would otherwise have been necessary. He had been hacking scarcely half an hour before he found himself compelled to stop and rest. While resting, he happened to glance around and was horrified to see that the fire was spreading. In a few minutes it must reach the deadfall,

set fire to its dry timbers, and roast him alive. In desperation he swung his legs about, scratched the ground with his moccasined feet, and managed to scrape the leaves aside and roughen the earth to such an extent that when the fire reached the spot, it divided, passed on either side of him, and died down without doing any harm.

Again At-tick resumed his task, and again pain and fatigue compelled him to stop. So the afternoon dragged through. Dusk came on and he was laboring still, but his hand was terribly blistered, and exhaustion was overtaking him. He rested again while he watched the hares taking their evening frolic. He was listening all the while, keenly alert for the slightest sound of approaching succor. But upon reflection he remembered that he would not be missed, at least until the following night, so he had little hope of being rescued in time.

Once more he set to work shaving and hacking at the dry, bone-like log that held him fast and kept him tortured. But now he made so little progress that his efforts seemed almost thrown away.

NIGHT settled down at last and he ceased his exertions, wondering what would befall him before the daylight came. The chill air searched him through and through. His clothes became damp with the falling dew, and he shivered as he lay. About ten o'clock the full moon rose. Its long, slanting rays, peering through the bare branches, cast here and there patches of silver light upon the forest's carpet of dead leaves. At every sound he strained his eyes to look, lest something dreadful should appear. Though he strove to keep awake, drowsiness came upon him, and by midnight slumber for a time gave him a happy release.

But it was not for long. While he slept, the bear that had visited the deadfall the night before, arrived in search of more syrup and, coming suddenly upon the motionless figure lying across its path, with a snort of surprise rose upon its haunches. At-tick, awakened by the sound, gave a scream, but the animal did not run away. In a frenzy of fear he screamed again and again, and the bear, as though he liked the sound, cocked his head to one side to listen as he watched the boy. Louder and louder At-tick yelled in the hope that the noise would drive the bear away, but Bruin simply squatted down, as though determined to sit the concert out, while At-tick was afraid to stop shouting, lest the bear should attack him. For hours he screamed and shouted, and it seemed to him as if daylight would never come. At last the dawn appeared, and with its coming the bear took his departure.

During the greater part of the morning At-tick toiled, but with diminishing strength and with insignificant results. His thirst was grown excruciating. To quench it, if possible, he dug into the soil in hope of finding at least a handful of earth that contained some moisture; but he could find none. He spent the day sometimes working, sometimes crying, sometimes dozing, sometimes raving. The loneliness was appalling. When a mink or a fisher or any living thing came near, he would talk to it and coax it to stay and keep him company. At times he would talk to Mi-na-ee as though she were present. During the afternoon, a wolverine crept into sight and stared at him, but he was not afraid; fear had left him now. He seemed no longer to care for freedom, for he had ceased his efforts to escape. Every moment he was expecting to hear the approaching footsteps of Standing Wolf or The Marten

Continued on page 62

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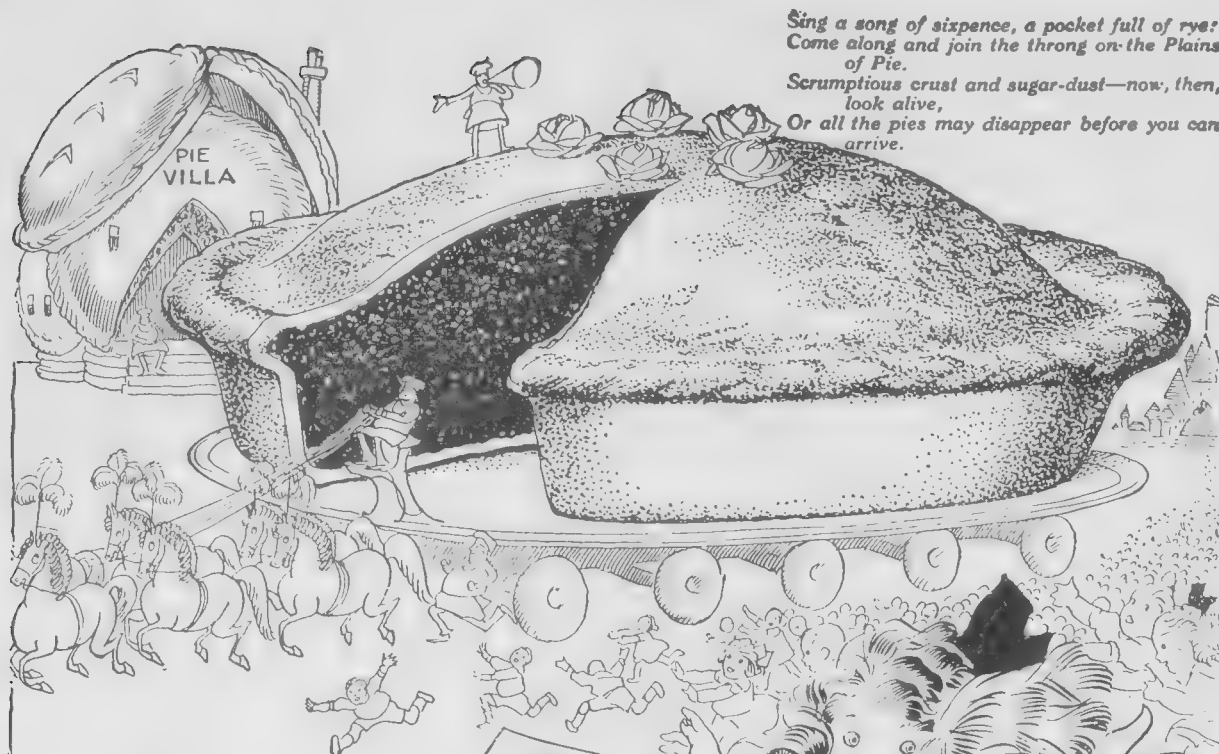
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Spirit Lake

Continued from page 61

but they did not come. He shouted, but no one answered.

Again dusk came through the woods; once more the hares played about until the on-coming night hid them, and the rising moon brought them into view again. The black bear, too, arrived; but this time the boy did not scream. He talked to it in a kindly way and entreated it to stay with him because he was so lonely. When he was tired of talking to it, he sang bits of hymns and recited scraps of prayers; and the bear remained with him until nearly dawn. Soon after sunrise he became unconscious.

ABOUT noon there was a slight grating sound upon the river bank. A moment later Standing Wolf came from between the trees. As he rounded the deadfall, he stopped suddenly and gazed in horror at the sight before him. Then he sprang forward, heaved aside the stones and logs that weighted down the drop timber, released the boy's arm, and stooped down to feel his heart. It was still beating. His eye fell upon the chips and fragments of wood and bark, and he saw that the boy had almost succeeded in cutting his way to freedom; another half-hour's labor would have sufficed. Picking up the limp form of the lad, Standing Wolf carried him to the river bank, and, after cutting away the middle thwarts and tilting the canoe on edge, rolled At-tick into it.

Upon Standing Wolf's arrival at camp with his sad burden, the women were greatly alarmed. Poor Mi-na-ce was convulsed with sobs at the sight of her lover still lying unconscious. When Koko-hay, her mother, severely told her that it was all her fault, and that At-tick would probably die, the tender little maid felt as if her heart would break with sorrow and remorse. The boy was carefully wrapped in warm blankets and fed some broth, and then Noo-koom, the grandmother, set about dressing his wounded arm, and bathing it with liquor of boiled juniper brush.

Next day, while the others were away at their work, Mi-na-ce watched over the boy, who was still delirious; and, as she sat beside his bed, moaned aloud—

"Oh, At-tick, it is all my fault, I know; but perhaps it is not too late yet; so, if you will only live, I will promise to sit upon the brush with you."

Yellow Leaves

Continued from page 5

"Cash it."

"Of course. But what are you going to do with the money?"

"That, Diggie, if I may say so, it none of your business," and Haney's tones were impatient, resentful.

"Maybe so, maybe so."

"I need it, Diggie. Good heavens! can't you see that I need the money?" His voice trembled. "Why, how—how do you suppose I can go in looking like this?—go home in these old clothes, I mean? I—Why, I want a new suit for one thing and a shave and—and—" He faltered before the other's look.

"That'll do! Caesar's Ghost! do you take me for a fool? Don't try to bluff me!" Haney winced under the grip on his shoulder; he could not look into the eyes which blazed angrily in the white of MacPherson's face. "You're worse than I thought, Haney. You know as well as I do that as soon as you got that money you'd get out as fast as you could go. You're too much of a coward to go home and face it out. That for your manhood!"

The snap of his fingers, the utter contempt, stung Haney to the quick. His face paled and he shifted his feet uneasily. This—Why, this was Diggie talking to him—Diggie, his oldest and closest friend through all the years.

"I—Aw now, old man,—I—" he began lamely; but MacPherson fiercely whirled him about, pinning him against a tree-trunk.

"Shut up!" he growled through shut teeth. "Stand there, will you! Hmph! I have a few things to say to you, m'boy, and I rather guess you're going to listen to them. Hmph! I know all about your trouble with your father. I know who took the Church Building Fund money



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out of the vestry and how it disappeared in Mickleboro's bucket-shop uptown when the wheat market took a ten-point flop! I know something of what your father said to you when he found out. I know that you skipped town that night because you believed he intended to carry out his threat of handing you over to the authorities."

HE paused. Haney said nothing nor did he look up from the tattered boot which alternately loosened the earth at the root of the tree and patted it down again, loosened the earth and patted it down again; only the burn of his ears showed that he heard.

"It was lucky for you that you went when you did—" continued MacPherson, "not because of your father. No, but because— You didn't know that they were after you even while you and your father were having it out? Well, they were. When Wallace, the churchwarden, found that he'd been fool enough to leave the money behind on the vestry table he was scared stiff and went back for it hot-foot. When he found it was gone he was wild. He suspected the janitor till old man Smart conclusively established his alibi; then Wallace went to the police. Detective Tommy Allison called at the rectory and enquired for you—not twenty minutes after you left."

Haney flashed one quick, startled look. "I—I didn't know that," he muttered apprehensively.

"No. Well anyway, they were Johnny-Wise to everything you'd been doing. Allison called about eleven-thirty. I happened along past your place a few minutes after Tommy had gone. As I got opposite the gap in the hedge the door opened and I saw your father come running, bare-headed, down the walk. The light from the hanging-lamp in the hall showed him up clearly and seeing that he was pretty agitated, I stopped short in my tracks, wondering what had happened.

"He recognized me at once and clutched my arm excitedly. He was so upset that

for a moment he couldn't speak at all. Then—"The police!" he gasped. "A detective! Has he gone? Stanley, you're a good fellow; you're Alex's chum. Tell me you're sure he's gone." He saw that I didn't understand and began dragging me up the walk. "Come inside, Stanley—inside, my boy. I will tell you. Nobody will overhear us there. Maybe you can help. I know you'll help if you can."

"My presence seemed to quiet him considerably, and he told me the trouble. He was very anxious that the police should not discover you and kept urging me to go out and find you and tell you to leave town for awhile; he even gave me some money to help you get away safely—

"YOU wouldn't be surprised at that, Alex, if you had even begun to know your father yet. . . . If you could have seen his chin quivering as he told me how he had been quarrelling with you.—He kept running his hand nervously through his grey hair till it was all on end; when he wasn't doing that he was rubbing his palms along his knees—I remember that his black trousers were shiny and that he had on a pair of scuffed old slippers. . . . I felt sorry for him that night. He was greatly disturbed because he had lied to the detective about you; he—kept asking me if I thought that was a very wrong thing to do.

"For you know, Stanley, Alex is a good boy at heart. I cannot condone—what he has done; but I feel sure he didn't take the money except under great provocation, Stanley. I can't think that he would do it—wilfully. I'm sure he won't do it again. That's why they mustn't find him tonight, Stanley. Confound them!" he finished, "why can't they mind their own business!"—I think he was even then formulating a plan to cover up the whole thing and that they would find you before he could carry it out was his greatest fear.

"I promised to get you away if at all possible. I traced you to the L.E. & D.R. track and even walked out as far as the

woods here to make sure you weren't loitering. You had fortunately gone and next day the missing money—was found down a crack in the floor beneath the vestry table—"

"What?" asked Haney, huskily.

MacPherson smiled for the first time since he had begun his recital. "You don't know what a lot your father thinks of you, Alex. I can't tell you how the money got there; but—I have my suspicions. I do know that a considerable portion of your father's bookcases were missing in the library the next time I called—were upstairs somewhere, I suppose—because they crowded his study."

He laid a hand diffidently on the other's shoulder. "A'l, old fellow, buck up! It's been an interesting game in a way—keeping the church crowd strung along as to where you were and what you were doing—but—I'm glad it's over. I don't think there's been any flukes worth speaking of; your father and I've been as thick as fleas and become great friends. This story success—say, it's come at just the right time and it's great, old boy—great! I always said you had it in you—"

"Don't! For God's sake, don't!"

MacPherson twiddled his watch-chain for a moment in awkward silence. "Well, so long, A'l" he ventured at length. "I must be getting back. Say, I'm captain of the ball team this year. We're in third place in the city league. Pretty rotten, eh? Practice Friday night. Want you on hand sure—Game with Comets Saturday. See you later."

Haney waited until he disappeared among the trees with a final wave of the hand. Then he stumbled blindly, recklessly, down the hill and back across the pasture to the track, his vision blurred. He drew the back of his hand across his eyes and laughed shakily. He faced the hill beyond which lay the big woods and drew in a great breath.

With shining eyes he turned resolutely toward the town and the cinders crunched quickly beneath his broken boots.

An Old Maid's Dream—Continued from page 6

"Yes, I know, I've watched you," he interrupted.

"You seem to be in a trance as you come through that door, and today I could hardly sit here, you looked so lovely."

She gasped, and put her hand to the stray lock.

He rose and came toward her.

"I came for the last time today," said Sara.

HE stopped as though paralyzed, and "Oh," almost a moan, escaped him.

"Why aren't you coming again? Oh, I know, don't tell me, please don't," he

pleaded. "I know—you've found it.—You've found the happiness—and someone to share it with you. You're not coming here again, so I'll have to sit here—all—alone." The words were low and indistinct.

Sara also rose. "But you don't understand," she said. "I haven't found anyone. I am not coming because I know how hopeless it is and it hurts me so—"

"Then don't leave—," he said, and Sara heard his voice as from afar off. What was this strange man saying to her?

"Let's share the bungalow—our bung-

alow together. Let me come in at the door and call 'supper ready?'" Sara started. But he went on, "Let me sit opposite you at the table, and then let's come in here, and sit before the fireplace, a real fireplace, in the evening—every evening."

He hesitated, and Sara came close to him and reaching up, drew his greying head to her breast at the same time whispering, "It's been worth it—all the years of loneliness and heartache—this moment is worth it all." Then together they passed out of the door—out into a new life together.

Recollections of Pauline Johnson—Continued from page 44

It must have been, as it still is, an ideal canoe course and one can easily picture the lithe Indian lassie, paddle in hand, forcing its prow through the mirroring waters while she dreamed dreams—and wrote poems in embryo.

BUT to return to our narrative. The success of the literary evening, or rather her success, brought in its train glowing press reports and editorial comments. Pauline Johnson awoke to find herself relatively famous. The public called for another opportunity of hearing and seeing this new Canadian songster. I thereupon arranged for a recital in the Old Association Hall, which was crowded with not only an intellectual but a fashionable audience. The local Four Hundred were present in force and a sympathetic and expectant audience greeted her first appearance. It was much more of a test of her ability than merely reciting a couple of numbers on a long programme, and as the party responsible for the gathering I confess I had some feelings of anxiety. She appeared in a simple white gown which offset the rich tones of her complexion and was the essence of gracefulness as she made her first bow. She had no sooner started her first selection, the Paddle Song than she

stopped—stopped! It was more than a pause between verses. I vividly recall those awful few moments that seemed prolonged minutes, as she plucked a rose to pieces from a vase on the table. What had happened? The silence of the audience waiting for an explanation was in itself terribly impressive until she quietly remarked:

"I'm sorry I've forgotten the words, and, if you don't mind, I'll give something else!"

Her apparent composure—only apparent—her superb handling of a difficult situation won for her an even greater response than any actual number. Some thought it was a stage trick, but she was new to stage tricks and as a matter of fact rarely if ever descended to them. Picking up the threads of her work, her memory did not fail her again, and she proceeded to give her full programme, winning as pronounced a success as on her first more spectacular appearance.

This was the beginning of sixteen years of professional life as a reciter of her own compositions, during which time she not only filled hundreds of engagements but covered many thousands of miles in Canada, parts of the United States and the British Isles. The fact that she crossed the Canadian Rocky Mountains nineteen times

emphasizes the active life she led as a popular entertainer. In the early days of her public life she travelled in many a pioneer district of Western Canada, and under primitive conditions, and she received her warmest welcomes and won her greatest success in remote corners of the Cariboo Trail or in the northern stretches of the plains, up Peace River way.

HER first visit to England in 1891 was a great event in her life, though she faced the old world with trepidation, knowing that it is not easy for a "colonial," however gifted and honored at home, to win recognition in the great world centre of London. But this she did, appearing before the literati of the capital and winning her way among the highest in the land. Her drawing-room appearances always drew warm applause, and when her first book of poems, a slender volume entitled "White Wampum" was brought out in London during her first stay there, her cup of happiness overflowed and one of the dreams of her life was fulfilled.

She owed much to a favorable review of this book by Theodore Watts-Dunton that appeared in The Athenaeum, in which he quoted her poem, "In the

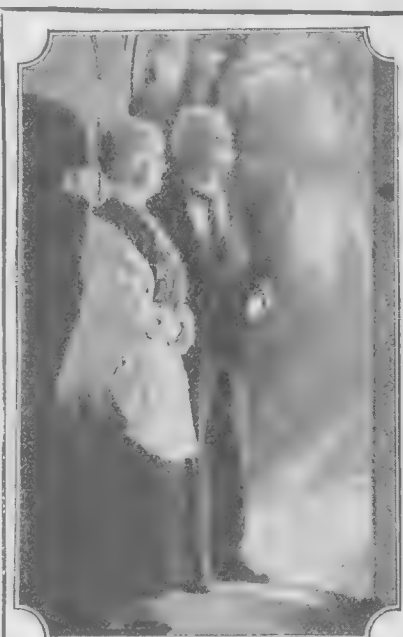


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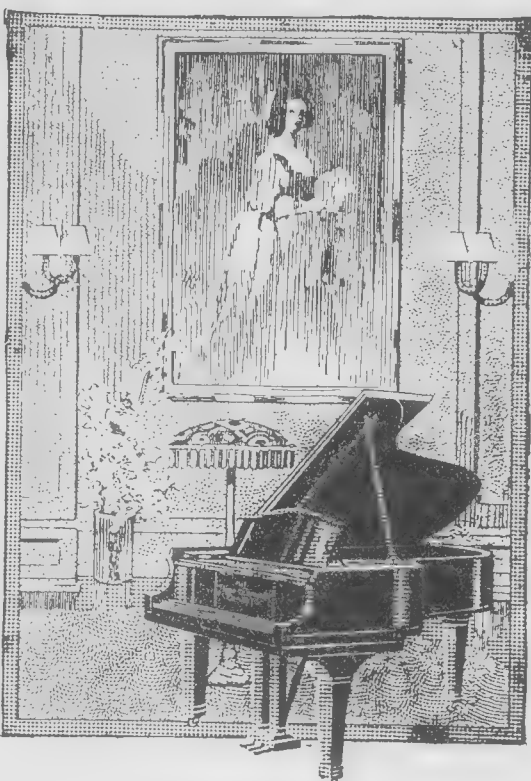
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Continued on page 64

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Recollections of Pauline Johnson

Continued from page 63

Shadows," as one which fascinated and haunted him. He wrote glowingly of "this beautiful and grand Canadian girl; a daughter of the soil. She will always figure in my memory as one of the noblest minded of the human race." This leads one to refer briefly to her literary work as a whole. Where does it stand today? and what are its prospects of continued life? It covers a wider scope than many realize. The Indian numbers naturally come to mind first, then her intensely national and patriotic ones, and the no less charming nature compositions. But her genius covered a larger range as shown in "The Art of Alma-Tadema" and the satirical poem, "Give us Barabbas," or in *vers de societe* such as "Your Mirror Frame."

It is a satisfaction to write that her work enjoys a steadily increasing popularity. Edition after edition is called for and publishers tell me that her work is being more and more studied in school and study clubs. It is too soon to predict the longevity of her literary contributions as a whole, but there are no signs, at least, of diminishing interest.

THE day came when her work was over. I have the pen with which she wrote her last compositions. She was destined, however, to pass through the vale of suffering during many months,

being afflicted with a painful and serious disease, rare in medical annals, that spelled periods of intense suffering which were always bravely borne. Her "Fight On" verses are really her defiance, in quite the indomitable spirit of the Red Indian, to the test of pain. It recalls the note that runs through "As Red Men Die." Vancouver had been chosen as her home, and she never tired of singing the praises of the kindness and sympathy shown her, not only by Vancouver people, but she had many evidences of practical sympathy from different parts of Canada. But the end came and "Finis" was written at the foot of her last line.

She was laid away in a place where, like Robert Louis Stevenson, she most desired to be. The pinch of ashes that represents her mortal frame, after cremation had done its work, were deposited in an urn and buried beneath a boulder taken from Siwash Rock—the Rock of so many of her legends—and placed in a secluded nook in Stanley Park. Never a day passes but some pilgrim makes his or her way to this grave in the forest, the stone, a veritable Rock of Ages, carrying the one word "Pauline." It is proposed, I believe, to erect a more imposing memorial of the Indian Poetess, but even it will not altogether take the place of the restful nook under the shadow of Stanley's towering giants.

The Other Miss Ketchum

Continued from page 26

thought I had a sister I—I just let you go on thinking so. It was a harmless enough thing and it was the only fun I had. Besides, it gave me such a homey feeling—to have a sister. I'd never had one, you see. I haven't anybody in the world belonging to me."

The druggist coughed, and averted his eyes. He thought he heard tears in her voice again, but he was mistaken. She was speaking calmly, almost impersonally. To any man an unmarried woman past forty is the least interesting object in the world. He stirred restlessly, afraid of a scene.

"... And so I invented—the other Miss Ketchum," she continued, in the same level voice. "I made her everything I had wanted to be, myself. She was clever, successful, popular—or as much all these things as I could make her. I just sort of changed my whole personality Sundays and holidays, as soon as I got away from the boarding-house. It's odd what imagination can do! I got so that I believed in the two sisters, myself. I even made a few friends, but I was very careful to see them only when I was the other Miss Ketchum, was very careful not to introduce them to—to myself, my tired-out week-day self. And up in my little

hall-room sometimes I talked to her, pretended she was sitting there opposite me, gay, loving, careless. . . . She was great company."

Miss Ketchum rose abruptly. "It's only my landlady wants the rat poison," she said. "But if you're still afraid, why, she must come for it herself, I suppose. I wonder why you thought I wanted to—to—"

"You looked—you seemed so—why, my good woman, you should have seen your face!" he said.

She smiled a little.

"I know," she said. "I'm usually that way after a long day on my feet. But I'm neither desperate nor unhappy. I jog along. In fact I'm nearly happy—when I play my other self."

He got up and handed her the package in silence.

"You—you won't give away my poor little secret?" she pleaded pathetically. "Somehow I'd like to go on—playing the other Miss Ketchum!"

The druggist promised not to reveal it. He patted her shoulder absently. To this day he regards Miss Ketchum as an eccentric, harmless, to be sure, but more or less "queer." The other Miss Ketchum buys her rouge and powder elsewhere.

Women's Institutes

Continued from page 51

ROSSBURN had a baking powder demonstration. The Institute is looking after a soldier's son while father is receiving medical treatment in Winnipeg. A caretaker to look after the cemetery was hired. Meals served, in co-operation with Ladies' Aid, on Fair Day. A needy family given material assistance.

ROSSER entertained the Institutes from Grosse Isle, Lake Frances and Warren. Prof. Murchie gave an interesting lecture on "A Task for Manitoba Women," and Mr. Grant of the M.A.C. led in community singing.

RUSSELL had a "Touch and Take Table" at their Fair. Demonstrations by members were given at the Fair on "Candy Making" and "Home Nursing."

SIFTON sent a donation to the Robertson Camp.

SPRAGUE donated funds to help fix up cemetery. Two members were appointed to the Red Cross Committee and a sale of home cooking held, the proceeds of which went to the "Save the Children Fund."

SHORTDALE held a successful dance and picnic, the proceeds of which were expended: a portion on the piano, baseball, and on prizes for children's races.

STRATHCLAIR just recently organized an Institute with a membership of 35. Mrs. Watt paid a visit to the Institute.

TREHERNE members had a cemetery clean-up day which made a vast improvement. Mrs. Wilson who is leaving Treherne was given a small remembrance. Clothes are being made for families in need, and a quilt was sent to the Gimli Fresh Air Camp.

TUMMEL entertained the Cromarty and Roblin lodges. Miss McGougan of New Zealand gave a very interesting talk on her experiences in that place while on the Teachers' Exchange.

VALLEY RIVER was instrumental in starting a clean-up campaign at the cemetery. Financial assistance was given the management of the Rest Room. Help was sent the Robertson Camp. Short course in nursing has been arranged

Patsy Preserves—Continued from page 14

buried in the pillow. She was sobbing in her sleep.

"I couldn't help it, dear, if they weren't nice," she cried. "I tried so hard, but they just didn't come out good."

"Can't have her sobbing in her sleep like that," decided Jerry. The situation must be saved, somehow.

The next morning, at breakfast, Jerry made a suggestion. "Patsy, darling," he said, "I think you ought to visit your mother for a few days. You're tired out, and I want you to get rested up."

"Oh, my dear," replied Patsy, "I couldn't think of leaving you all alone."

"But, dearest, you must have a rest. I can worry along somehow for a day or two. I'll come down for you at the end of the week. Come, now, my dear, and say you'll go."

After much persuasion Patsy consented. "But only for a day or two," she added.

That morning Jerry telephoned to his mother-in-law.

"Say Mother," he said, "I'm sending Patsy down for a few days. I think she needs a complete rest."

Mothers-in-law have a peculiar faculty for grasping such situations.

"I understand, Jerry," she replied, "You're a good boy to be so thoughtful."

During his wife's absence, Jerry went to see Aunt Jane. Now Aunt Jane was a splendid cook, and preserves were her specialty. He explained the situation.

"Well, Jerry," she agreed, "I can do it. I can't let you have enough to replace them all, but I have enough for the purpose. Bring over your own fruit and I'll make jam out of it before it's too badly spoiled. Perhaps I can make wine from some of it. We'll see what can be done."

Under cover of night Jerry transported some of the fermented fruit from his

house to Aunt Jane's, and replaced it with some of her own delicious preserves.

At the end of the week he went down to fetch Patsy.

"Do you know, dear," he said, as they were returning on the train, "I was looking over some of your fruit, and I find that a great deal of it is O.K."

"I'm so glad," replied Patsy, "I couldn't think of telling Mamma that my canning was all wrong, so I told her the fruit was simply fine, and tasted delicious. But how do you know whether it's good or not?"

Jerry was floored for the moment.

"Er— if it's had there's bubbles," he managed to reply.

"I see," murmured Patsy, sighing contentedly.

At home, Jerry went downstairs and brought up a jar of Aunt Jane's strawberries.

"We'll have them for supper," he announced.

Patsy took her first spoonful rather gingerly.

"Oh, goody!" she exclaimed. "They are good."

"You're a wonderful cook, dear," enthused Jerry.

"These are fine!" cried Patsy, "I'm going to take a sealer of these over to Aunt Jane to show her how good they are."

"Why, you and Aunt Jane aren't in the same class," said Jerry.

"Thanks, dear," replied Patsy. Then her glance rested on the sealer which Jerry had left on the table.

"That is funny,"—she knit her brows. "this is a Gem sealer, and I bought Crown jars. I wonder how that could be. Do you know, Jerry?"

But Jerry had fled.

The Acid Test—Continued from page 15

other bedraggled blossoms to the duly awed Toughie.

"I'll swap ya the nugged fer'um," offered the latter eagerly.

"A-a-all right, I ga-ga-guess so," said the other with seeming reluctance.

The bar was placed in the pink, plump hand; the flowers transferred to the dirty, claw-like one; and, the trade was formally concluded.

Toughie clutched the priceless "orchids," and swaggered away down the street. His was the combined air of a Wall Street financier who has just put over a big merger, a cowboy bad-man in a jovial mood, and Sir Launcelot bringing home the Holy Grail.

"—Dat poor, fat rube fell for dat old gold-brick stuff. Simp-simp-simple! —Dese will sure fix me right wid Gert and den some. Or-chids, my gord!" They were orchids, indeed to Toughie.

They were orchids, indeed, to Gert; the most beautiful, and delicately tinted and rarest orchids on earth. She thought they were, so they were; and she was supremely happy.

And, way out, as Toughie would say, "in de sticks," the fat boy sat on the edge of his straw-filled bed and gazed

at the shiny brass bar. Oh, what a beauty! A genuine nugget! He fondled its smooth, bright surfaces; and laughed for simple joy of its possession.

So in the Infinite, where all things are judged according to their good, perhaps the flowers are rated "choicest orchids," and the brass bar assays twenty carat gold.

He was on the Job

The undertaker arose and said to the mourners assembled:

"If anyone present wishes to say a few words of tribute of the deceased, now is the time when the family will be glad to hear such."

A stillness prevailed, and after a few moments of silence it was broken by a young man, who arose and asked:

"Do I understand that no one wishes to make any remarks?"

"It would appear so," replied the undertaker.

"Then," asked the young man as a light came into his eye, "may I be permitted to make a few remarks about Southern California and its wonderful climate?"



"Dome of the Rock" in Jerusalem, believed to have been erected by Omar, second of the Mohammedan caliphs in A. D. 691.

Typically rugged hillside in the volcanic island of Martinique, W. I.

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"Masinasin"

An Interesting Story of the Past, Written in Stone

By URSA MAJOR

LEAVING the main trail from Milk River east we struck diagonally across an open piece of prairie on a good trail. We approached the river whose north bank is at this point higher than the adjoining prairie. Here we began to descend through a wide ravine where a most interesting formation in sandstone riveted our gaze. The bed-rock of that substance of indefinite thickness had by the subterranean pressure been forced up to a considerable height and in so doing had cracked the mass in all directions, it was evidently a process occupying ages of time. The winds using the driven sands as a chisel had enlarged the cracks and worn away the standing blocks, often more at the base until they presented a multitude of fantastic shapes. There were massive tables on huge pedestals, there was more than one sphinx, grim and immovable as those of Egypt. There were rude outlines of animals and even an engine minus the fly-wheel.

I put up at the house of the hospitable rancher—ranchers are always hospitable and like to see strangers—who told me that human skeletons had been found.

one of giant proportions, also a skull with a bullet hole through the forehead, telling of past strife. He went further and embellished the history from his own fertile imagination, to wit that the Custer massacre took place among these very stones. I said nothing but felt convinced that if that sad event took place on Canadian soil our own historians would have said so.

Of course it did not, but thousands of miles away somewhere in Montana a grave yard marks the spot where the little band of American heroes died to a man including the gallant commander who, to wipe off a certain stain on his name, asked to be sent south on the expedition which ended so disastrously.

More truthful was his description of certain writings and drawings on the perpendicular wall of sandstone about a mile up stream near the mouth of Police Coulee in a character long ago forgotten and untranslatable even by the Indians who have not so much as a tradition, as to its origin or meaning. They call it "Masinasin" (writing on

Continued on page 67



The Little Brown Home of the West

By MARION G. BRADSHAW

TRULY the most unique of all exhibits, displayed at any western fair, was the ultra-modern touring home, shown for the first time, at the Vancouver Fair, which, though in a way unique, is typically a western production. For it is constructed from the hollowed-out portion of a Douglas Fir, a tree that grows to an enormous size in the west. It is presumed that the tree from which this section was taken had reached the mature age of twenty-one hundred years. So great was its circumference at the base, that in order to obtain a cut of proportions to suit the road requirements, it was necessary to take it sixty-four feet from the base.

This rustic tubular home is twenty-three feet in length, and eight feet in diameter and weighs six tons. In appearance it is quite artistic, the rough bark is varnished. Conveniently placed fancy windows, a door at the back, and one at the side-front, give it the appearance of a place of residence.

Well set up on a strong chassis, it rides comfortably, and furnishes the owner with an excellent means of transportation.

The furnishings and fittings of the interior leave nothing to be desired, for they are as up-to-date as those found in any apartment or small bungalow of today. Installed with an electric motor, it is equipped throughout with all the newest appliances. A fireless cooker and a sink with the latest plumbing fixtures, when not in use, are cleverly concealed by hinged portions of the kitchen table. The breakfast-nook is all that a bride could wish for, with plug conveniently placed for toaster.

Indeed there are built-in features of every kind, including handy kitchen cupboards, a buffet and two clothes presses. Two davenports by day, are converted into beds by night. No housewife could have planned a house with more convenient arrangements.

The wood-work is finished in the natural shade, and varnished to bring out the grain of the wood. The smoothly-finished concave walls form a picturesque setting for the artistic light and graceful drapes.

Beneath the floor is the large water tank, into which sufficient water can be pumped for a considerable journey.

Mr. C. E. Cave, the owner of this novel touring home, was for several years a travelling salesman, his home in the city of Everett, Washington. His wife accompanied him on many of his trips, and he fears, they thus developed the wanderlust. Perhaps because the giant trees of the virgin forest appealed to him, he conceived the idea of furnishing himself with a home redolent of the forest. However that may be, he has shown a new use to which a stump can be put, and his idea is most unique. The traveller's home is proving an unusual attraction. Mr. Cave purposes touring the United States and Canada, after which he will make a trip around the world, in his little brown home of the west.

"Masinasin"—Continued from page 66

stone). There it stands, somewhat marred by some modern vandal, its mute message or record once eloquent, now unheard and probably will so remain when the attrition of future ages, after you and I who read are sleeping beneath the sod, has utterly obliterated the score leaving in its place some fantastic shape like those first seen.

A week later I was driven as near the bank of the "creek" or "coulee" as they say here as even a Ford car could go! Wishing the friendly farmer good-bye I followed the narrow foot trail first made by the buffalo and the only path whereby one could cross.

I followed it, lost it and found it again, crossed a nice level floor about an acre in extent, saw a ruined stone hut telling of some lonely life spent there. Not a sod turned, not a flower, or a sign of tillage.

Turning from this somewhat sad sight I started to climb the opposite side where the lone dweller had scooped a kind of road slanting upward. I had to sit down several times and realized that my wind at seventy-three was not quite as lasting as formerly.

The warm sun shone on me as I sat about half way up. The Chinook fresh from the bosom of its mother wrapped me in its mantle, still smelling of the sea. But it was not this I was thinking of; I have drank of the Chinooks nectar before and will again. No it was the huge rampart of sandstone opposite, most striking. The unseen and long forgotten forces of nature had lift-

ed the strata horizontally some fifty feet. The pressure, must have been uniform for there were but few fissures but the age-old sand tool had chiselled the wall at the top into the semblance of a Mediaeval Castle a mile long and fifty feet high, the creek serving as the moat and to complete the illusion it was all but dry.

There was scarp and counter-scarp—and keep, there was bastion and embrasure and tower repeated over and over again. Thought harked back to the sixteenth century. I heard the march of mailed feet; the rattle of broad swords; the ring of spurs and the sound of trumpets; and saw dimly through the shadowy avenues of the past, the troops of yeomen armed with the deadly cloth yard; quite as deadly up to three hundred yards as a Lee Metford of our day. I saw a huge nameless affair cast a stone aloft which fell at my feet. A culverin started its brazen mouth out of an embrasure. There was a loud blast and a stone ball struck the opposite bank. And then the kindly Chinook blew stronger—I awoke from my day dream—I was in southern Alberta in the twentieth century.

The rocks became such. A mass still rolling detached by the thaw rumbled into the little rill and dammed it up—so for my culverin and stone ball—I awoke also to the fact that I had still a stiff climb before me and was hungry—so I turned my back on the mediaeval day dream, reached the top panting and wishing I was twenty-five again.

Home Doctor—Continued from page 59

be needed. A cut or an open wound should be washed out with boiled, cooled water, and a little pledget of absorbent cotton used as a sponge. Throw this away. Disinfect the wound by pouring peroxide of hydrogen into it, by painting with iodine, or by anointing with carbolized vaseline.

If it is a burn do not pour water upon it, but dress at once with Carron oil. Have a bottle of this on hand ready for any emergency. It is made of equal parts of lime water and linseed oil. The two will separate in the bottle. When you wish to use it, shake vigor-

ously, and a creamy emulsion will at once be formed. This is very soothing, and with a dressing of absorbent cotton, and a bandage, will give much relief to the sufferer.

When a large area of skin is burned the results are likely to be serious, possibly fatal, so there should be no delay in seeking expert medical aid.

Every housewife, and every mother, owes it to herself and her family, to have some emergency supplies on hand. There are times when minutes mean a lot.

Radio Notes—Continued from page 39

plate a few inches square, which may be ordinary tin or other thin sheet metal. The feed-back condenser may be shielded also, although this will probably not be necessary. It will be noted that the ground wire is soldered to this shield. Be sure that all your connections are well soldered. The best way to solder them is to dissolve a little rosin in alcohol and after carefully cleaning the parts place a drop of this soldering fluid on the joint and solder with a good hot soldering iron.

How to do Fine Tuning with this Set

HAVING found your station in the manner outlined above turn your tuning knob back and forth past the station and if you notice any sign of a whistle turn back your rheostat until the whistle disappears. Then turn on a little more current by means of the vernier adjustment and as you do you will notice the signal get louder. If you turn it on too much the tube will spill over into an oscillating condition, and you will bring in whistles again and the signals will not be so loud. In that case turn back the vernier rheostat and then turn it on again gradually until you get to the very loudest point. In this way you will get the most distant reception. Do not let your tube oscillate because an oscillating condition spoils the music both for yourself and for your neighbors. The loudest signals and most distant reception are obtained by pushing the tube to the verge of oscillation as explained above. However, this set will bring in signals loudly without being pushed to the verge of oscillation. Music will come in most sweetly when only a moderate amount of regeneration or feed-back is used.

How to Tune the Set

AFTER properly connecting the batteries, aerial, and ground wire, turn on your filament current by means of the vernier rheostat. Begin with both of your condensers at zero. It should be mentioned that your dials should be so adjusted that when they read zero the plates of your condensers are all out and when your dial reads 100 the rotary plates are completely meshed within the fixed plates. Having both of your condensers set at zero turn the feed-back condenser until a slight hissing noise is heard in the phones. Now turn on your tuning condenser and you will notice that the hissing noise disappears, and then turn on your feed-back condenser a little more until you hear the hissing noise again. As a matter of fact it is desirable to turn the two condensers together. Begin by producing the slight hissing noise by means of the feed-back condenser and then as you turn on your tuning condenser follow up with the feed-back condenser turning the two condensers together so as to keep the set just at the hissing point. As your tuning condenser is moved you will note that at certain points you will hear different stations come in with a zip. If there is a whistle as you pass the station your feed-back is turned on too much and it should be turned back a little. It is very important to take great care that you do not have enough feed-back so that you pass stations with a whistle. Any whistle that you produce in your set will make a whistle in your neighbors sets. Those who live in large cities should be very careful about this as they may cause considerable annoyance to their neighbors.

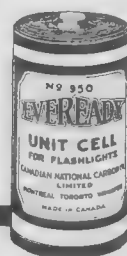
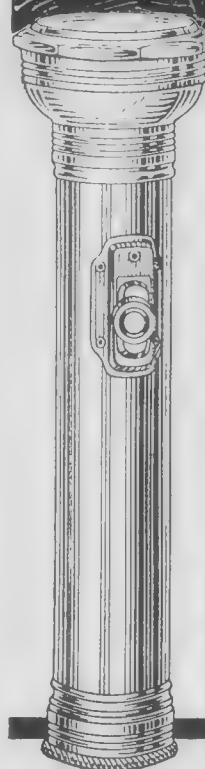


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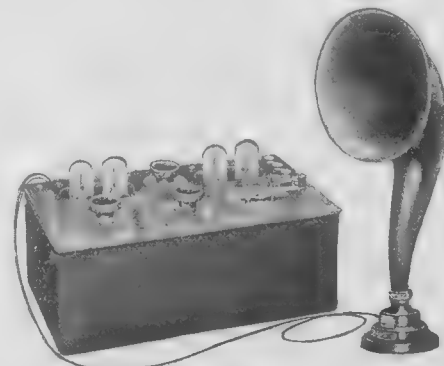


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There is probably no better, safer or more reliable stomach antiacid than Bisurated Magnesia and it is widely used for this purpose. It has no direct action on the stomach and is not a digestant. But a teaspoonful of the powder or a couple of five grain tablets taken in a little water with the food will neutralize the excess acidity which may be present and prevent its further formation. This removes the whole cause of the trouble and the meal digests naturally and healthfully without need of pepsin pills or artificial digestants.

Get a few ounces of Bisurated Magnesia from any reliable druggist. Ask for either powder or tablets. It never comes as a liquid, milk or citrate and in the bisurated form is not a laxative. Try this plan and eat what you want at your next meal and see if this isn't the best advice you ever had on "what to eat."

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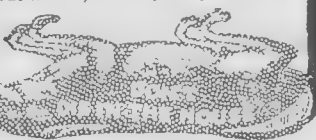
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As a Man Eateth, So Is He!

By SAMUEL F. SCOTT

IT was the late Prof. Eli Metchnikoff of Paris who propounded the theory that all human diseases have a common origin, and that the colon (large bowel) is a laboratory wherein enemy germs hold wild revel. The retention of the faeces, and their subsequent reabsorption into the blood stream through the walls of the intestines, lowers the resisting powers of the individual, thus causing toxemia, which, being interpreted, means that one's system becomes flooded with poisons, thence decay and premature death. Metchnikoff believed that the colon of man is altogether too long. When man walked on all fours, he said, the colon performed its function satisfactorily, but when he reared himself on to his hind legs and became a biped, the colon got in his way (so to speak) and outlasted its great usefulness. Evidently Metchnikoff was a "vile evolutionist." However, he concluded that if it were possible to get the colon down in some way, even by using the knife, to about half its present length, that the years of men would not be a scanty three score and ten, but over double that length. However, it appears that the colon is with us for keeps and we must seek some way other than the knife whereby that "refractory" organ may conform to our present demands. Now, these enemy germs that set up house-keeping within us are not of themselves harmful to our well-being. It seems that they throw off certain toxins (poisons) in the course of their perambulations in our inwards, and it is with this that we have to contend. What is required then is to keep these germs from propagating their species within us. Let us enquire into the cause of this wholesale plunderbund on the part of these enemy germs, and when we discover it, why, we can then shut off their source of communication with the pantry, and our problem may be solved!

Doctors J. H. Tilden, of Denver, Cal., and J. H. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, Mich., two internationally known medical investigators are, perhaps without claiming it, disciples of Metchnikoff. They have elaborated on his teachings. Dr. Tilden is a particularly commonsense student. He pins his faith entirely on Nature's remedies to the exclusion of all nostrums whatsoever. "All diseases," says this authority, "may be likened unto a string of beads, the string representing the true disease. Toxemia, and the so-called diseases which should be called affections, being represented by the beads. Break the cord and the beads are lost—correct the toxin and affections subside." Now, how are we to correct the toxin? Well, it is so simple and so inexpensive that it seems to be almost too good to be true! And it is in this way—never put your knees below the dining table, with the purpose of eating, until you are as hungry as the proverbial wolf; and then never eat to repletion. Make it one of the cardinal principles of your life, to chew your food until it becomes quite liquid. Put those implements that kill (the knife and fork) down after each mouthful, and don't dare lift them again until your molars have performed their duty of mastication thoroughly. Eat as fast as you like, but swallow slowly. If you are not really hungry, I repeat, for a meal keep away from the food table. Shun it as you would a plague infested area, and wait until Nature hits the gong ere you eat. What does it matter whether you miss a meal or two or more? Your appetite will return unto you when Nature bids it. Heed her call and live, disobey her and perish. Of all "Yahoos," the one who eats to keep up his strength, regardless of whether appetite is present or not, such a one is the chief! The one who eats regularly simply because it is meal time, but never feels real hunger, runs him a close second. Now, Tilden has something to say regarding food combinations: "Never eat very starchy foods and foods high in protein at the same meal. Non-starchy foods such as leafy vegetables, turnips, carrots, beets or

salads of same, etc., may be eaten in combination with proteins, such as red meats, cheese, etc. For instance, your regular American dinner of meat, potatoes and bread is taboo. The argument presented is that these foods call out acid and alkaline secretions for their digestion at the same time, and these in turn being at opposite poles, neutralize each other, so that an internal warfare ensues during the gastronomic process, and poisons are automatically generated in which enemy germs flourish; but the cornerstone of Tilden's theory is: "When you have any uneasy bodily feeling whatsoever, stop eating! and when hunger asserts itself, follow a fruit diet until you are entirely relieved of your malady." Tilden is convinced that overeating and wrong combinations are the prime causes of all our diseases. The average adult's colon is engorged all the time, which makes a happy hunting-ground for germs that are decidedly unfriendly. Disease, it appears, is not caused by the germs, indeed the opposite is the truth. The germ is the result of the disease. The duty of the germ is to clean up the trouble or infesta. It is a scavenger in a measure, but while cleaning up the mess, it exudes poisons, which our system absorbs. However, without the action of the enemy germ or microbe, human life would soon disappear, so that we may refer to these germs as our friends the enemy. The estimated number of microbes in the digestive tract is 411,000,000,000. A few billion more or less would not be likely to cause any serious difference. Hibernating animals have very few. Where the least food is eaten, there will be fewer bacteria.

Consider this well my overfed brother. Go without food when you have that next attack of your "favorite" malady, and you will not kill yourself, but you will oust the disease. When one understands the wonderful health-giving qualities of the fast, he will have no more fear of disease or dying prematurely from same. And as for microbes, when you meet one face to face, the "faster" can tweak its nose with impunity. Edison has recently stated that we do not know a thousandth part of one per cent. about that commonest of all things, food. Verily, "the wisdom of man is foolishness," etc.

Nevertheless, we do know that good food can be transformed into a virulent poison when eaten beyond the real needs of the body. We hear a great deal these days about Calories (heat units), until the man in the street is befogged regarding such things, but one

who has experienced the fasting cure can hold these in derision!

And as for vitamins! Why, they camp on a faster's trail and offer themselves abundantly in vicarious sacrifice on his altar. Yea, all Nature will rise up and ally herself with him who has discovered that gem of great value—Abstemiousness!

Now, Doctor Kellogg warns us that all excess is dangerous. Two meals per day is sufficient for most adults, particularly sedentary workers. The important part of Kellogg's theory is that we should have free evacuations after every meal, so that waste products may not remain long enough in the colon to generate poisons. Kellogg is a vegetarian, but that's another story. He urges the free use of cellulose, such as bran, agar-agar, or other coarse materials, whereby peristalsis may be greatly increased. He also considers that abstinence from food should be universally employed to oust disease.

Fasting is no new thing or fad. Ancient worthies practised it, indeed it was often a part of their religion. It is as old as the human race. Its very simplicity and freedom from expense are the barriers against its employment that are difficult to break down. It is not a popular indoor sport like feasting, and there is no mysticism surrounding it to make it attractive. Where Nature desires to be plain man seeks for hidden meaning. Man adores the mysterious and that is the reason why so many strolling healers "catch on!" Fasting might be included under the heading of "Lost Arts," using that term in its broadest sense. Perhaps the combination of plain natural foods and fast days were largely the reason why men lived to be so very old in biblical times.

The late Lord Strathcona, who was Canada's High Commissioner at London, lived well unto the 100 mark, and for 50 years he ate only two meals per day, also fasted frequently. "The doctors tell me," he said, "that two meals per day is not sufficient for one of my age, but it appears to suit me."

The late Dr. Tanner, of fasting fame, went on his 30-day fast with the avowed intention of curing his rheumatism, which it did before the fast period ended! Dr. Tanner died not very long ago at the advanced age of 94. Now, it is not my purpose to minimize the great power wielded by one's mind over the body. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," although I expect that the medicine referred to was not the "Latinized" kind known to us! But when you find people making such sweeping statements as: "All is mind" or "That the only true thing that can be said about matter is that it does not exist," and you discover that these very people have in their midst a member sick unto death, and even the so-called healers themselves are often urgently in need of a physician, it is high time to enquire into their sanity. That little chemist of Lille, Emile Coue, took the U.S.A. by storm recently, and left behind him his legacy of "Day by Day," etc., which is on nearly everybody's lips. It reminds me of Mark Twain's "Punch brothers, punch with care," etc., which, if kept up long enough, one would succeed in abandoning one's mind to it. Coueism appears to be a form of Christian science with God left out. It would be interesting to learn just how many of these mentally-cured sick have stayed cured?

Now, I have great sympathy with sick people! I know from sad experience what it means to be ill, but I say emphatically that you can repeat any formula whatsoever. You may endeavor to bring your will or imagination to bear upon your malady till the lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea, but you will do so in vain. You will only be a boot-strap lifter. As long as your colon is perpetually engorged, you need not expect relief. You may supplicate high heaven on your knees, but if you persist in eating beyond the needs of your body, heaven will not hear you. My friend, what would you



James Edward Rowe, presented with a cheque for \$250 and a Savings Bank Certificate for \$250, being the winner in the contest for "The Empire's Bonniest Baby" in his age class of from 9 months to 2 years. Competitors from Britain, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and other parts of the Empire took part. The contest was conducted in Ontario by the Toronto Star, to whom we are indebted for this photograph.

have God do? Take away your dis-easiness? Give you back your appetite, so that you may wallow once more in the flesh pots? What you really ask is that your Creator be a party to your crime! Well, you have yet to learn that God is a law-giver, not a law-breaker! Nature is His law. Keep within her boundaries or you will perish before your allotted span.

Please do not misunderstand me. I do not urge anyone to fast when real hunger is apparent; but you will require to distinguish between appetite and real hunger.

Appetite! Appetite! All is appetite and ill health! Appetite is largely a matter of habit. Real hunger is what the forest denizens know when hunting is poor.

A gnawing at the stomach is not necessarily real hunger. More than likely it is the protest of that outraged organ when partly emptied of its putrifying contents. All dyspeptics have it. Real hunger is not felt in any particular spot. It is an all over feeling. Youth is acquainted with it, but age, through stomach desecration and gluttony, is denied the real pleasure of scenting meals from afar off. We carry over our college capacities into the life of the counting-house. We do not have the exercise to help eliminate wastes, and sooner or later we sink into the valetudinarian class.

But you say: Everybody eats regularly three times a day? Quite so, but most middle-aged people have something wrong with them. How many of your lady friends (married) have not had an operation? My friend, if you persist in desecrating your old stomach three times a day no matter whether there is a real body need for nourishment or not, you are headed for the hay, and if you are not a very hardy specimen the chances are that you may never leave it under your own steam or volition, particularly if you are unfortunate enough to have attendants who believe in feeding you to keep up your strength.

Tell a sick friend that he is suffering from auto-toxemia, otherwise plain gluttony, and he will likely laugh you to scorn, provided there is a laugh left in his poor pain-racked body. His haus frau may hasten to explain that her lord has eaten almost nothing since he became ill. Quite true, but she forgets how assiduously she plied her culinary art for years previously so that her adored one's strength might be equal to life's stern struggle. Acute disease does not come upon us like a thief in the night. Nature invariably warns the individual for years ahead of a crisis. You had a headache, or a succession of colds, or aches in divers places. For the headache you took salts or an aspirin tablet for the catarrhs you bought a tonic-builder. You were run down and needed somebody's "elixir" of oil. Of course, you felt better for a time, simply because you succeeded in fooling yourself, but you didn't fool Old Dame Nature. No siree! She has boxed your ears. You will have to learn why! Nature is inexorable! She is only "Red in beak and claw with ravin," because man has forced her to assert herself! She is a fairy godmother, in whose wand is the healing touch for those who obey. Give Nature a chance and she will make your age frosty but kindly!

Of course, there are other things that go to round out a healthy body. Proper exercise, fresh air, are of vital importance, but these of themselves will avail not if you have not made your place with the chief of them all—namely, diet.

Doctor's Orders

Late one night an old colored uncle was found in the preacher's barnyard.

"Why, Uncle Rastus," said the preacher sternly, "it can't be good for your rheumatism to be prowling round here in the rain and cold."

"Doctor's orders, sah," the old man answered.

"Doctor's orders?" said the preacher. "Did he tell you to go prowling round all night?"

"No, sah, not exactly, sah," said Uncle Rastus; "but he done order me chicken broth."

The Canadian Pacific Railway and The Canadian People

IN order that the people of Canada may have a clear understanding of the relation of the Canadian Pacific to the national interest and to the interest of the people individually, we have chosen the press of Canada as the medium through which to make a series of statements in which will be frankly told the story of the beginning and development of the road, and its services to Canada.

We believe the people of Canada will be interested in these statements. We believe when the people of Canada know and understand the relation of the Canadian Pacific to the country that the Company will continue to receive its due measure of esteem and public confidence. The Canadian Pacific frankly desires this esteem and confidence because it is good business for a great corporation to be on terms of good will with its customers—the public.

Canada and the Canadian Pacific Railway must continue together the work of nation-building that was begun the day the C.P.R. commenced to fling its steel rails from coast to coast. This co-operation has been in the nature of a great partnership for the advancement of mutual interests.

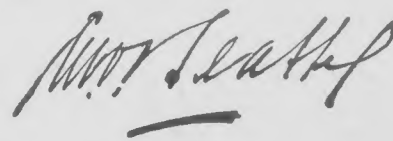
It is one of the proudest pages of Canadian Pacific history that no government, no province, no community has ever lost a dollar through this national partnership. The record of the railway for forty years reveals one unbroken course of constructive achievement.

The creed of the Canadian Pacific has been to carry its own burdens, and to proceed with cautious and well-measured plans for the steady, forward march of its own and the national progress. Exploitation is unknown in its annals, despite the tremendous difficulties of financing in the lean eighties. For every dol-

lar received from the nation, the Canadian Pacific has contributed an abundant dividend in national progress.

The partnership of mutual advancement must remain unbroken. It must not be weakened nor jeopardized by misunderstanding or lack of knowledge of the facts, so that the Canadian Pacific may continue to do its full share toward the greater development of Canada, as it has so abundantly proven its ability to do in the past.

The Canadian Pacific asks only to be judged by its past record and to be measured only by the service it renders. It makes no appeal for business on grounds of sentiment, but, confronted by such appeals, it does ask that its national significance, its record as a nation-builder and its world-wide services to Canada, be remembered.



Chairman and President.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

It Spans the World

What Better Christmas Gift Than

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When you send The Western Home Monthly into a home you send a full year of entertainment, inspiration, helpfulness and counsel. For its helpful household departments, for its constructive editorials, for its splendid fiction, it is appreciated and enjoyed wherever it goes. And the rate is only \$1.00 a year.



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To every person whom you honor with this most pleasant and worth while gift, we will mail, in your name, for arrival on Christmas Day, a superb, full-color announcement card. You do not pay a penny for this announcement—in itself an unusually attractive holiday messenger—it is mailed FREE to each person for whom you order a year's copies sent as a Christmas gift.

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Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY for one year, also Christmas Greeting Card, to

from



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"IN READING THERE IS KNOWLEDGE"

The Summer Competition

MY FLOWER DIARY

WELL Boys and Girls, but chiefly girls, I am very proud of you and your work for the Cosy Corner!

If I were very rich or the Western Home Monthly were very rich, you should all have a prize for nearly all the diaries were splendid, and some were so very good that I must mention them here. Mildred Huffman has won the prize of a camera, and though only ten years old has made a lovely little diary. She made the book, made the cover, illustrated it, pressed flowers and fastened them in, and wrote about each a most entertaining little note, finishing up with an Onion blossom with a cap and gown made of colored paper and underneath these words: "Hello, I am Mrs. Onion. They put me in the back of the book because I'm the strongest. I came from the garden." Under the golden rod, were the words: "This golden rod with its name so true, I found along the wayside grew." You can see that Mildred was not only neat in her work but original and clever, and she well deserves the prize. Evelyn Gaetz, who is one of our old friends, having won the prize last year too, will receive a book on wild flowers for her beautifully neat diary, illustrated with water color sketches, and filled with very neat notes.

Marjorie Craig of Macleod has made a most original cover for her diary. It is composed of wrapping paper, and tied with black ribbon, and lettered in black, with a tiny sketch of a flower in black underneath. Marjorie has sketched all the flowers whose names she did not know in the back of the book, and we shall try to supply these for her. Mabel Buschert of Carstairs has made her own book and illustrated it, and Beatrice Palmer and Florence Taylor have made tiny illustrations in their very neat books. In fact, as I said before, all the books are so good that I can only say again I am very proud of you, and I am sure that a group of girls who have used their eyes and their fingers to such advantage this summer will have learned a great deal that will be a pleasure to them all their lives.

Camera to Mildred Huffman (age 10), Eyebrow, Sask.

Book on Wild Flowers to Evelyn Gaetz, Red Deer, Alta.

Gold Buttons to Beatrice Palmer, Grassy Lake, Alta.; Muriel Vansickle, Airdrie, Alta.; Name unknown, from Edberg, Alta.; Florence E. Taylor, Reaburn, Man.; Jessie Brown (address unknown); Loraine Asleson, Glentworth, Sask.; Jean F. Pielon, East Braintree P.O., Man.; Mabel Buschert, Carstairs, Alta.; Marjorie Craig, Macleod, Alta.; Freda Heritage, Elkhorn, Man.

Honourable Mention: Lenora D. Christensen, Horsefly, B.C.; Ruth Goldsmith, Pilot Mound, Man.; Lillian Hornby, Armstrong, B.C.; Edith E. Driver, Glenora, Duncan, B.C.; Verna L. Stevenson, Cayer P.O., Man.; Phyllis Caper, Box 47, Courtenay, B.C.; Marliese Ferguson, Rocanville, Sask.; Laura C. Gross, Hodgeville, Sask.

Prize winners in Doll Competition for July, Ardith Sammons, 367 Harcourt St., St. James; Edith Thrift, 751 Garwood Ave., Winnipeg; Marion Haviland, Kincaid, Sask.; Alice Sawyer, Box 19, Morse, Sask.; Evangeline Peele, Pigeon Bluff, Man.; Etta Cowan, Revelstoke, B.C.; Barbara L. Pielon, East Braintree P.O.

August—Beulah Abbott, Strome, Alta.; Lila M. Quance, Robson, B.C.; Adelaide Cheney, 718 2nd Ave. N.W., Calgary; Dorothy M. Hyndman, Box 68, Wilkie, Sask.; Edith Barlow, Bainberton, B.C.; Norma C. Paterson, Quimper, Sask.; Catherine Weir, Melfort, Sask.; Lettie Laws, 92 3rd St. E., Medicine Hat, Alta.; Rose Wright, 78 Chetwood St., St. Catharines, Ont.; Leonard Laine, Forest Farm P.O., Ont.; Lois McIntyre, Red Deer,

Alta.; Gretchen McNaughton, Champion, Alta.; Dorothy Sales, 2529 16a St., Calgary; Rose Framstone, 448 Bowman Ave. E. Kildonan, Man.; B. Hobbs, Grosse Ways Inn, Huntspill, Somerset, England. Ruth Northcott, Lake McGregor, Alta.; Wm. Henderson, 1st Ave., Kelliker, Sask.; Gladys Harrington, Ardath, Sask.; Audrey Cumming, Viking, Alta.; Louie Puhze, Lettonia, Man. (excellent); Lillian Rice, 1256 6th Ave. S., Lethbridge, Alta.; Eva M. Earle, 1729 28th Ave. S.W., Calgary; Edith E. Driver, Glenora, Duncan, B.C.; Dorothy Redman, Salt Springs P.O., B.C.; Margaret Platts, Macleod, Alta.; Ruth Stein, 11014, 125th St., Edmonton, Alta.

Best Colored Pictures for September.

THE neatest and prettiest was done by Vivian Hannan, 959 Pembroke St., Victoria, B.C.

And the other prize-winners are: Bessie Munro, Gilbert, Alta.; Gwen Stubbs, 1004, 7th Ave., Lethbridge; Margaret Little, 2360 Corkman St., Oak Bay, Victoria, B.C.; Mary Sabe, Esterhazy, Sask.; Alice Prette, 1155 Bridge St., Medicine Hat; Lily Thorowgood, Box 375, Rossland, B.C.; Harold Thompson, Theodore, Sask. (aged 6); Irene Chappell, Box 131, Blairmore; Doreen Round, Box 314, Banff, Alta.; Richard Dockrill, 140 Queen St., Hamilton, Ont.; Grace E. Wilson, Glen Elmo, Man.; Myrtle Vickers, Bredenbury, Sask.; Elveca Brown, Macklin, Sask.; Leila M. Qu'ance, Robson, B.C.; Olive Grose, Keyes, Man.; Jean Scott, 1031 St. George Ave., N. Vancouver; Ruth MacKechan, 2726 Main St., Vancouver; Flora Mercer, Model Farm, Sask.; Doreen Thurston, MacDonald, Man.; Jessie Brown, 651 Nicola St., Kamloops; Edith Parry, 439, 59th Ave. E., Vancouver; Lois Alcock, 1033, 124th St., Edmonton; Raymond Smith, Theodore, Sask.; Elizabeth Rutherford, 1725, 28th Ave., Edmonton; Rose Fanstone, 448 Bowman Ave., E. Kildonan, Man.

The Boy Scouts' Jamboree

A STORY for the boys this time, but of course girls may read it too, and I hope, enjoy it. This is a true story. I remember when I was small and my brothers were small too that one of them always asked before hearing a story or reading it: "Is it a true story?" and, if it wasn't, he had no use for it. Well, this is a true story, and all about the Boy Scouts. This summer Bobby Burke followed the world to Wembley. The very first Saturday after we reached the great city of London I saw that the Prince of Wales was to review the Boy Scouts at their Jamboree at Wembley and so I made up my mind to be there and right after luncheon a lovely sunny afternoon, we started. Wembley is about twelve miles from London, and we travelled by a railway known as the Metropolitan. There are two railway systems that run through London, the Metropolitan and the Tube. The Tube is a great tunnel which lies 180 feet below the city and through which trains run night and day. It is reached by an elevator that carries you down, down, down. The daylight never penetrates there and the rumble of the trains shakes the ground above so that you may lie in bed in London and hear the Underground rumble beneath you like thunder, and feel it shake your house. The Metropolitan is only partly underground, but comes up like a gopher at most of its stations, and when it reaches the outlying parts of the city it travels entirely above ground. You may go to Wembley by bus, too, but that takes too long for people who are holidaying, and so we took the Metropolitan at Notting Hill Gate and travelled on the road called

the Inner Circle, because it is circular and you always return to your starting place if you stay on long enough. The Inner Circle train took us to Baker street, the terminus station, where trains from all over London come in, and passengers change to other lines. Here by following the electric signs which are everywhere, we soon found a train for Wembley. The English trains are not like our Canadian trains, the cars are all divided into sections or compartments and these compartments seat eight people, and a door opens directly on to the platform, so that you only see the people in your own compartment. The English engines are very tiny, almost like toys, but they whizz along at a great rate, and very soon we were at Wembley and climbing a long flight of stairs that lead to the entrance. As soon as we were inside the gates we began to see interesting things, but we had hardly time to glance at the beautiful buildings as we hurried along for fear we would be late for the jamboree. We passed the big industrial building, and some of the band stands, glanced in at Australia's lovely building, and even rushed into one door of the Canadian building, and there saw a small boy in a messenger's cap with "Canada" printed across it. We asked him a question and found he was the kind of "Canydyan" that was born in London—he was a Cockney boy. What a pity some of our boys couldn't have been over there! Well, we hurried on, and finally reached the tremendous stadium—the largest that has ever been built. After walking as it seemed, miles, we finally found the right entrance for which our tickets called, and there we found the smallest gates you ever saw; how all the fat people got in I don't know; however we were all pretty thin so we didn't stick, and in we went, and there were the boy scouts, not a troop, nor even ten troops, but ten thousand boy scouts! Many of them were massed in the seats around the huge organ and others were scattered everywhere through the audience; white boys from Australia, New Guinea, New Zealand, Wales, England, Ireland and Scotland; black boys and yellow boys from Borneo, the West Indies, Africa, Asia, Sumatra, India, and every part of the British Empire except—where do you think? CANADA. Not a Canadian boy scout was there to carry the banner of Canada in the Empire procession. The first thing on the programme was a pageant written by a scout master and acted by the boys. It was the discovery of Australia and its settlement. There were great scenes; there was a fight; there was a demonstration of making fire with two sticks rubbed together; there was boomerang throwing; there was the coming of Captain Cook, in a boat which was miraculously rowed across the dry land (but let me whisper, I could see the feet of the rowers walking very hard underneath). There was the crowning of Australia and the bringing of gifts to her from all the country. After this came demonstrations of gymnastics of all kinds. Some boys did splendid tumbling, while others built pyramids and made various figures with their bodies; in the meantime a bridge-building group had built a tower up which a scout climbed and hung out the flag. In fact it was like trying to watch all three rings of a circus at once. One person would say: "Oh, look at those boys tumbling; aren't they fine?" and meanwhile someone else would be clapping a wrestling match or something else that was very well done. And then suddenly all these interesting things were over, and the whole stadium was cleared, and the organ pealed out a march and in his box the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the chief scout, stood up at attention, and from one of

the great gates the march past of the Empire began. Each group was preceded by two small boys bearing a card which gave the name of the country from which they came; then came the flag of that country and the colors of the troop, and as each passed the prince's box the colors were dipped and the prince saluted. Flag after flag, troop after troop, they came marching, until finally the whole tremendous circle of the stadium was one great marching line of boy scouts. Suddenly a troop of little naval scouts broke ranks and took up their position around a flag-staff in the centre, making a circle about as large as a large room. Inside the circle the Prince and Sir Robert took their position by the flag. Just as the word of command was given and each scout faced towards the centre the rain began; however, this was England, and no one seemed to mind much. Facing towards the small circle at another word of command, every boy began to run until the whole stadium was filled with scouts running towards the centre. They pressed close in to the little naval scouts until they formed a solid band around them, then they knelt and over their heads the organ rolled out "Land of Hope and Glory," and "God Save the King." Another quick word and every boy rose, and separating just enough to give elbow room, they raised their hats on their staffs and cheered, throwing up their hats altogether, then gave the howls, cheered again, and turned and ran back to their places, and slowly began to march away. It was a great sight, and one I shall never forget, and I am sure that every boy who was there will remember that day all his life. That night the Prince stayed in camp and sang at the bonfires and so ended one of the days of the Great Boy Scout Jamboree at Wembley.

School Again!

SOME of you think you are very much abused, I expect, because holidays are over and you have been back at school a whole month. Some of you are sure that nothing could be more uninteresting than your readers are—and yet—read what your great-grandfathers and grandmothers had to learn in grade 1 and see how you would like to have such gloomy things given to you. These verses and the horrible little story were taken from old readers that belong to people in Winnipeg, they are not just invented—so cheer up and think how lucky you are to have the nice cheerful books that you use in schools now.

In Adam's fall
We sinned all.
My Book and heart
Must never part.
Young Obadias
David, Josias,
All were pious.
Young Timothy
Learnt sin to fly.
Xerxes must die
And so must I.

Our days begin with trouble here,
Our life is but a span,
And cruel Death is always near
So frail a thing is man.

The Valley of Bones

This is the place to which we come at last! Here the poor lamp of life goes out, and the light of eternity begins to blaze. Here the weary rest, and the slave drops his chain and is free. Have our deeds in life been good or bad; have we been rich or poor, proud or humble, we all come at last to the valley of dry bones.

At this point the king and the clown, the wit and the fool, the fair skin and the brown, sink to the same level, and are equals. The trump of peace, the cannon's roar, Shall never break their slumbers more; For death shall keep his silent trust, Commingled with its mother dust.

Classified Department

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of poultry, farm lands, farm machinery, etc., or if you want help or employment, remember that the Classified columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 5c per word. Minimum 75c per insertion. Special rate of six insertions for the price of five. Cash with order.

STAMPS

STAMPS—100 different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges, album, 15 cents; large packet, album, with war stamps, 25 cents; ask for bargain approvals. We buy stamps; large lots, for spot cash. Marks Stamp Company, Toronto, Canada. **tf**

COLLECTORS—LARGE PACKET SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE! Postage Three Cents. Stamp Co., Dept. WHM., Britannia Beach, B.C. **tf**

STAMPS—200 Fine Varieties. Airpost, Ireland, Madagascar, etc., 30c. Free Premiums. Approvals. D. Bruce, 2518, 15½ St., N.W., Calgary, Alta. **10-24**

FOR SALE

WANT to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. **11-24**

REAL COLLIE PUPS—Father is a registered direct descendant of "Clinker," World's Champion, sold for \$12,500. Reg'd males \$13. Females \$11. Unreg'd., \$10 and \$8. Get a good dog to drive your cattle. Percy Neale, Lovat, Sask. **2-25**

GERMAN POLICE PUPS Strongheart's cousins, from prize-winning stock; wolf-grey, and black-and-tan, registered, from \$50 up. Highland Kennels, New Dundee, Ont. **10-24**

WANTED—To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. **10-24**

SILVER PATCH and Red Foxes. T. R. Lyons, Waterville, N.S. **11-24**

BOOTS AND SHOES AT SACRIFICE PRICES. Ladies latest style shoes \$1.98, values up to \$6.00. Boots same price. Men's high grade boots, black or brown, \$2.98, values up to \$7.00. Boys and Misses boots and shoes \$1.98, values up to \$5.00. Sent by mail postpaid. State size. Greatest values ever offered in Canada. A trial will convince you. Money returned if not satisfactory. George G. Grattan, Mfg. Agent, New Glasgow, Que. **tf**

"ONE DIP" PEN, writes 600 words with one dip. Price, .08c each; 2 for 15c.; 6 for 25c. Vern Hawken, Darlingford, Man. **11-24**

GERMAN GOVERNMENT BONDS FOR SALE—One hundred million, in large or small lots. We don't promise that you get rich in a day buying these, but we do think that they should show a reasonable profit. The advertiser sold yesterday, Sept. 15th, half million 1915 5% German Gov. Bonds for eleven hundred dollars that had a market value last January of but eight dollars. Write for price and particulars of the 1923 German Gov. Bonds. Apply Box 54 A, Perth, Ont. **11-24**

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—Sell low priced kitchen necessity. Quick sale. Square deal, Premier Mfg. Co., Dept. M-5, Detroit, Mich. **tf**

CLEAN UP THIS YEAR. Wonderful new fast seller. Goes like wildfire. Enormous profits. Write quick. Free particulars. Mission, Factory 52, 56w Pitt, Windsor, Ont. **tf**

AGENTS—Wonderful New Fire Extinguisher. Excels work of heavy high-priced devices. Price of only \$2.00 makes an easy sale to every home and automobile owner. Over 100% profit. 40,000 already sold. Investigate today. Pyro Fire Extinguisher Company, 605 Echo Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. **tf**

GREETING CARDS FOR CHRISTMAS—Everybody a purchaser. Reliable representatives only, wanted for Canada's best selection. Men and women make ten to twenty dollars weekly in spare time. Satisfaction or money returned. Write, Manufacturers, 122 Richmond West, Toronto. **10-24**

AGENTS—FREE—One pair fourteen inch regular thirty cent knitting needles and up to date knitting instructions with a pound of yarn. Write for particulars and sample card showing forty shades of two ply and four ply yarn, including heather mixtures, suitable for hand or machine knitting. Donalda Mfg. Co., Dept. 156, Toronto. **tf**

HELP WANTED

ONE MAN WANTED IN EACH COUNTY to appoint agents to sell our "Magic Gas"; a guaranteed product; new discovery; equals gasoline at 3 cents a gallon, \$1.00 box gives 500 miles; \$500 monthly easy. Write quick. P. A. Lefebvre & Co., Alexandria, Ont. **10-24**

WANTED, REPRESENTATIVES to show samples of Personal Christmas Cards, \$20-\$50.00 weekly easily earned—full or spare time—a beautiful portfolio of samples free. Experience unnecessary. Weekly payment. Get details. Toothill's (Canada) Ltd., Galt Bldg., Winnipeg. **10-24**



FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN

All Railroads. Beginners: \$150 to \$250 monthly; later as Conductors or Engineers, \$300-\$400 monthly.

Railway Association, Box 23 Western Home Monthly, Wpg.

PATENTS

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.—The old established firm. Patents everywhere. Head office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto; Ottawa office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet free. **tf**

MARSDEN AND BROMLEY, Canadian Pacific Railway Building, Toronto. Patent Attorneys, Development Engineers. Worldwide Patent Connections. Interesting booklet and advice regarding patentability absolutely free. **11-24**

MISCELLANEOUS

PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS—Save time, worry and money. Order our special complete baby outfit—44 pieces, best material—\$15.95 f.o.b. Winnipeg. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Mrs. McKenzie, 235 Donald St., Winnipeg. **10-24**

PATENT MEDICINES, drug sundries, prescriptions unobtainable elsewhere, procured from all parts of the world. Rutan Drug Store, 2579 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. **10-24**

IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER we have it—Write us and mention your wants. Camera Supply Co., Box 2704, Montreal. **tf**

\$5 DAILY AT HOME—Either sex; experience unnecessary. Write to The New Building Agency, Dept. R., Hull, Quebec. **10-24**

ORIENT—SECRETS—Lovely things made from colored salt. Vases, Jardiniers, Dolls, Beads, Etc. Formula worth thousands, 35c. Gold lace formula 20c. Write—quick. Mrs. Chase, Box 33, Keremeos, B.C. **10-24**

MINK—Ranch bred. Largest ranch in Canada. Ten years' experience. Our illustrated booklet, 50 cents. Stanstead Fur Farm, Stanstead, Quebec. **3-25**

FREE NOVELTY CATALOGUE Listing Novelties, Books, Masquerade Supplies, Decorative Goods, Quilting pieces and also goods suitable for Picnics, Carnivals and Bazaars. United Sales Co., Station B, Winnipeg, Man. **10-24**

WILL 1925 BE LUCKY for you? Send questions, birthdate, \$1.00! Dreams interpreted, 25c. Clairvoyant! Detective work a Specialty. Nellie Lewis, Psychologist, Silver Lake, Ore. **10-24**

HOME WORK—We require parties to knit men's wool socks for us at home, either with machine or by hand. Send stamp and addressed envelope for information. Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co., Orillia, Ont. **4-25**

BE A DETECTIVE. Excellent opportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, Dept. 75, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, N.Y. **3-25**

GET MATRICULATION or a higher teacher's certificate at home. Scores of successful students at June examination. Single subjects taught and special inducement to those who register for junior and honor matriculation combined. Get free booklets. Over quarter century of success in mail tuition. Canadian Correspondence College, Dept. 12, 78 King St. East, Toronto, Ont. **1-25**

ONE 1,000,000,000,000 GERMAN MARK Banknote \$1.00. Twenty 100,000,000 Banknotes \$1.00. Rivers Hicks, Kentville, Nova Scotia. **1-25**

PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Twelve bright Beautiful Cards, 4-inch by five inches, with envelopes. Each card a different design and greeting. Printed with your name and address and mailed postpaid for \$1. Money returned if not satisfied. Best value in Canada—Parker's Printing Press, 622 Gerrard East, Toronto. **10-24**

WRITERS

AUTHORS' MANUSCRIPTS TYPED—G. Arthur Hallam, The Manuscript Man, 212 7th Avenue W., Calgary, Alberta. **12-24**

MUSIC ARRANGEMENTS for song poems. Liberal terms. Advice, criticism free. Jury, 74 York St., London, Ont. (Fourth year of successful writing). **10-24**

AUTHORS' BUREAU, 30 St. Mary's St., Toronto, Ont. Constructive criticism of stories, articles, and poems by experienced writer. Rates—short stories, \$1.00; poems, 25c; books by arrangement. Highest references. **3-25**

STAMMERING

ST-STU-T-T-T-TERING and Stammering cured at home; instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 109 Potomac Bank Bldg., Washington, D.C. **tf**

Magazine Solicitors

Wanted men or women to solicit subscriptions for Crochetcraft. Wonderful opportunity. For Canada only. Address THE BOYD IMPORT & MFG. Co., 519 Perry-Payne Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

Real Harris Tweed

Direct from the makers by post, \$2.00 per yard, carriage paid. Patterns free on request.

S. A. Newall & Sons,
85, Stornoway Scotland





WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



The Wise Side of True Humor

A true sense of humor teaches us when not to get funny.—Brandon Sun.

Where Their Interest Lies

The only role that interests some politicians is the public pay-roll.—New York World.

A Way of Roasting Pork

Another way to roast pork is to bawl out the road hog.—Moosomin World-Spectator.

The Better Way

Advice to be remembered at grade crossings: Say it with brakes, and save the flowers.—Vancouver World.

The Answer is—What?

Are we to believe, then, that man is a superior creature who elects creatures of inferior intelligence to govern him?—Brooklyn Eagle.

How Times Have Changed!

The boy who once wished his dad had a candy store now has a son who wishes his dad had a filling station.—Niagara Falls Review.

The Ways of the Transgressors

It is estimated that automobiles have increased good roads 87 per cent and bandits 76 per cent.—Hamilton Spectator.

What Keeps Conversation Going

The less of it they have, the more people seem obsessed with the inclination to speak their mind.—Victoria Times.

It Is There to Stay

New York was founded three hundred years ago. But it's too late now to do anything about it.—London Passing Show.

Many Expectations in Politics Fail

One of the most pathetic sights in the political world is a lame duck counting his chickens before they are hatched.—Toronto Telegram.

Statue Recognition

Statues are frequently erected to men who shocked a lot of people by doing what made them famous.—Halifax Herald.

The Burgling Industry

Burglars at Winnipeg carried a safe two miles before breaking it open to find that it was empty. This goes to show the strong, persevering, resourceful, patient type of burglar that is being developed in the Canadian west.—Kingston Whig.

U.S. to Import Our Wheat

Year by year the United States is becoming a less important competitor against Canada in the sale of wheat in the foreign market. The time cannot be far distant when the United States will be importing large supplies of Canadian wheat.—Edmonton Journal.

A Chance for the Tower

Work is to be resumed shortly on the completion of the tower of the parliament building at Ottawa. As the house will not be in session the work will not be blocked by the confusion of tongues that checked similar operations at Babel.—Vancouver Province.

Useful Citizens

The man who runs his farm thoroughly well, or manages his store or other business, though it may be only a small one, in the same way, and attends to his home with diligent care, may be at least as useful a member of his community as he who is a shareholder in half-a-dozen companies and belongs to a number of social organizations.—Red Deer Review.

Enlarging the Market

Many things developed during the Great War. It is pointed out that the "Doughboys" from the United States carried their chewing gum habits with them when they went overseas, and that the habit spread to other soldiers. Result, the enlargement of markets for Yankee chewing gum.—Calgary Albertan.

There are so Many Brands!

The Socialist party of Wisconsin has issued a state political platform in which it stands for light wine and beers, an eight-hour day for industrial workers, insurance against unemployment, and old age pensions. Just what brand of Socialism is that?—Minneapolis Journal.

Canada's Economic Problems

The serious political problems of today in Canada are economic in their character. We have in the past had controversies and divisions over religious and racial issues; and of these we are not yet free. But the strains to which confederation is being put arise chiefly from conflicts between differing interests which, being identified with particular districts, give a sectional appearance to our disputes.—Lethbridge Herald.

The Right View of It

There is a mistaken notion that the war upheaval has demoralized women and set them, in common with men and affairs, on the road to the bowwows. It is a lie. There is a great deal of more or less convincing argument that the world is not getting any better, and an equal amount of the same to prove that it is. But we do know that the world is gradually getting more comfortably and sensibly livable, and that women are taking an increasingly active and intelligent part in making it so.—Ottawa Citizen.

Substantial Interior Decoration

The average man's idea of interior decoration is a square meal.—Brockville Recorder.

Only Nineteen Years Behind!

A Toronto daily still precipitates itself into the mail bag, addressed to the capital city of Saskatchewan, "N.W.T."—Regina Leader.

A Sign that Deserves Thought

Someone suggested this as a sign to be erected at railroad crossings, "Better Stop a Minute Than Forever."—Moose Jaw Times.

It Would Make a Sizable Wad of Gum

United States reduced its chewing gum bill thirteen million dollars last year. That's something to stick under the piano.—Montreal Herald.

Barter

It is recorded that simple savages bartered away valuable lands for glass beads. And a civilized millionaire has just paid \$600,000 for a string of pearls.—Omaha Bee.

Can You Define a Second Cousin?

Our grandfathers knew and cared for their second cousins, for instance, while today comparatively few people know what a second cousin is.—Saskatoon Star.

Not at All a New Idea, Though

The more we read the news columns the more we are confirmed in our suspicion that the principal idea today is to get money without working for it.—Duluth Herald.

The Saxophone Menace

It is estimated that one American in every forty now visiting London brings a saxophone with him. No wonder President Coolidge is in favor of another Conference on disarmament.—London Punch.

The Daily Cones are Innumerable

A daily authority estimates the annual per capita consumption of milk at about 200 quarts. Many juveniles partake of their quota in the form of ice cream cones.—London Advertiser.

And What About Throwing Dust?

The cotton outlook is not very good this year, but with the presidential campaign in progress, there is very little doubt that there will be enough wool to pull over everybody's eyes.—Washington Star.

Not to Say Recklessness

A Massachusetts court rules that a pedestrian is not obliged to jump out of the way of an automobile. Maybe—but it takes a lot of faith, hope and stubbornness not to.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Returned Soldier's Courage

The unknown soldier who at Owen Sound gave his life in a vain effort to save a boy from drowning had only five cents and some fishhooks in his pockets. But he had a war ribbon on his coat, and he died true to the meaning of it.—Toronto Globe.

A Mystery

A census discloses there are about 5,000,000 persons in this country who can neither read nor write. What is particularly a mystery is why they have all taken up song-writing.—Detroit News.

Suppose it Got Into the Cable News!

Rum ships anchored off the Atlantic coast are reported to be doing heavy damage to the submarine cables. It is probable that some of the stuff is leaking out and eating up the wires.—Montreal Gazette.

Curing Stone Throwing

A lad in a western town had a mania for throwing stones through windows. Finally he landed in juvenile court. The judge sentenced him to throw 2,000 stones, under the eye of a policeman. When last heard from, the boy wouldn't throw a stone for pay. That's making the punishment fit the crime.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

What the Country Needs

If the farmer gets more for his products it will mean not only an end of the agricultural depression but of the idea, so prevalent now, that farming cannot be made to pay. And that, more than anything else, will stimulate the development of the Canadian west and fill up the Dominion fertile but empty acres.—Border Cities Star.

Every Day is a New One

The world not only revolves—it e-volves. Every day is a new day, and when you crack the shell of a nut you see a kernel that mortal eye has never seen before. The warp of the cloth of life may be the same from year to year, but we are weaving into it new patterns—better patterns, let us hope. With difficulty we preserve such of the old as seems to be of value.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Hope for Europe

Europe is at the bottom in a thoroughly sound position for trade revival. There is no dearth of people in Europe. It is full of skilful, energetic workers, managers, and traders of all sorts. It is also full of well-equipped factories, and it has developed the scientific use of the various forms of power to a high degree of perfection. Europe has been under a spell which has paralyzed her, but the power of that spell is passing away.—London Spectator.

Political Models

The old-fashioned politician who used to mend his fences has been replaced by the present-day model who covers his tracks.—Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.

The Movie Hero's Wonderful Pants

Only in California's wonderful climate could a movie hero's pants regain their crease one minute after a dip in a raging torrent.—Edmonton Journal.

Scents Make Mountains of Dollars

American women spend \$70,000,000 on cosmetics and perfumery in a year. Which shows what a few scents here and there amount to in the aggregate.—Quebec Telegraph.

Both Continue in Civilization

One of the Louisiana murderers who was hanged severely criticized capital punishment as out of place in modern civilization. Well, so is murder.—Kansas City Star.

None Whatever

At Athens a searching inquiry has been ordered into the defeat of the Greek army by the Turks in Asia Minor a couple of years ago. This may be all quite right, but it will not be of much service to the men who left their bones there.—Ottawa Journal.

National Pride and History

Those of our compatriots who have accomplished the none too easy task of stirring interest in our history have rendered a valuable service to their country. There can be no proper national pride without a knowledge of our past, of our venerable traditions, and of the actions of our ancestors which were alike heroic and magnificent.—Quebec Soleil.

He Registered His Kick

A man sentenced to six months on the Ontario prison farm told the magistrate at Port Arthur that the beds and meals in the Port Arthur police station were most unsatisfactory. The magistrate thanked him for the information and said the matter would be looked into. Democracy is at work.—Kitchener Record.

The Duty of All Canadian Patriots

Canada, to live and grow, must have not only the physical organization but the spiritual equipment of a nation. It is only in a universal feeling of patriotism that a common denominator will be found for all the divergences of Canada—of race, of opinion, of interests, of sectional feeling. To spread and strengthen this feeling is the work of all Canadian patriots.—Calgary Herald.

A Tax Axiom

In the constitution of Pennsylvania adopted in 1776 occurs these words: "The purpose for which any tax is to be raised ought to appear clearly to the legislature to be of more service to the community than the money would be, if not collected." In this statement is a lesson alike for the tax dodger and the legislator. There is such a thing as withholding to one's hurt just as there is danger in the wasteful spending of another's money.—Canadian Finance.

Too Much Long Windedness

A Magistrate in London has been making a few remarks about the use of long words in ordinary language. To a policeman who had testified that "the accused was then conducted to his residence in a condition of advanced intoxication" the magistrate said, "You mean he was taken home drunk?" The magistrate's hint might be taken in Canada.—Brantford Expositor.

Boys Need Leadership

The most important period of a boy's life is between the ages of twelve and eighteen. Then his ideals are acquired, his character formed. In those years every boy needs to be under the influence of the right kind of a man. He needs such a man's life to supply his ideals and such a man to become his hero. Every boy is a hero worshipper. The reason so many become criminals is that they follow the wrong leaders.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

The Only Elixir of Youth

There is but one elixir of youth that is any good. And that is a clean life, a clear conscience, regular personal habits, a simple diet, steady work according to one's strength in some useful vocation, and a kindly spirit. Mix thoroughly and take every day every year. That prescription regularly taken will produce not, perhaps, actual youth, but per adventure something more satisfying and even more beautiful.—Manchester Guardian.

France and the League of Nations

Hitherto the League has been treated almost as a thing of derision, and much the most hopeful fact in connection with the political bouleversement in France is that that country, for the first time, has at its head a man with the wit to see that not only the interests of Europe, but the security of France as well, depends upon the extent to which the League can be made the vehicle of the common purposes and life of international society. Nothing in relation to the meeting at Chequers has given more general satisfaction than the announcement that M. Herriot, like Mr. MacDonald, has decided to attend the September Assembly of the League at Geneva in person.—London Nation.